





Map of the  
Linwood Area  
(Residents)



Map of Daltjork Area  
+ residents  
1900's - 1900's

74

11 - Carbonaceous  
Hydrocarbon

④

(4)

WILLIAMSON, Wm. J.

"2nd hand"  
"2nd hand"

Dear Mr. [unclear]  
[unclear]

Tourist  
camp

Si - ha -

1. *William Sharp*  
 2. *Hugh Sharp*

424

200-200

Shang  
San Gung

11/20/03

Trinity  
November  
1914

within 2 hours  
first trial then

781 Marmorbullhead

Mill does -

300

Pay SHIRTS  
12 MOUSE

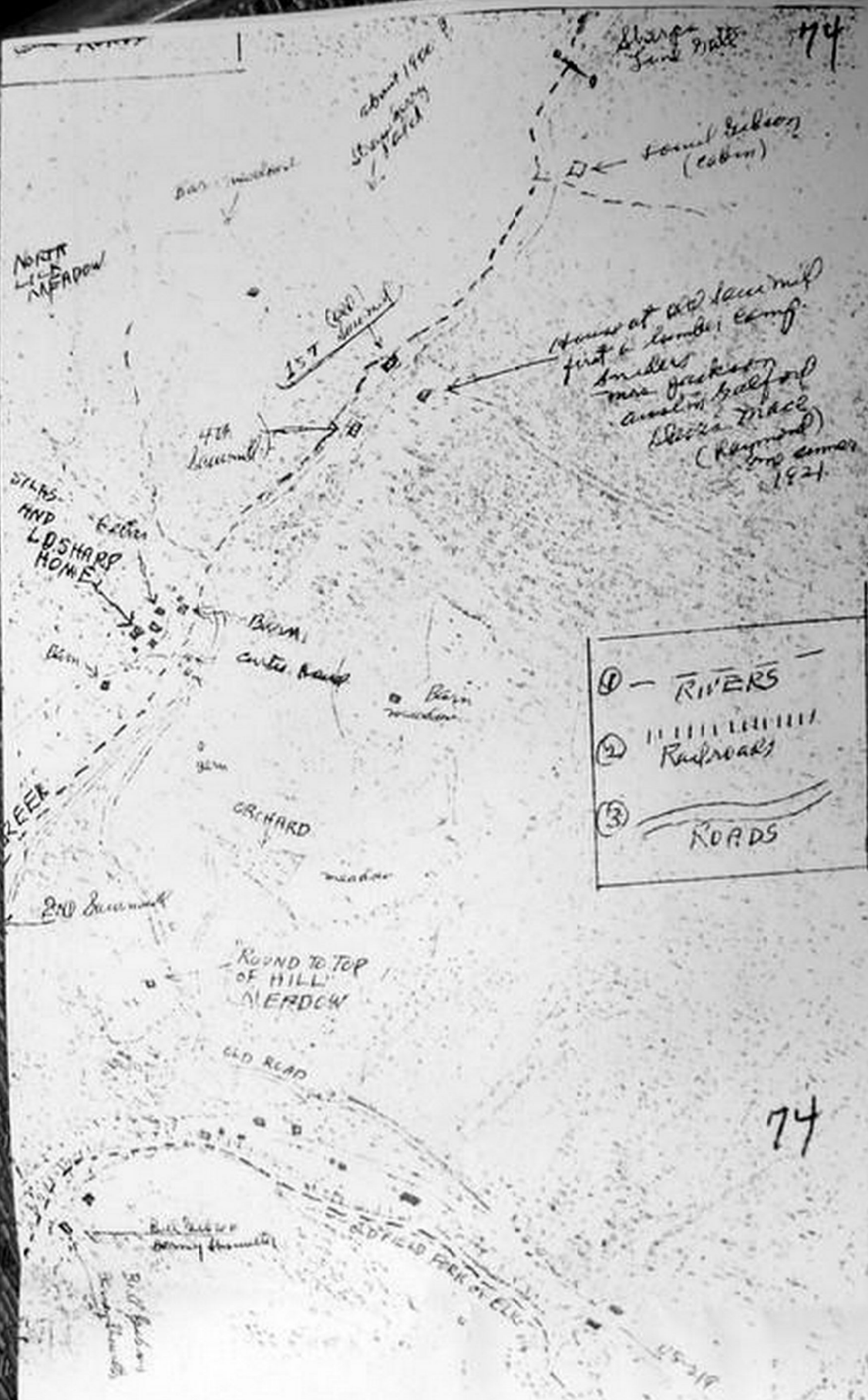
34

Once shared 7000  
Once a week  
Twitter

R

2. RIVER

SECRET



74



Post Office Department  
BUREAU OF ACCOUNTS  
Washington 25, D. C.

76

February 27, 1953

OFFICE OF THE COMPTROLLER

Mr. L. D. Sharp,  
Slatyfork, West Virginia.

Dear Mr. Sharp:

This has reference to your letter of February 16, 1953, to the Postmaster General, regarding your eligibility for an annuity based upon your service as postmaster.

The records of the Department show that you were appointed postmaster at the fourth class post office in Slatyfork, West Virginia May 15, 1901 and resigned August 28, 1916.

Public Law 215, approved May 22, 1920, was the original United States Civil Service Retirement Act under which Federal Government employees were first accorded annuities based on such service. However, Section 1 of the Act required that an employee to be entitled to any annuity must have been actively in the service on August 20, 1920. In view of this information it appears that you were not eligible for any retirement rights when the first retirement law became effective.

Since the passage of the organic Retirement Act of May 22, 1920 there have been many amendments made thereto by acts of Congress but none have been retroactive to include cases where employees left the service prior to August 20, 1920 as in your case.

Sincerely yours,

  
J. W. Aske,  
Comptroller.

John B. Floyd, Esquire, Governor of Virginia Deed to Adison Moore  
and George Beal June 22, 1848 Book 102, Page 164 Richmond  
July 31, 1849

John B. Floyd, Esquire, Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia:  
To all to whom these presents shall come---GREETING: Know ye, that in  
conformity with a Survey, made on the 22nd day of June, one thousand  
eight hundred and forty eight by virtue of Land Office Treasury  
Warrant No. 12,846, there is granted by said Commonwealth, unto  
Adison Moore and George Beal a certain Tract or Parcel of Land containing  
Seven hundred and twenty six acres lying and being in the County of  
Pocahontas, on both sides of Elk River, adjoining the land of William  
Sharp and a survey known by the name of the Pennell & Sherwood survey  
and bounded as follows, Viz-- Beginning at a spruce pine and beech on  
the East bank of the Old Field Fork of said River, twelve poles above  
the mouth of Slatyfork on said Sharp's line and with the same so as to  
to include any of said Sharp's land N 23 W 750 poles crossing Slatyfork  
at 12 poles and the Big Spring at 160 poles and Elk River at 378 poles  
to 3 sugar trees on the point of the Bearpen Ridge near the main top;  
thence leaving the "Pennell & Sherwood" survey S 60 W 60 poles to a  
yew pine & beech in a flat near Bearpen & N 80 W 40 poles to a maple  
& yew pine South 40 poles to a sugar tree and beech in a flat S 55  
W 80 poles to 2 beeches S 25 E 352 poles crossing the ~~XXX~~ Middle run  
below a waterfall to a sugar tree on top of ridge S 14 W 66 poles to a  
sugar tree and beech corner to David and John Hannah's survey of 500  
Acres & with the same S 40 E 124 poles to a pine & indianwood S 80  
E 128 poles to 2 beeches S 40 E 154 poles to a beech & sugar tree,  
leaving said line N 70 E 57 poles crossing the old Field Fork of Elk  
to the beginning, with its appurtenances.

To HAVE AND To HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land with its  
appurtenances, to the said Adison Moore and George Beal  
and their heirs forever

In Witness Whereof, The said John B. Floyd, Esquire,

Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia hath hereunto set his  
hand and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be  
affixed at Richmond, on the thirty first day of July  
in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and  
forty nine, and of the Commonwealth the seventy fourth.

(Signed) John B. Floyd

(Wax Seal attached  
here)

Note: Underlined words are printed by a press  
on the document.

Ivan Sharp got Uncle Hugh Sharp's old Deeds etc. This was among those  
papers. This deed does cover land on Gauley Mt. Wm Sharp bought Hamon  
Sharp land on the Gauley side of Elk at Slatyfork. Ella Sharp Gibson  
retained mineral rights on Gauley Mt., so she must have owned some land  
there at one time. The waterfalls mentioned must be the one near mouth  
of Slatyfork. (or remotely the one on Buck Hollow--up Slatyfork)  
Why does this Deed say "include any of said Sharp's land"?  
Ramona Sharp Shipley has the original Deed in her possession.  
(Parkersburg, W. Va.)

Hugh Sharp and Capt. Nimrod(?) G. Munday(Mundy) received 105,000 A  
acres from Benjamin Rich, October 1875 82

Whereas, Benjamine Rich and Thortitos (?) Courrow (?) who were joint owners of the James (?) Welch survey of one hundred and five thousand acres of land situated on the head waters of Elk and Gauley Rivers in Webster and Pocahontas counties in the State of West Virginia did on the day of October 1875 enter into an agreement in writing with Nimrod(?) G. Mundy and Hugh Sharp of the State of West aforesaid by which agreement the said Mundy and Sharp were to take possession of the said tract of land; and whereas the said Mundy and Sharp did take possession of said tract of land and did build a house on the same and the same Munday and Sharp now have possession of said land; and whereas the said agreement under which they entered into said land has been lost or mislaid. Now this paper writing is made for the purpose of recognizing and ( ) (cosetie ?) using said agreement and the tenancy of the said Munday and Sharp and(?) continueing said tenancy.

Witness our hands and seals the 27th day of October 1887

Benjamin Rich (SEAL)

N. G. Mundy (SEAL)

H. C. Sharp (SEAL)

Executed in duplicate

This was some sort of a deed or attempt to get a deed for land maybe supposed to be recorded (but wasn't?) in the court house. (Some records were lost during the Civil War when records were hid in haystacks etc to prevent the Yankees(?) from taking or burning them. (One record book was lost then)  
Or this may have been an attempt to claim the land by "Squatter's Rights"----?



IDS#2

Now Mr. Sharp, there is just one thought that I wish to give you and that is that the stockholders of this Fair Company are just a little different from the Fair itself. In other words, the stockholders give to the people of Pocahontas a fair ground on which to hold their fair and in return they should and will get a reasonable return on the money invested. The fair itself is a public spirited proposition but the fair ground is a business proposition, although, of course, the investment is prompted to a very great extent by public spiritedness. (In other words, the first item on the fair company's expense account is the dividends to the stockholders and then the other expenses connected with the fair before the premium is considered, so that the stockholders can rest assured that they will get their dividend.) Of course, all the property, buildings and everything connected with the fair belongs to the stockholders, but it is just the way we have of handling this proposition to make it a success financially. When any one donates service to the fair, they should not feel that they are donating anything to the stockholders but they are simply helping the fair. I feel sure you will catch my idea and that it is of great assistance in my opinion. In other words, we are to treat it as one separate and distinct proposition. Of course, anything more than the 6% dividend that the fair would make in any one year will be paid the stockholders, but the idea in mind is that we are going to pay them a 6% dividend as our insurance that we take out insures the payment of the dividend even though it rains every day of the fair.)

We have the following old subscribers from your district who have not paid up as yet:

(L.B. Wallace)  
Letter to  
F.L. Sharp

<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	5 shares
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	10 "
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	3 "
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	2 "
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	2 "
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	1 "
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	5 "
<del>Wm. H. H. H.</del>	1 "

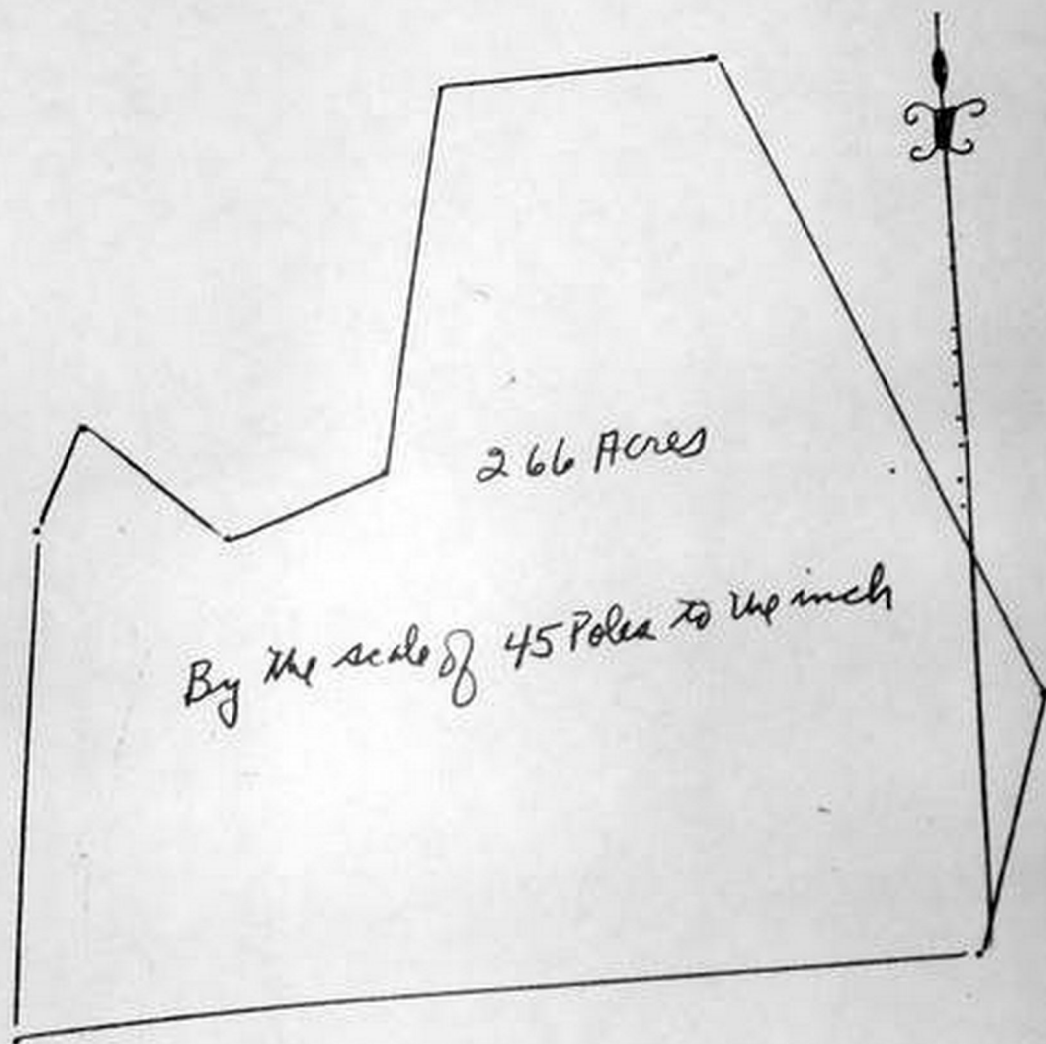
Now it seems that there must be some error in the list.

David & John Hannah Deed to Clunen ? 266 acres

85

(Courses?) of land sold by David & John Hannah to atty containing 266 acres on the water of the middle run being part of a survey of 450 acres bounded as follows (Tourt)

Beginning at a sugar tree and beech corner to 720 acres patented to George Beel and Adison Moore and with there line N 14 E 68 poles to a Sugar tree & spruce pine on a ridge N 25 W 180 poles crossing the middle run to yew pine doble ironwood & sugar tree on a steep hillside thence leaving said line S 85 W 70 poles to 2 yew pines and Chestnut by a drain S 11 W 100 poles to a beech & birch S 68 W 49 poles to a yew pine sugar tre & lynn N 52 W 46 poles to an ash sugartree & yew pine S 27 W 28 poles to 2 yew pines near a large ledge of rocks S 5 W 130 poles to 2 ~~yew pines~~ ~~maples~~ ~~spruce pine~~ N 86 E 246 poles to the beginning which is the division line  
signed S. H. Clark



Thomas Wood's Deed to Wm Sharp Jan. 11, 1843 *Book 3, page 514* 82

Deed from Thomas Wood and wife to Wm Sharp bearing date 11th day of January, 1843 for one undivided half of Lot No. 8 known as a survey made by Stephen Sherwood in the year 1786 - on which a patent issued in the year 1787 in the name of Joseph Pennell (the half of the lot aforesaid) conveyed by Wood to Sharp contains 2500 acres, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at 2 sugars on top of the mountain on a line dividing Lots No. 7 & 8. Then with the said line S 33 $\frac{1}{2}$  W 526 poles to a birch on a rocky ridge, thence N 27 W 105 $\frac{1}{4}$  poles to a Beech & Spruce on Gauley Mountain, Thence N. 14 E. 480 poles crossing Elk River to a beech and cucumber in a small bottom near the river. S 36 E 1200 poles to the beginning. ---

Abstract taken from Deed of Record in Clerks office of County Court of Pocahontas in Deed Book No 3 Page ~~514~~ 514.

Teste

Wm Curry clerk

This abstract taken from Deed Book #3 Page 514

Ramona Shipley has the original abstract of Deed  
Reference made to Deed Book #3, Page 514

Which William Sharp is this ??

Wm. II (1772-1860) lived and burried near Fairview. He may have bought it for Wm III---?? (age 71 when deed written)

Wm. III 1815-1888) lived at Slatyfork and buried in Sharp cemetery.  
---age 28 when Deed made.

By checking the Court House records, one might get a clue, since this is only an Abstract of the Deed.

*See deed 1860 - Wm II to Wm III*



Report on Lot #8. -- a Correction? Lot 7 & 8 July 19, 1854

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Copy from surveyor's report made 19th July 1854: by S. H. Clark, of Lot No. 8---- Begin at a cucumber S  $37\frac{1}{2}$  E crossing Elk at **XX** 150 poles in all 1490 poles to a sugar tree in place of a stake called for in pat. of Lot No. 8 & No. 7 ( ? ) (ava  $1\frac{1}{3}$  102 poles longer S(?) (S35,?W) W crossing big spring at 300 slatyfork 650 in 1160 to a pine & two birches on west brow of mountain  $\frac{1}{2}$  variation & 88 longer, thence  $\frac{1}{2}$  N 33 W 370 no cor (corner?) found hickory called for.  $\frac{1}{2}$  variation N 2 W crossing slatyfork at 276 big spring at 380 crossing slatefork at 276, big spring at 380, crossing (elk (?) at 1288 **XXI** ( ? ) in all 1754 to big -(beginning . ( ? )

Ramond Shipley has the original copy of this.

A reference to Lots No 7 & 8 is in Thomas Woods Deed to Wm Sharp 1843

A reference to Lot # 8 is in Deed of Wm Sharp to Wm Sharp, Jr. 1860  
(but this (1860) is after the above "report"

This deed of conveyance made this 2nd day of Nov. in the year of our Lord & one thousand eight hundred and sixty between William Sharp Sr. of the County of Pocahontas and State of Virginia of the first part and William Sharp, Jr. of the County and State of aforesaid of the second part, witnesseth that the said William Sharp Sr. of the first part in consideration of the natural love and affection he bears toward his son Wm. Sharp, Jr. and for the further consideration of the sum of five dollars to him in hand paid by the said Wm Sharp, Jr. before the ensembling and delivery of these presents the receipt thereof is hereby acknowledged by the said William Sharp, Sr. hath given, granted and conveyed and by these presents doth give grant and convey unto his son Wm. Sharp, a certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in the county of Pocahontas and State of Virginia on the waters of Elk River and containing 2020 acres being part of a lot of 2951 acres known as half of Lot No. 8 of the Pennell Survey formerly conveyed to Wm Sharp by Thomas Wood and wife and bounded as follows to wit: Beginning at three beeches near a low place in Middle Mountain on the line dividing Lot No 8 Thence S. 82 1/2 W. 105 poles to a Sugar and Beech on the brow of the mountain Thence S 42 W. 22 poles to two sugar trees on the brow of the mountain Thence S 20 W. 66 poles to two beeches and Sugar tree by a drain, Thence 46 W. 76 (46 X 76 W 21 POLES) W 21 poles to two sugar trees &

beech, Thence S 76 1/2 W 76 poles to two beeches and cucumber, Thence S 20 W. 52 poles to a beech and two white lynns on the side of the mountain, Thence S 71 W. 40 poles to a cucumber and beech, Thence S 24 1/2 E. 201 poles to two ashes and two maples on the top of a ridge, Thence S 34 W. 103 poles to two beeches and sugar tree on the back line of the original survey. Thence with the same S 27 E. 785 poles to a brich on a rocky ridge, thence N 33 1/2 E 526 poles to two sugar trees on the top of the mountain. Beginning corner of the original survey, Thence N 36 W. 670 poles to the beginning.

To have and to Hold the same two thousand and twenty acres of Land together with all and singular the premises and appurtenances unto the Said William Sharp, Jr., his Heirs and assigns forever To and for the only use and behoof of him the said William Sharp Jr, his Heirs and assigns in all Time to come. In Witness whereof the said William Sharp Sen., (Sr?) hath hereto set his hand and (Seal) the day and year first above written. Signed, sealed and acknowledged

In presence of

William Sharp (SEAL) signed

Pocahontas County to Wit:

I, William Baxter, a Justice of the Peace for the County aforesaid in the state of Virginia do certify that William Sharp Sr. whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 2nd day of November 1860 has acknowledged the same before me in my County aforesaid, given under my hand this 2nd day of Nov. 1860

William Baxter, J. P.

Clerks Office of the County Court of Pocahontas 6th November 1860 This deed from William Sharp, Sen. to William Sharp, Jr. was presented in the Clerk's office and the certificate of the execution and acknowledgement being legally certified, the same is admitted to record. Teste: Wm Curry, Clerk



89

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This Deed made this 25th day of March 1885 between Hugh C. Sharp of the first part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas and State of West Virginia. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of one dollar paid to him by the said Sarah E. Sharp the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged the said Hugh C. Sharp does grant, bargain and convey to the said Sarah E. Sharp with general warranty all his right and title and interest in a certain tract of land (except one hundred and fifty acres adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson and James Gibson in the southern corner of the said tract) and lying on Elk River adjoining the lands of John Hannah, James Gibson, and others and bounded as follows, Viz: Beginning at a red oak, beech and sugar tree below the mouth of Slate fork and by the creek on Jacob Sharp's line and with the same N 35 E 75 poles to 2 ashes and 2 maples on a ridge, thence leaving said line North 79 1/2 E 28 poles to a yew pine and two beeches on a ridge and on a clift of rocks S 71 E 74 ps to 3 beeches on a ridge and opposite the Sharp School house S 80 E 295 poles to 2 lins and 2 beeches on the side of Slate Fork Mountain S 18 E 44 poles to 2 beeches near the brow of the mountain S 79 E 76 poles to 3 beeches S 56 E 28 poles to 2 beeches S 67 E 92 poles to 2 sugars cor to the original tract of which this is a prt and with same (or sane)? S 33 1/2 W 650 poles to a spruce pine and 2 birches on the side of the Mt, N 27 W 524 poles to a sugar and beech by the pike. Thence leaving said line N 34 1/2 E 29 to a stake N 10 1/2 E 10 poles to a cherry by the road, Thence N 13 1/2 W 63 poles to 3 beeches by the creek N 3 1/2 W 23 poles to a beech and 2 spruces near the bank of the creek N 47 W 40 poles down said creek and through a mill dam to the beginning corner, and containing twelve hundred acres of land, more or less, and being a part of a tract of 2020 acres conveyed by Deed from Wm Sharp to the said Hugh C. Sharp. Witnesseth, the following signatures and seal this the 25th day of March 1885

Hugh C. Sharp (Seal)  
his mark

Teste Wm B. Hannah, Jr.  
Samuel (W?)(M?) Gibson

State of West Virginia, Pocahontas County ---To wit.

I, a justice of the said county and district of Edray domatt certify that Hugh C. Sharp whose name is signed to the above writing bearing date 25th day of March 1885 hath this day acknowledged the same before me in my said County. Given under my hand this the 26th day of March 1885

Henry N. Hannah, J. P.  
(?)

Pocahontas County Court Clerk's Office, June 15, 1885.

This deed from Hugh C. Sharp to Sarah E. Sharp was presented in this office, and thereupon together with the certificate thereto annexed is admitted to record.

Teste John J. Beard, Clk

(paid N X \$1.25)

Sent by mail to Silas Sharp asper his order,  
July 10th 1885. John J. Beard, clk.

- contains 1700 acres
- part of 2020 acres
- 150 acres not included



This deed made this 11th day of March 1889 between Samuel M. Gibson and Mary J. his wife of the first part and Sarah E. Sharp of the second part, all of the Co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth that for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar cash paid in hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged the said Sam M. Gibson and Mary J. his wife doth sell and convey unto the said Sarah E. Sharp a certain tract of land lying in the co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. on the East side of Old Field Fork of Elk River, adjoining the lands of S. L. Gibson, H. N. Hannah and others ( it being a tract of land conveyed to said Samuel M. Gibson and wife by George P. Hannah and also a tract of 35 acres conveyed to the said Saml M. Gibson by J. T. (or L?) Hoggsett containing in all two hundred and two acres more or less together with all appurtenances there unto --attached and warrant generally the land herein conveyed. Witnesseth the following signatures and seals.  
Samuel M. Gibson (SEAL) Mary J. Gibson (SEAL)

State of W. Va. , Pocahontas County.  
I, H. N. Hannah, a Justice in and for the County and State afore said do hereby certify that S. M. Gibson whose name is signed to the writing hereunto annexed, bearing date on the 11th day of March 1889 acknowledged the same before me in my County aforesaid. I also hereby further certify that Mary J. Gibson, the wife of Samuel M. Gibson whose names are signed to the writing hereunto annexed bearing date on the 11th day of March 1889 personally appeared before me in my County aforesaid, and being examined by me privily and apart from her husband and having the writing aforesaid fully explained to her, She the said Mary J. Gibson acknowledged said writing to be her act and declared that she had willingly executed the Same and does not wish to retract it.

Given under my hand this 11th day of March 1889.

Henry N. Hannah, J. P.

Pocahontas County Court Clerk's Office, Jan. 7th , 1890.

This deed was this day presented to me in my office and therefore together with the.....

Dave: This Mary Gibson was the sister of Sarah (Hannah) Sharp, and the daughter of David Hannah. Also the sister of Melinda Hannah that married John Rose, Sister of Rev Geo. Hannah, Henry, and of Otha who died and had vision of Heaven. Mary was the baby that Otha asked to place in the fireplace to show that it would not be harmed when he had his vision. Another brother, Joe, died a few days before Otha.

91 Silas Sharp, Sarah Sharp & Hugh Sharp to L. D. Sharp (Book 26, Page 56)  
March 30, 1895 91

This Deed made this 30th day of March, 1895 between Silas Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp, his wife and Hugh C. Sharp of the one part and Luther D. Sharp of the other part all of the county of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid to them by the said Luther D. Sharp the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, the said Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp and Hugh C. Sharp doth grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said Luther D. Sharp with general warranty all their right, title and interest in a certain tract of land containing 496 acres and bounded as follows. Beginning at 2 Lynns and 2 Beeches on the side of Slatyfork Mountain, corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with his lines S 18 E 42 4/5 poles to 2 Beeches near the \_\_\_\_\_ (brow?) of the \_\_\_\_\_ (Mtn.?) S 79 E 15 poles to 2 Beeches on top of Slatyfork Mountain corner to M. Ella F. Gibson and Malinda C. Hannah and with the same S 22 W 26 1/2 poles to a bunch of Lynns on a hill side; S 30 W. 68 poles to a stone center and Sugar, Beech and Ironwood; S 47 W. 350 poles - at 52 poles crosses Slaty Fork - at 68 poles crosses Buck Lick Fork to 2 Beeches and 2 Yew Pines on hillside on a line of S. L. Gibson's heirs, and with the same N. 20 1/2 W. 47 poles to 2 Lynns and 2 Beeches; continued 246 poles to a rock above the turnpike road (1/4 N 10 E \_\_\_\_\_ (from?) a Hemlock witness) corner to lower lot and with the same; and with the meanderings of the turnpike road; N. 10 E. 35 3/4 poles to the Cleveland Rock; N 59 E 85 poles a Beech and Service below the road; thence leaving the meanderings of the road; S 69 1/2 E 62 poles - crossing the road twice and the Slatyfork and the road to a stake by the road at the ford of the creek S 58 1/2 E. 92 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near the Creek; N 36 E. 48 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a spur; N 20 E 43 (43) poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 beeches on a hillside; N 30 E 24 poles to 2 beeches on Hugh C. Sharp's line and with the same S 79 1/2 E 108 poles to the beginning. The said Silas Sharp and Sarah E. Sharp, his wife, reserves the right and privilege of cutting any timber they may want to use and to run any stock they may wish on the said above described tract of land free of charge. Witness the following signatures and Seals, this 30th day of March 1895. Silas Sharp (Seal), Sarah E. Sharp (Seal) & Hugh C Sharp (Seal)

( "X" --his mark)

State of W. Va., Pocahontas County: To Wit: I, A. C. L. Gatewood, a Justice of the Peace in and for the County aforesaid, do certify that Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp, his wife, and Hugh C. Sharp whose names are signed to the writing bearing date on the 30th day of March 1895, acknowledged the same before me in my county aforesaid. Given under my hand this 30th day of March 1895 (signed)--A.C.. Gatewood, J. P

W. Va. : Clerk's Office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, May 1, 1895. This Deed from Silas Sharp & wife, and Hugh C. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me, in my office, and thereupon, the same together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written is admitted to record.

Teste: S. L. Brown, Clerk

Date: "Buck Lick Fork" apparently is the run that we called "Buck Hollow"--where Lowell Gibson has his camp. Cleveland Rock is a large rock that rolled off the bank, almost blocking the ~~xxx~~ old road--between "round top of the hill" and a place near Lou Gibson's place on Rt 219. "Cleveland" painted on it when he was running for President of USA.



92

SARAH E. SHARP'S DEED TO L. D. SHARP 9-27-1902

Deed Book 33, Page 122

92

This deed made this the 27th day of Sept. 1902 between Sarah E. Sharp party of the first part and L. D. Sharp party of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas, West Va. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid by the party of the second part to the party of the first part the receipt whereof in hereby acknowledged, the said party of the first part hereby grants and conveys to the party of the second part with covenants of general warranty; all her right, title and interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land containing 165 acres lying on the Slatyfork of Elk River at or near its junction with the Old Field Fork situated in Pocahontas County, W. Va. and is and described as follows to wit: Beginning at (A) 2 maples and 2 ashes in rocks on top of a ridge--corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with the same N. 80 $\frac{1}{2}$  E 27  $\frac{3}{4}$  poles to a number of small birches on rocks by dead Yew Pine -- and 2 - dead Beches S 70 $\frac{1}{2}$  E 71 $\frac{1}{2}$  poles to 3 beeches on a ridge opposite the Old School House S 77 $\frac{1}{2}$  E 180 poles to two beeches, corner to part laid off for L. D. Sharp and with the same S 30 W 24 poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 Beeches on a hillside S 20 W. 43 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a Spurk... S 36 W. 48 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near Slatyfork, N 58 $\frac{1}{2}$  W 92 Poles to a stake at the pike at the ford of Slatyfork N 69 $\frac{1}{2}$  W 62 poles, crossing the road and creek and crossing the road again twice to a beech and N Service below the road thence with the meanderings of the Turnpike road S 59 W 85 poles to the Cleveland Rock S 10 W 35  $\frac{3}{4}$  poles to a Stone  $\frac{1}{4}$  pole short of a Hemlock witness above the road on the old line and with the same N 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  (20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) W 54 poles to 2 beeches on the bank of the Old Field Fork continued 45 poles to a Birch on the bank of the creek corner to H. B. Sharp and with the same N 20 W 22 poles crossing the Slatyfork to a stake on the McCutcheon line and leaving the same N 36 E 60 poles to the beginning.

This said 165 acres of land conveyed by this deed being a part of a tract of land conveyed as 1200 acres but afterwards surveyed and found to contain 1105 acres and was conveyed by H. C. Sharp to the said Sarah E. Sharp by deed bearing date on the 25th day of March 1885 and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas Co. W. Va. in Deed Book No 17 Page 75 to which deed reference is here made for a more complete description of said land.

The said party of the first part reserves the right to one half of the house in which the said parties now reside and the one third of the fruit in the orchard on this tract of land and the said party of the first part agrees and binds himself to keep one horse and one cow for the party of the first part during her natural life. The said party of the second part further agrees and binds himself to comfortably support, keep and maintain and furnish with all the necessaries of life the said party of the first part during the period of her natural life, and after her death the said party of the second part takes everything reserved in this deed by the party of the first part. To have and to hold unto the said party of the second part his heirs and assigns forever. Witness the following signatures and seal. Sarah E. Sharp (SEAL), State of W. Va., Co. of Pocahontas, to wit: I, T. S. McNeel a notary public in and for Poc. Co. do certify that Sarah E. Sharp whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 27th day of Sept 1902 has this day acknowledged this same before me in my said Co. Given under my hand this 27th day of Sept 1902 T. S. McNeel- N. P.

Clerks Office 9-27-02: This Deed from Sarah E. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgement hereunder written, is admitted to record.

Teste: S. L. Brown, Clerk



92 SARAH E. SHARP'S DEED TO L. D. SHARP 9-27-1902

This deed made this the 27th day of Sept. 1902 between Sarah E. Sharp party of the first part and L. D. Sharp party of the second part all of the County of Pocahontas, West Va. Witnesseth, That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid by the party of the second part to the party of the first part the receipt whereof in hereby acknowledged, the said party of the first part hereby grants and conveys to the party of the second part with covenants of general warranty; all her right, title and interest in and to a certain tract or parcel of land containing 165 acres lying on the Slatyfork of Elk River at or near its junction with the Old Field Fork situated in Pocahontas County, W. Va. and is and described as follows to wit: Beginning at (A) 2 maples and 2 ashes in rocks on top of a ridge--corner to Hugh C. Sharp and with the same N. 80 $\frac{1}{2}$  E 27  $\frac{3}{4}$  poles to a number of small birches on rocks by dead Yew Pine -- and 2 - dead Beaches S 70 $\frac{1}{2}$  E 71 $\frac{1}{2}$  poles to 3 beeches on a ridge opposite the Old School House S 77 $\frac{1}{2}$  E 180 poles to two beeches, corner to part laid off for L. D. Sharp and with the same S 30 W 24 poles to a Beech witnessed by 2 Beeches on a hillside S 20 W. 43 poles to a Cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and Beech on a hillside near the top of a Spunk... S 36 W. 48 poles to 3 Lynns at the foot of a hill near Slatyfork, N 58 $\frac{1}{2}$  W 92 Poles to a stake at the pike at the ford of Slatyfork N 69 $\frac{1}{2}$  W 62 poles, crossing the road and creek and crossing the road again twice to a beech and a Service below the road thence with the meanderings of the Turnpike road S 59 W 85 poles to the Cleveland Rock S 10 W 35  $\frac{3}{4}$  poles to a Stone  $\frac{1}{2}$  pole short of a Hemlock witness above the road on the old line and with the same N 20 $\frac{1}{2}$  (20 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) W 54 poles to 2 beeches on the bank of the Old Field Fork continued 45 poles to a Birch on the bank of the creek corner to H. B. Sharp and with the same N 20 W 22 poles crossing the Slatyfork to a stake on the McCutcheon line and leaving the same N 36 E 60 poles to the beginning.

This said 165 acres of land conveyed by this deed being a part of a tract of land conveyed as 1200 acres but afterwards surveyed and found to contain 1105 acres and was conveyed by H. C. Sharp to the said Sarah E. Sharp by deed bearing date on the 25th day of March 1885 and of record in the office of the Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas Co. W. Va. in Deed Book No 17 Page 75 to which deed reference is here made for a more complete description of said land.

The said party of the first part reserves the right to one half of the house in which the said parties now reside and the one third of the fruit in the orchard on this tract of land and the said party of the first part agrees and binds himself to keep one horse and one cow for the party of the first part during her natural life. The said party of the second part further agrees and binds himself to comfortably support, keep and maintain and furnish with all the necessaries of life the said party of the first part during the period of her natural life, and after her death the said party of the second part takes everything reserved in this deed by the party of the first part. To have and to hold unto the said party of the second part his heirs and assigns forever. Witness the following signatures and seal. Sarah E. Sharp (SEAL), State of W. Va., Co. of Pocahontas, to wit: I, T. S. McNeel a notary public in and for Poc. Co. do certify that Sarah E. Sharp whose name is signed to the writing above bearing date on the 27th day of Sept 1902 has this day acknowledged this same before me in my said Co. Given under my hand this 27th day of Sept 1902 T. S. McNeel- N. P. Clerks Office 9-27-02: This Deed from Sarah E. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgement hereunder written, is admitted to record. Tests: S. L. Brown, Clerk

THIS DEED made this the 8th day of August, 1912, between Hugh C. Sharp, party of the first part, and L. D. Sharp, party of the second part, all of the County of Pocahontas, State of West Virginia;

WITNESSETH: That for and in consideration of the sum of Ten (\$10.00) Dollars cash in hand paid, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and the natural love and affection which he bears to his nephew, L. D. Sharp, and the further consideration to be hereinafter mentioned, the said party of the first part does hereby grant, sell and convey unto the said party of the second part, a certain tract or parcel of land situate lying and being in the County of Pocahontas State of West Virginia, on the Big Spring Branch of Elk River containing 868.64 acres, more or less, and is a part of 2020 acres, which is a part of the lot of 2951 acres, known as "Half of Lot No. 8" of the Pennell survey, formerly conveyed to William Sharp, Sr., by Thomas Wood and wife and the tract of land hereby conveyed is bounded and described as follows: Beginning at two sugars on top of Slaty Fork Mountain, corner to the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company and running N 31-45 W at 4430' to the Turn Pike, corner to John T. McGraw eight acre tract sold by William Sharp to R. E. Wilson and with the Pike to a small beech on the edge of the Pike; thence N 25 E 33 feet to a small beech and pointers on the bank of a small drain; N 47 W 922 feet crossing the Big



PAGE 2  
gone, small sugar marked, pointers marked; also corner to Harmon 94  
Sharp's land and with the same S 21-09 E 2100 feet; crossing Big  
Spring Branch of Yolk in all 3400 feet to two ashes corner to L.  
D. Sharp and with his line N 81 -15 E 463 feet to a stake, two yew  
pines and basswood called for now gone; S 70-30 E 1225 feet to two  
beeches on a ridge corner to the graveyard lot and with the same N  
11 -30 E 45 feet to a stake; S 86 W 175 feet to a set stone; S 11-30  
W 70 feet to a set stone on the old line, leaving the Graveyard; S  
78-07 E 4625 feet to two beeches and two lynns on the north of the  
mountain; S 17-51 E 680 feet to two beeches near the brow of the  
mountain; S 77-06 E at 231 feet to L. D. Sharp's corner leaving same  
and with the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Company in all 935 feet to  
three beeches; S 54-30 E 463 feet to two beeches; S 64-30 E 1217 feet  
to the beginning.

The further consideration of this deed as mentioned  
above, for the land hereby conveyed is that the said party of the  
second part agrees and binds himself to furnish and provide to  
the said Hugh C. Sharp all the proper maintenance and support during  
his natural life, such as clothing, food, medical attention and  
spending money necessary, as requested by the said party of the first  
part, consistent with his station in life, and everything so as to  
make the said party of the first part comfortable during his life-  
time and to provide a respectable funeral and burial for said party

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State of West Virginia, County of Pocahontas, to wit:

I, G. S. Welford, Justice of the Peace in and for Pocahontas County, West Virginia do hereby certify that Hugh C. Sharp, whose name is signed to the foregoing writing, bearing date the 8th day of August, 1912, has this day acknowledged the same before me in my said County.

Given under my hand this the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of September, 1912.

G. S. Welford, Justice of the Peace.

**WEST VIRGINIA:**

Clerk's Office County Court Pocahontas County,  
September 6th, 1912.

This deed from Hugh C. Sharp to L. D. Sharp was this day presented to me in my office and thereupon the same together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written, is admitted to record.

Teste: C. J. McCARTY Clerk

**STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA,**

**COUNTY OF POCAHONTAS, to-wit:**

I, Hildreth T. Meadows, Clerk of the County Court of Pocahontas County, State of West Virginia, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy from the records of my said office.

GIVEN under my hand and seal this the  
30th day of July, 1963.



*Hildreth T. Meadows*  
Clerk, County Court of Pocahontas County,  
West Virginia.



This Deed made this 12th day of Dec. 1934 between Luther D. Sharp and M. E. Sharp, his wife, parties of the first part, and Ivan L. Sharp, Silas S. Sharp, Paul L. Sharp, and Luther D. Sharp Jr. parties of the second part, all of the Co. of Pocahontas and State of W. Va. Witnesseth: That for and in consideration of the sum of one dollar paid cash in hand the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, and for love and affection the said parties of the first part do hereby grant, sell and convey with the covenants of general warranty to the parties of the second part jointly all of the following described tract of land, situated in the Edray Dist. of Pocahontas Co. on the waters of Slatyfork, a branch of Elk River, and was conveyed to Luther D. Sharp by Silas Sharp, Sarah E. Sharp and Hugh Sharp, by deed dated March 30th 1895 and of record in the office of the County Clerk of Pocahontas Co., in Deed Book 26 at page 56 and bounded as follows, beginning at two lynns and two beeches on the West side of Slatyfork mountain a corner of the Hugh Sharp lands, and with the same, S. 18 E. 42.8 poles to two beeches near the brow of the mountain S. 79 E. 15 poles to two beeches on top of the mountain, corner to the W. Va. Pulp and Paper Co. and with same, S. 22 W. 26 1/2 poles to a bunch of lynns on a hillside, S. 30 W. 68 poles to a sugar, beech and ironwood with a stone center, S. 47 W. 350 poles, crossing Slatyfork at 52 poles, Bucklick run at 68 poles to two beeches and two spruce pines on a hillside, on a line of S. L. Gibson's Heirs, and with same, S. 20 1/2 W. 47 poles to two lynns and two beeches, continued 246 poles to a rock above the old Turnpike, hemlock pointer, and with the meanderings of said pike, N. 10 E. 35 3/4 poles to the Cleveland Rock, N. 59 E. 85 poles to a beech and service below the road, thence leaving the meandering of the road, S. 69 1/2 E. 62 poles crossing the road twice, crossing Slatyfork and the road to a stake, by the creek at the ford, S. 58 1/2 E. 92 poles to three lynns at the foot of the hill near the creek. N. 36 E. 48 poles to a cucumber witnessed by a small cucumber and beech on a hillside, near the top a spur N. 20 E. 43 poles to a beech witnessed by two beeches, on a hillside, N. 30 E. 24 poles to two beeches in a line of the Hugh Sharp land and with said line N. 79 1/2 E. 108 poles to the beginning, containing 496 acres, more or less, to have and to hold unto the parties of the second part their Heirs and assigns forever.

Witness the following signatures and seals. Luther D. Sharp, M. E. Sharp (Mabel) (SEALS)

State of W. Va. Pocahontas Co., to-wit: I, Jesse P. Hannah, a Notary Public in and for the Co. of Pocahontas do certify that Luther D. Sharp and M. E. Sharp, his wife, whose names are signed to the writing above, bearing date on the 12th day of December, 1934, have acknowledged the same before me in my said County. Given under my hand this the 31st day of Dec. 1934. My commission expires Mar. 18, 1939. (Notarial Seal) Jesse P. Hannah, N. P.

State of W. Va., Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas Co, Jan. 4th, 1935. This Deed from Luther D. Sharp and wife to Ivan L. Sharp et al was this day presented to me in my office, and thereupon the same, together with the certificate of acknowledgment thereunder written, is admitted to record therein. Tester: Moody Kincaid, Clerk. (mailed to Ivan Sharp, Slatyfork Jan 10, 1935 (1935))

(A reference above to Deed Book 26, Page 56, 3-30-1895, Silas, Sarah, and Hugh Sharp to L. D. Sharp.)

This deed of conveyance made this 2nd  
 day of November in the year of our  
 Lord one thousand Eight Hundred and  
 sixty between William Sharp Sr. of  
 the County of Pocahontas and State of  
 Virginia of the first part and William  
 Sharp Jr. of the County and State afore-  
 said of the second part witnesseth that  
 the said William Sharp Sr. of the first  
 part in consideration of the natural love  
 and affection he bears toward his son Wm.  
 Sharp Jr. and for the further consideration  
 of the sum of five dollars to him in  
 hand paid by the said William Sharp Jr.  
 before the executing and delivery of these  
 presents the receipt thereof is hereby acknow-  
 ledged by the said William Sharp Sr. had  
 given granted and conveyed and by these pres-  
 ents doth give grant & convey unto his



N. 21 poles to two sugar trees back. Thence  
S. 76° W. 96 poles to two beeches and cucumber  
thence S. 20° W. 52 poles to a beech and  
two white lymms on the side of the mountain  
thence S. 71° W. 40 poles to a cucumber and  
a beech. Thence S. 24° E. 204 poles to two ashes and  
two maples on the top of a ridge. Thence S. 34°  
W. 103 poles to two beeches and sugar tree on the bar  
line of the original survey. Thence with the sun  
S. 27° E. 785 poles to a birch on a rocky ridge. Thence  
N. 33° E. 526 poles to two sugar trees on the top of the  
mountain. Beginning corner of the original survey  
thence N. 36° W. 670 poles to the beginning.

To Have and to Hold the said Two Thousand  
and Twenty Acres of Land, Together with all and  
singular appurtenances and advantages unto the  
said William Sharp Jr. his heirs and assigns forever  
and for the only use and behoof of him the said  
William Sharp Jr. his heirs & assigns in all time  
to come. In Witness Whereof the said William  
Sharp Sr. hath hereunto set his hand and seal  
the day and Year first above written.  
Signed Sealed & acknowledged  
in presence of

William Sharp Sr.

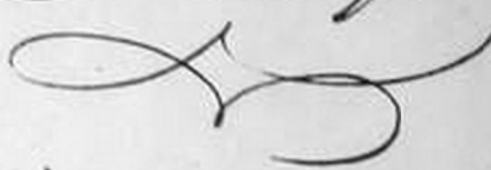
I William Baxter a Justice of the peace for  
the County aforesaid in the state of Virginia do hereby  
testify that William Sharp Sr. whose name is signed to  
the writing above bearing date on the 2nd day of  
November 1860 has acknowledged the same  
before me in my County aforesaid. Given under  
my hand this 2nd day of Nov. 1860.

William Baxter J.P.

Clerks Office of the County Court of Penakent  
6<sup>th</sup> November 1860.

This Deed from William Sharp senr.  
to William Sharp jr. was presented in the Clerks office  
& the certificate of the execution & acknowledgment  
being legally certified, the same is admitted  
to record

Teste

John Curry Clerk  


In deed Book # 8 Page 121



Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia:

To all to whom these Presents shall come—GREETING: Know ye, That in conformity with a Survey, made on the *twenty second* day of *June* by virtue of Land Office Treasury Warrant, No. *12,846* one thousand eight hundred and *forty eight*

there is granted by the said Commonwealth, unto *Adison Moore and George Beale*

a certain Tract or Parcel of Land, containing *seven hundred and twenty six* acres, lying & being in the County of *Frederick*, on both sides of *Elk River*, adjoining the land of *William Sharp's* survey known by the name of the *Pennell & Sherwood's* survey & bounded as follows, *viz.* Beginning at a spruce pine & bush on the East bank of the *Old field fork of said River* where you come the mouth of *Little fork* of *Sharp's* run & with this corner to be the outside corner of *Sharp's* land *120* poles to a spruce pine & bush at *12* poles to the *Big spring* at *180* poles to a *Red* *River* at *100* poles to a *sugar tree* on the point of the *Clear spring ridge* near the *main top*; thence bearing the *Pennell & Sherwood's* survey *160* *40* poles to a *corner* of *William's* *field* in a *hemlock* & spruce pine to a *maple* & *sugar tree* *140* poles to a *sugar tree* & bush in a *field* *155* *60* poles to a *hick* at *50* poles to the *middle* near below a *water fall* to a *sugar tree* on top of *land* go about *66* poles to a *sugar tree* & bush corner to *David & John Hunsch's* survey of *520* *00* poles to a *hick* & *sugar tree*, bearing said line *170* *00* poles crossing the *Old field fork of Elk* to the Beginning, with its appurtenances.

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said Tract or Parcel of Land, with its appurtenances, to the said *Adison Moore & George Beale* and their heirs forever

In WITNESS whereof, The said *John B. Floyd* Governor of the Commonwealth of Virginia, hath hereunto set his hand



and caused the Lesser Seal of the said Commonwealth to be affixed, at *Shenandoah*, on the *thirty first* day of *July* a year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *forty nine* of the Commonwealth the seventy *fourth*

*John B. Floyd*

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Thomas Ramsey (Resident of the same house)

B. before 10-4-1734 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. between 4-20-1790 and 2-16-1790  
Pittsylvania Co., VA  
Md. before 1761 or 7-10-1762

Frances Young

B. about 1738 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. after 1808 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
(her son, Noton, was married  
1808 and named mother,  
Frances Ramsey)

William Newman Ramsey, Sr.

B. about 1772 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. after 1840 census  
before 1850 census  
Pittsylvania County, VA

Md. 3-17-1794

Pittsylvania Co., VA  
Bondsman - Nathan Sparks

Rhoda McMillan (or MacMillan)

B. about 1776 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. before 1840 census  
Pittsylvania Co., VA

William N. Ramsey, Jr.

B. 10-18-1818 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
or 12-5-1818 tombstone  
D. 11-20-1857 White Sulphur Springs  
Greenbrier County

Md. 12-2-1839

Pittsylvania Co., VA  
by Abner Anthony  
Bondsman: Middleton Meade

Edith Ramsey

Sarah (Sallie) Edith Meade

B. 10-29-1823  
Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. 9-27-1862 (C.H.)  
9-14-1862 (tombstone)  
Greenbrier County, West Virginia  
Cause of death: "Fever"

Middleton Meade

B. 10-3-1793 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. after 1850, before 1860 Greenbrier Co.  
(appears in 1850 Greenbrier Census  
as being 55 yrs old)

Md. 12-19-1820

Pittsylvania Co., VA  
Bondsman - Noton and  
Rachel Ramsey, parents

Elizabeth Ramsey

B. 9-13-1803 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
not from Court House  
D. 4-17-1854 (Monroe Co. C.H.)  
Greenbrier Co. death record book 1 p. 5 line 67  
Cause: Typhoid Fever  
Age 50 yrs. 5 mos., 4 days  
Another source has death as 10-10-1867

Noton Ramsey

B. Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. about 1-29-1852 " " "  
Md. 2-11-1808 Pittsylvania Co., VA  
or 1-18-1808 " " "  
or 5-30-1808 " " "  
Bondsman: William Witcher, father

Rachel Witcher

B. Pittsylvania Co., VA  
D. after 1852 " " "

Thomas Ramsey  
(above)

Frances Young  
(above)

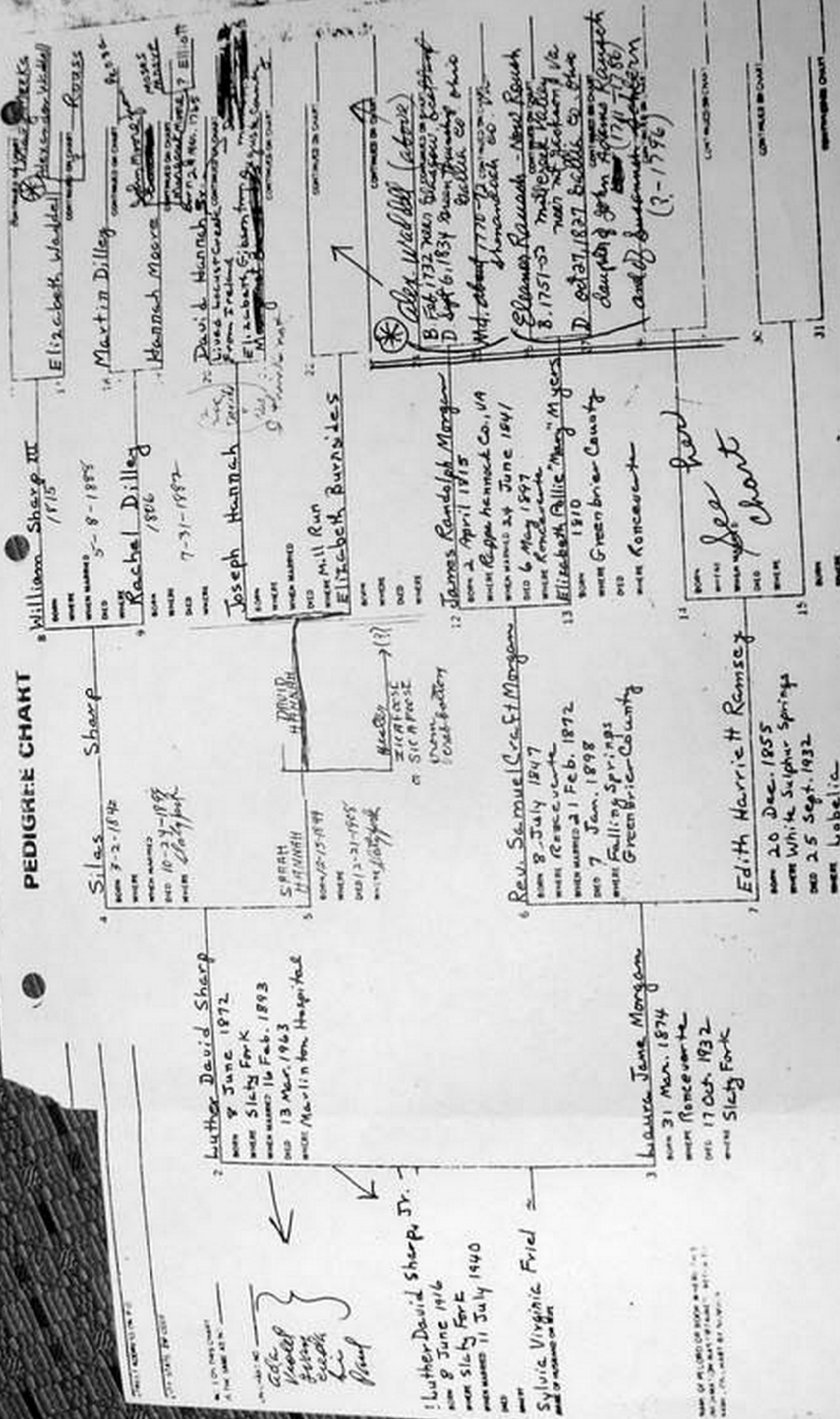
William Witcher

Edith Ramsey

125  
(start)



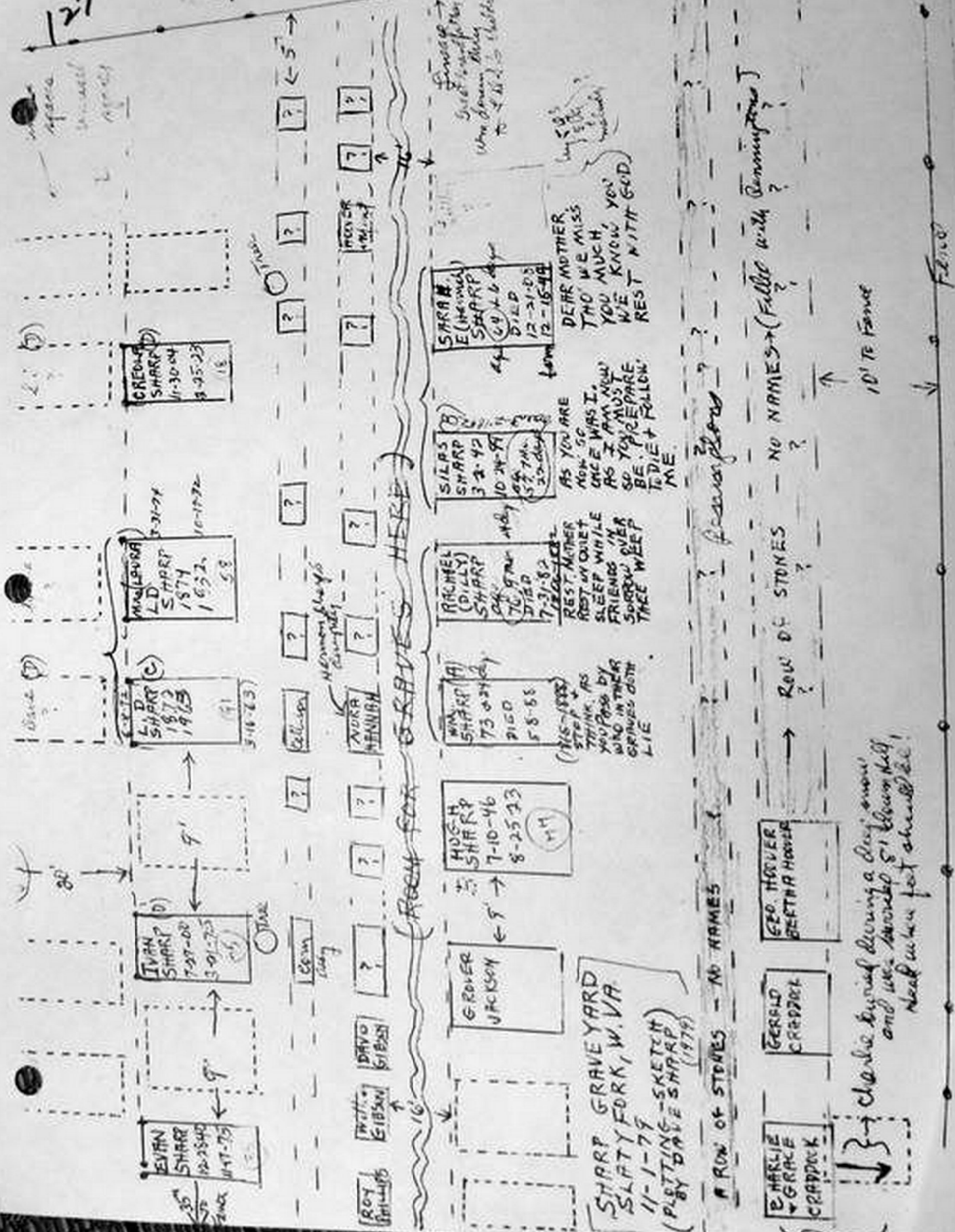
## PEDIGREE CHART



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## Slatyfork Cemetery

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A TRIBUTE  
published in the pages of  
THE POCAHONTAS TIMES  
MARLINTON, W. VA.  
MAR 20 1963

### Memorial Obituary



L. D. Sharp

Luther David Sharp, a life long resident of Slatyfork, died Wednesday, March 13, 1963, in the Marlinton Hospital, at the age of 90 years, 9 months, and 5 days.

Mr. Sharp, the only son of the late Silas and Sarah Sharp, was born June 8, 1872, at Slatyfork. At the early age of 12 he started his mercantile business, buying and selling fur, livestock and merchandise. For many years his merchandise was hauled from Millboro, Virginia, and Beverly by covered wagons. Mr. Sharp was the first Postmaster of Slatyfork and gave it its name when the office was opened. He loved to fish and hunt, killing his last deer at the age of 89. He was one of the first group of apiary inspectors in West Virginia, and raised bees to produce the famous Pocahontas County white lynn honey.

"L. D.," as he was affectionately called by his close friends, helped organize and was a charter member of the Slaty-

fork Methodist Church. He was a lover of sacred music and organized the Slatyfork Choir, well known in Pocahontas and surrounding counties for its fine music.

Preceding him in death were his first wife, Laura Jane Morgan Sharp; two daughters, Creola and Ada Curtain; two sisters, Ella (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda (Mrs. Ellis Hannah).

He leaves his devoted wife, Mabel Hansford Sharp; a daughter, Mrs. Violet Markland, of Richmond, Virginia; four sons, Ivan Sharp, of Nitro; Paul Sharp, of Port Neches, Texas; Dave Sharp, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Si Sharp, at home; twelve grandchildren, twenty-one great-grandchildren; two great-great grandchildren, and a host of friends.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon in the Slatyfork Methodist Church with the Rev. Clarence Pier-son assisted by the Rev. Ezra Bennett in charge. Burial was in the Slatyfork Cemetery.

# Madison Eagle

Lucy C. Bowie, Editor

Telephone 948-5121

GREEN PUBLISHERS, INC., Printers & Publishers

Entered at the Post Office at Madison, Va., as second-class Mail Matter.  
2nd Class Postage paid at Madison, Va., and at additional mailing office.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY: BOX 325, MADISON, VIRGINIA 22727

## Investigation Continues In Forester's Death

Investigation is continuing by Augusta County Sheriff's Department in the death of forester, Evan L. Sharp.

Sharp, 34, a sub-district forester over Madison, Greene, and Rappahannock Counties, died last Monday while hunting in George Washington National Forest with friend and Chief Fire Warden of Greene and Madison, Donald Lee Parrott of Quinque.

His body was not discovered until last Wednesday morning on Elliott's Knob at North Mountain in Augusta County, about 1-3/4 mile from his truck. Sharp had apparently been shot by another hunter. A single shot from a high powered rifle entered through the abdominal area and lodged in the body. According to evidence found in the mountains, it is estimated the bullet which struck Sharp was fired from 80-85 yards away.

An Augusta sheriff's department spokesman said Monday, there was no definite information yet concerning the accident. A check of persons hunting in the area, licenses and big game stamps is underway. Several hunters at campsites in the area have also been questioned during the investigation. Reports are awaited from FBI laboratories pending identification of several items of physical evidence found in the area.

## Letter to Editor

On behalf of the personnel of the Virginia Division of Forestry, I want to express our sincere appreciation to all of the people in the Madison and surrounding area for their help in the search for Forester Evan Sharp. All of us in the Division of Forestry feel very keenly the loss in Evan's tragic death. It is heartwarming to know that the concern for Evan was so widespread, and that the response to this concern by his friends and neighbors in Madison County was both immediate and magnanimous. We especially want to recognize the efforts of the Madison Rescue Squad and the many other volunteers, whose names we do not have, from the Madison area. For their efforts and time, including the considerable distance to Augusta Springs and in entering the search, we offer our sincere thanks.

Sincerely,  
W. F. Custard, State Forester



AUGUSTA SPRINGS—A body identified as Evans Sharp, the Madison County hunter missing since Monday, was found late this morning on Elliott's Knobb.

An Augusta County Sheriff's Department spokesman would only confirm that it was Sharp's body. He would not comment on the cause of death.

The search had been intensified this morning as scores of volunteers, Augusta Military Academy cadets and area students joined in the rescue efforts being coordinated by the sheriff's department at Orange's Market on Va. 42 here.

Mr. Sharp, 34, had gone hunting Monday with his partner, Donald Lee Parrott of Madison County, and failed to return to his truck parked on Chestnut Flat, a mountain top between Elliott's Knob and Hite Hollow, west of here.

Rescue teams concentrated Tuesday on the east side of the mountain, where a gunshot was reportedly heard Monday at dark.

Mrs. Sharp, who drove here Tuesday after learning of her husband's disap-



MR SHARP

pearance, said the whole situation seemed incredible since her husband was a very "self-sufficient" and experienced hunter, although he occasionally was troubled by one of his knees injured previously while fighting a fire.

Mr. Sharp was employed by the Virginia Division of Forestry and was a member of the Madison County Rescue Squad. He formerly lived with his family in Augusta County and was "very familiar" with the hunting area, according to his widow.

The search had not been without confusion. One report said that a hunter from Madison County somewhat fitting Mr. Sharp's description was seen several miles from the Chestnut Flat area.

Also rescue officials were helped or hindered by the inundation of volunteers that led one spokesman to say: "There are too many chiefs and not enough Indians."

Involved in the search were the Staunton-Augusta, Craigsville-Augusta Springs and Madison County rescue squads, the Civil Air Patrol, State Police, the Virginia Game Commission, the Virginia Division of Forestry, and auxiliaries, churches and private individuals who supplied food to the rescue workers.

Two search planes of the CAP and a State Police helicopter flew over the mountainous terrain Tuesday and this morning.

#### Evan Sharp

Evan Lilburn Sharp, 34, of Madison, Virginia, formerly of West Virginia, was killed Wednesday, November 19, 1975, in the National Forest in Augusta County, Virginia.

He was a native of Slatyfork, and was in the Virginia Forestry Service.

His father Ivan Sharp, died earlier this year. He was a grandson of the late L. D. Sharp of Slatyfork.

Surviving are his wife, Phyllis McCutcheon Sharp; two sons, Arthur Todd and Roderick Evan, both of Madison, Virginia; mother, Mrs. Ivan L. Sharp, of Nitro, a brother, Ralph Sharp, of California; sister, Mrs. Thomas Shipley, of Parkersburg.

Services were held Friday morning in Madison United Methodist Church in Madison, Virginia. Burial was Friday at 4 p.m. in Slatyfork Cemetery.

## Hunter died of gunshot wound

The death of a Madison County man Monday in the mountains west of Augusta Springs was due to a gunshot wound, Augusta County authorities said Wednesday, and the wound appeared not to be self-inflicted.

An autopsy completed today at the state medical examiner's office at Roanoke determined that Evans Lilburn Sharp died of a rifle wound in the abdomen. He had been dead since "sometime Monday", State Medical Examiner Dr. David Oxley said.

Mr. Sharp, 34, of Madison County was found Wednesday morning by Virginia Division of Forestry volunteers in a moderately wooded area in the Chestnut Flats section of North Mountain. An experienced outdoorsman and forester from Madison, Green and Rappahannock counties at the time of his death, Mr. Sharp was last seen around 1 p.m. Monday and was reported missing 9:30 that night.

Mr. Sharp, a former resident of Staunton said to be very familiar with the mountains, had gone hunting with a friend Monday and did not return to his truck.

A search, coordinated by the Augusta County Sheriff's Department and strengthened by volunteers, began Tuesday and intensified Wednesday before the body was found late Wednesday morning.

The body was first taken to King's Daughters' Hospital, then to Madison County. Later, it was taken to Roanoke to the state medical examiner's office for an autopsy.

According to a sheriff's department spokesman, Mr. Sharp was found lying face up, his rifle near the body. He had been shot in the stomach, the spokesman said.

The case is now under investigation by the department deputies.

A spokesman for the department thanked those who participated in the two-day search.

Mr. Sharp was son of Mr. and Mrs. Ivan L. Sharp.

Surviving besides his mother who lives at Nitro, W. Va., are his widow, Mrs. Phyllis (McCutcheon) Sharp of Madison; two sons, Arthur T. and Roderick E. Sharp, both of Madison; one brother, Ralph Sharp of California, and one sister, Mrs. Thomas Shipley of Parkersburg, W. Va.

Services will be conducted 10 a.m. Friday in Madison United Methodist Church. Burial will be 4 p.m. in Powhatan County, W. Va.

#### DEATHS

Mrs. Laura Morgan Sharp, wife of L. D. Sharp, died at her home at Slaty Fork on Monday afternoon, October 17, 1932. She had been ill for many months with heart disease and complications. She was in her 59th year, having been born March 31, 1874. Burial in the Sharp family graveyard on Wednesday afternoon, the funeral being conducted from the Slaty Fork Church by her pastor, Rev. T. H. Taylor.

Mrs. Sharp was the daughter of the late Rev. Samuel Morgan, of Bethesda, Md. Her father, Rev. Morgan, preceded her to the grave a few weeks since. Of her father's family there remain two brothers, William and Edgar, and a sister, Sarah (Niece).

Forty years ago she became the wife of L. D. Sharp. He and their children, Ivan, Silas, Paul and Luther, Jr., Mrs. William Curtin, of Baltimore, and Mrs. R. W. Markland, of Richmond, survive. A daughter, Creola, died nine years ago.

For a life time, Mrs. Sharp, had been a professing Christian, a member of the Methodist Church. She was a good woman, who well performed the duties of wife, mother and neighbor.





1780-1182  
1

History and Stories  
of the  
SHARP FAMILY  
of  
Slatyfork, W. Va.  
Principally by and of  
Luther David Sharp, Sr.  
6-8-1872 - 3-19-63

Compiled from magnetic tapes, recollections, etc.

This history booklet of the L. D. Sharp family was compiled by Dave Sharp from recollections and tapes he made of "LD" and from others in the family. Valuable assistance was provided by Si Sharp for his recollections of important stories; by Ramona Shipley for her transcribed tapes of her father, Ivan, and copies she made of old deeds etc.; by cousin Allie Gibson letting me tape her stories of the Sharps; and by Paul Sharp for his tapes he made of Dad's stories. *THAYER SHARP MADE XEROX COPIES*

Cousins Theo Mannah and Allie Gibson loaned old original pictures of the Sharps from which to make copies used in the booklet.

*AND ROBERT TAYLOR-IN PARTICULAR*

Credit goes to Edith Workman of Millsboro for the copy of the Rev. Samuel Morgan history compiled by cousin Hubert Taylor, 14 Stroud St., Wilmington, Del. 19805, from which our copies are made. This is a complete history of the family of Laura Sharp, wife of L. D. Sharp. Thanks to cousin Edith! Thanks to cousin Hubert!

Stories and/or pages are numbered in red ink. Any one who has additional stories or pages please make four <sup>or more</sup> copies and number them in red so we can place them in the proper location in the booklet. For instance, page 26-A would go after page 26.

Also: any other rare family pictures and other pictures of great interest are welcomed, to make negatives to have copies made for the four booklets.

A booklet was issued to each:

Paul Sharp, 723 Avenue D. Port Neches, Texas, 77651

Si Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. 26291

Mrs. Ramona Shipley, 43 Meadowcrest Drive, Parkersburg, W. Va. 26101

Dave Sharp, 4171 Paxton Woods Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

Each of the above have Cassette tapes from which the transcriptions in the booklet were made.

PLEASE ! If this copy becomes misplaced or lost, please return it to one of the above persons or descendants. It is very important that it stays in the Sharp family

4

Last picture taken  
of sister



Last picture of  
Sister  
1898

Ella Luther Melinda

Silas  
("Si")

Sarah  
("Sally")



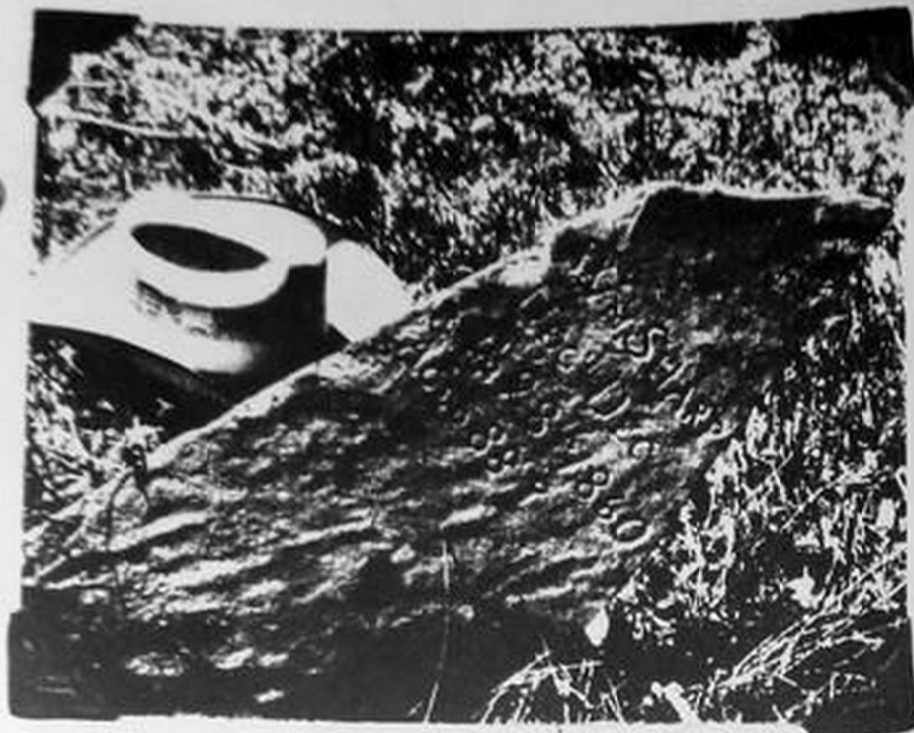
Ella  
Melinda  
Luther



from  
at the age

Luther David Mary Ella Melinda Luther



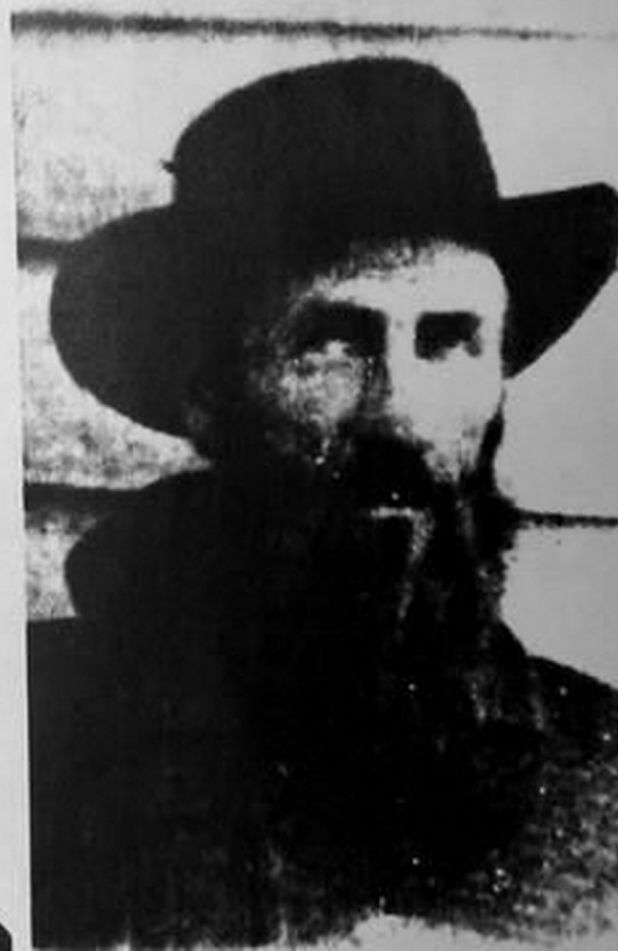


Wm. Sharp, Jr. (II) 1772-1860

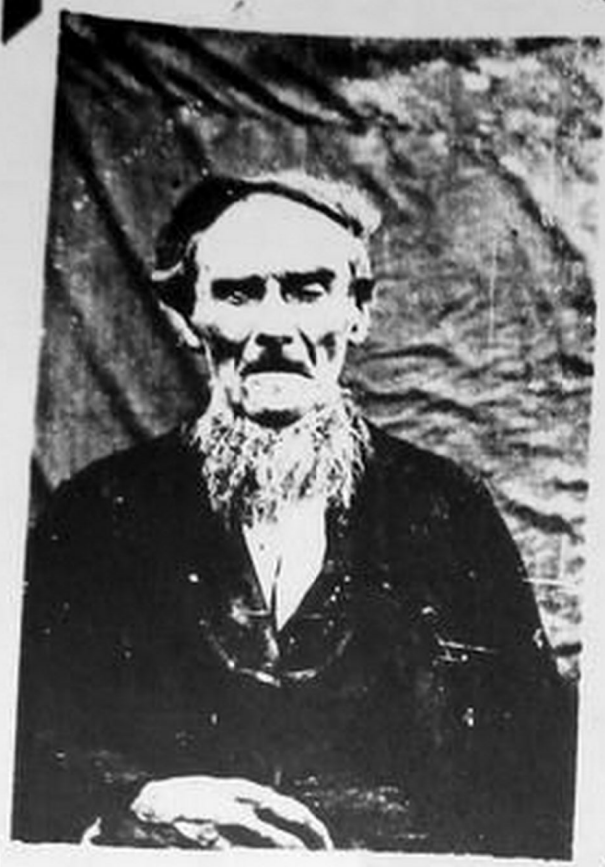
WM SHARP  
DECD DEC  
The 28TH 1860  
AODD 88Y"  
←

Wm. Sharp's tombstone in the Sharp cemetery on the Edray to Cloverlick road, near Fairview lane intersecting and near Arthur Friel's place.

He was the son of the pioneer William Sharp (1740-1833) and father of Wm. Sharp(III) (1815-1888) who is buried at the Slatyfork cemetery.



Parents  
of Silas  
and Hannah  
Sharp



WILLIAM SHARP (III) 1815-1888  
Parents of Leila and Norman

RACHEL (Dilley) SHARP 1805-18

Silas  
William



SILAS ("SI") SHARP SARAH (HANNAH)  
1848-1906

"Silly"



5

James Hamilton Morgan  
 4-2-1815 - 5-6-1897  
 father of Sam Morgan

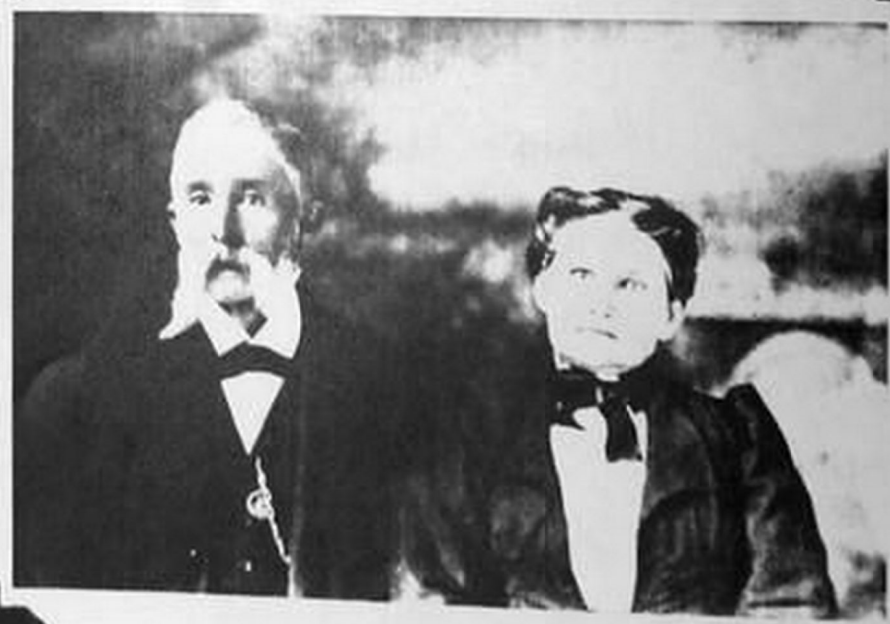
5

Wrote  
 with  
 Buggy  
 ran off  
 - wrecked  
 & killed him



(married 2-21-1872)  
 ← Rev. Sam Morgan ← Edith Morgan  
 Parents of Lucio Sharp (3-31-1874 - 10-17-1930)

Her second  
 husband



Rev Irwin

Edith Irwin (3-31-1874 - 9-25-1932)

# Hugh Calvin Sharp

The first bee-hive had a face inspection showing critical death a wooden removable cover still in existence.

Probably made by Capt. Brumby (of Buck Run) a friend of Hugh's.

Note corner side of beehive



Hugh Sharp  
(7-10-1846 - 8-25-1923)



Uncle Hugh Sharp on porch of old log house that used to be attached to the present log house.

(Perhaps 5 or 6 sitting on porch?)



Hugh Sharp 1846-1923  
Hunting knife in belt now belongs to Evan Sharp - sons in Va.



L.H. Sharp



L.H. Sharp from Tin type 4/19-7.



HUGH SHARP Box Tree Hunting Sept 1917  
G. 71



Will and Mary  
 and  
 L.H. & girl friends



Love from  
 from Tim & Lippes

8





Quarterly meeting - Perhaps  
or a merger? closed

8-F



Howard Wicks 3 C Morgan (not) in close to George T. Moore 1  
Rev. Clark 2 4 Uncle George Hannah 6 Rev. Hedrick  
3 (7) Rev. Fultz 3



- 1 George T. Moore
- 2 Howard Wicks
- 3 Rev. Clark
- 4 Uncle George Hannah

5. S. C. Morgan (Samuel Morgan)
6. Rev. Hedrick
7. Rev. Fultz

(Believe all are preachers)





10

Hugh →

Orinda, Joan Ada, Oake, & Q

10

Sept 1

Sister  
Remove  
Top  
Picture  
→



Violet Laura Paul Jim

Uncle Hugh ↑

L & O Sharp family Sept 1917



1938

"65"  
panels  
"L & O"

Melinda Hannah L & O (65) age 90k Gibson

Sugar Camp



Maple Sugar Camp at Slatyfork about 1912?  
 Near old homestead, below the bridge  
 and just below the meadow near creek



(L. D. SHARP)

I L D + Laura  
 Ada + Violet



Ada Laura Violet Luther  
 John Violet  
 (Married 2-16-1893)



12

Photograph of L. D. Sharp's Maple Sugar Camp at Slatyfork  
Described by Ivan L. Sharp Nov. 27, 1973

The picture faces Buzzard Mountain. You can faintly see the line of the old road going toward Marlinton. Ada may have been married or she and/or Si may have been taking care of or watching the store, in case some customer should come. I don't quite recognize the horses. The one with the (white) star in the forehead looks like "Old Bell", grandmother Sharp's (Sarah) mare. The other appears to be Mike, the strawberry roan with ears sticking straight up. A lot of age difference in the two horses."

"Judging from the size of Violet the plain (clear) one in the picture (in white), I appear to be standing (left to right): Ivan, Joe Snyder, Gemmie ~~Jimmy~~ Snyder, Violet, Mother (Laura), Creola, Paul and Dad (L.D.) at the kettles. ~~Wirt Snyder and Austin or~~ / Gemmie Snyder was oldest and only daughter of Wirt Snyder. Wirt Snyder and Austin or Floyd Galford on the sled."

Dave: (If this picture could have been snapped in Feb. 1916, they would be these ages: LD 44, Mother 42, Violet 19, Ivan 16, Creola 12, Si 9, and Paul 6 See further note of Dave's at the end.)--Dave.

Ivan further stated: "There looks to be a fuel shortage for the kettles, but we kept some dry wood in the shed and a pile of poles below the camp for the two pans. (evaporating pans were inside the shed.) One or two persons would stay in camp at night to keep fires going and pans filled to prevent burning of syrup. Sometimes would roast potatoes, apples and meat at night by the fire."

Dave's further notes: Violet born 1897, married July 1918 at age 21.

Willie H. Gibson of Will Gibson (at mouth of Slatyfork creek) was a photographer and took pictures up to perhaps 1920 or later. This picture was among Will Gibson's things after he died. The card was not mailed but was addressed to Mr. Earnest Gibson, Elkwater, W. Va. with this message "Hello. How are you by this time? I am well and hope to find you the same. Sugar Camp view; from Willie H. Gibson". Dorothy Fitzwater gave Dave the original picture. She inherited it from perhaps a sister or other relative maybe married to young Willie. The Slatyfork Creek is between the camp and the hill, in picture.

Ivan further stated: "The sugar camp is below the old barn meadow. A big wood log type storage tank in foreground, 4 big iron kettles for boiling sugar water down from 50 gal. to about 1 gal of syrup. Inside shed is two furnaces with evaporating pans, a bunk bed for night work. The two smoke stacks were from the old saw mill that ceased operation further up the creek years before. A sled was used to haul the sap to the camp using two 50 gal wood barrels--sometimes three. Picture appears to have been taken when Wirt Snyder lived at the old Jackson house up the creek (almost to buck-hollow)"

Note: The boy beside Mother appears to be thin like Si or Dave. If Dave, then the boy in trough must be Paul. Then picture must have been taken about 1918 or 1919 before Violet married. Could the girl beside Violet be Creola??? A good puzzle! ... but an interesting picture.

from  
the  
top  
window



from  
the  
top  
window



Sara Jane Morgan (left) Nannie Virginia Morgan

Sara (Morgan) Nannie



Hauling  
sugar water  
to make  
maple syrup

Sara & Nannie at start

S. J. on sled  
Sara with bucket

Sam Gibson on horse carrying mail

(Hauling sugar water  
to make maple syrup & sugar)





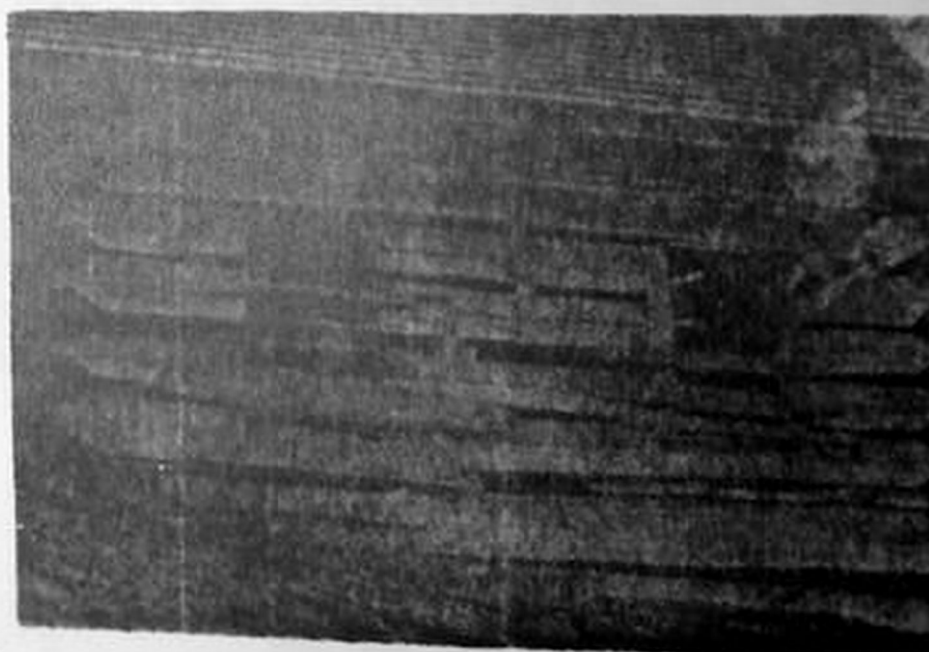
F.D. Sharp



Laura Jane (Meyers) Sharp



52



"Ed's" / or schoolhouse

WE



Rough  
K. W.  
Benevise & D. L. Henry

Log School Henry when 'The'  
1895  
1895  
L. W. & School

We have  
clear photo's

ditto





Remained  
sent  
1955  
(?)

The old mill dam and grist mill  
at Slatyfork

played at  
Slatyfork

Luther Helmsfelder 2

and ← Bernard Slatyfork



Bernard Slatyfork, Rosie Slatyfork, Miss Knowles, Violet Slatyfork, Annie Slatyfork  
at the old mill dam  
(Cir 1917)

"Brick-Griffin" mill at Slatyfork



18

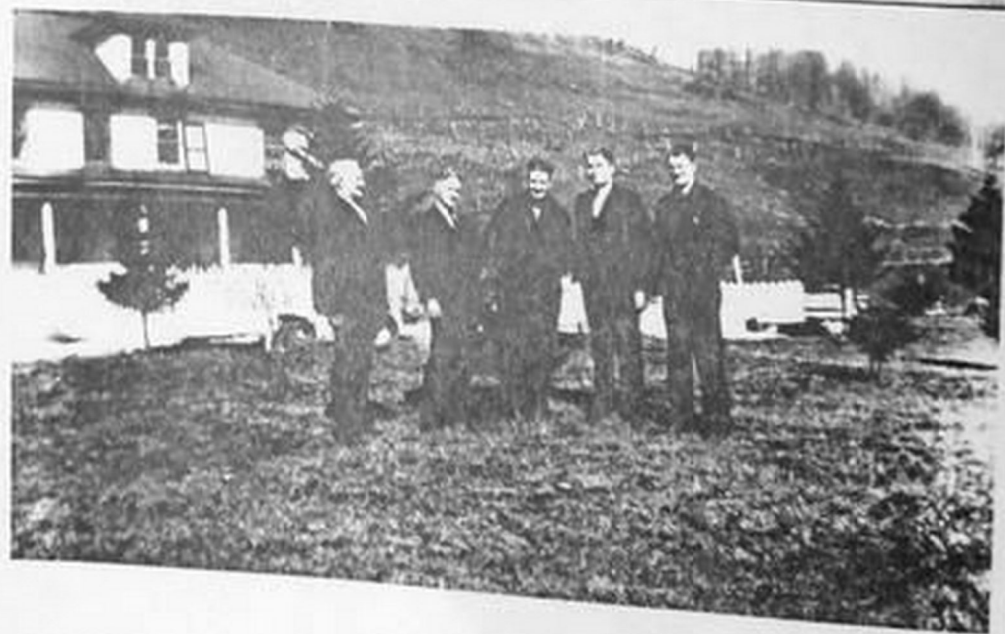


Ada Sharp at Holyoke creek Mildred Hanger



i. Ada Joan Violet

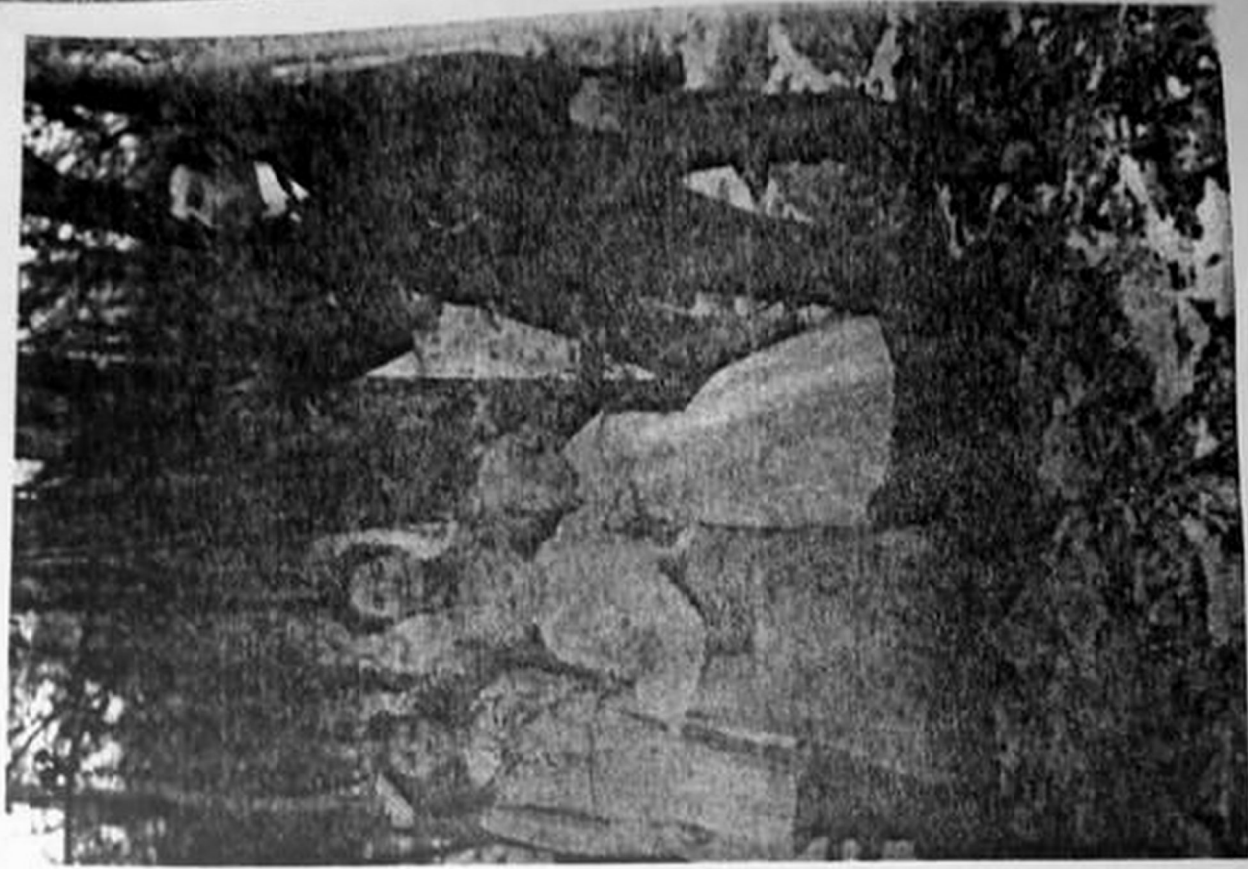
IO & his 4 sons





19

Long Jean Violet & L.L.



Eda & Mable (changed)



Madame Vaupien with Louis Vaupien & his wife (Mrs. Vaupien)

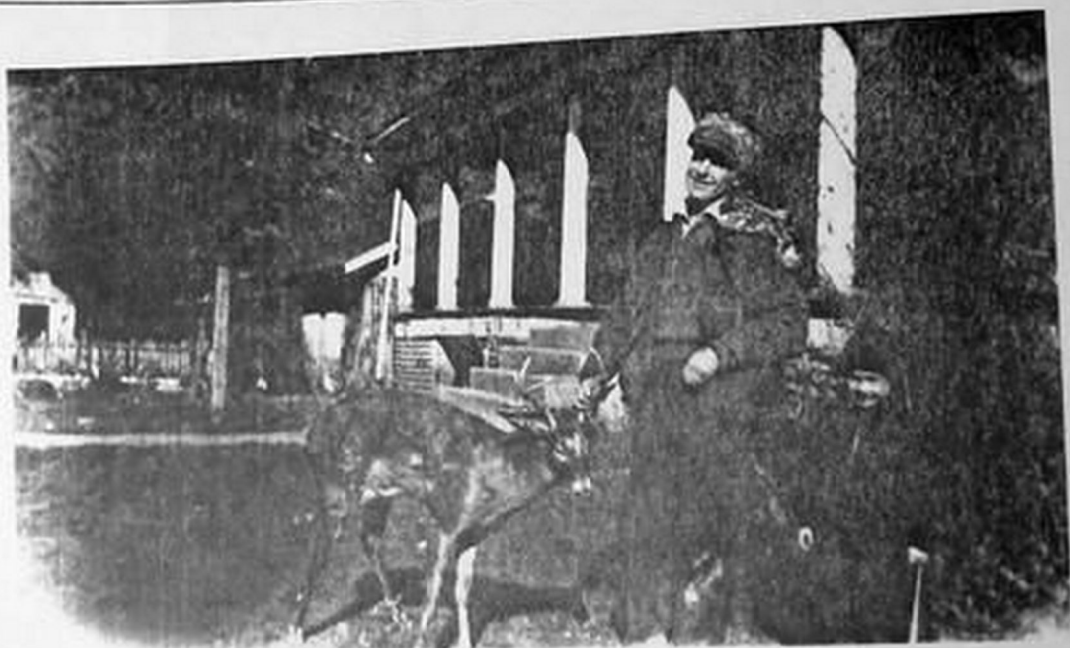


20

Phil  
&  
his  
children



Wan  
Eva



Wan  
(20)



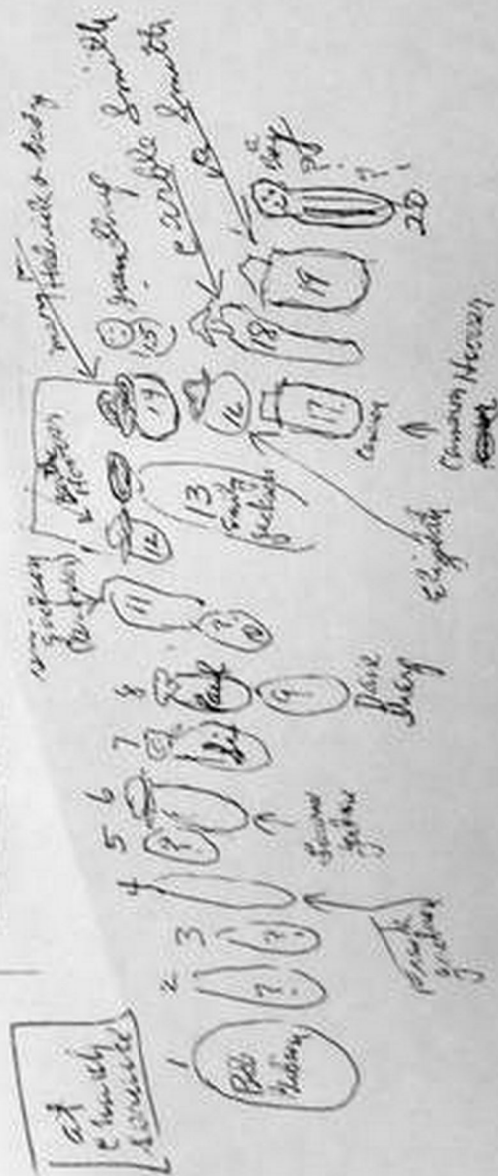
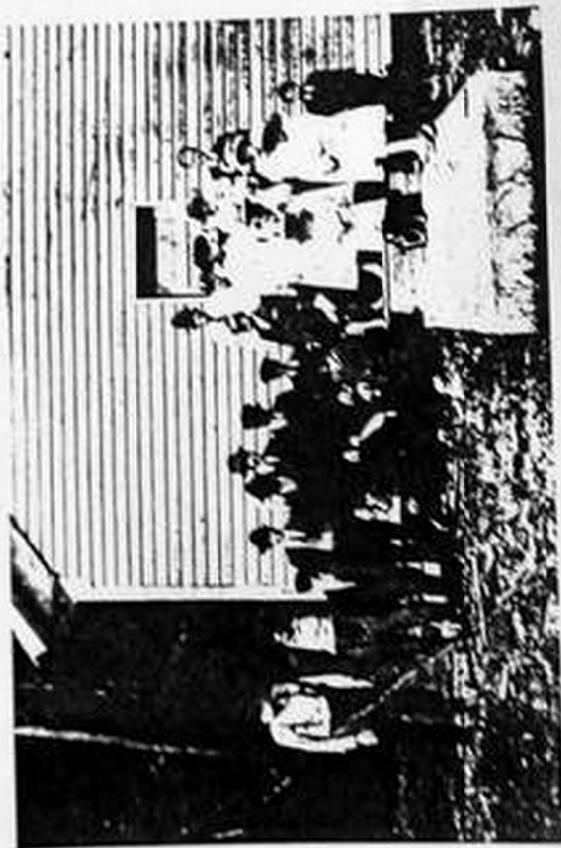
Jan 1950

Slater  
School  
#3

20-A

frequency

see 143-144



Rotterdam School #3  
Burned about 1928  
Located 75 yards from RR 219  
up Rotterdam creek

*Pepin*



21



21

Miss  
Kathleen  
&  
Violet



Miss  
Kathleen  
&  
Violet

Ada  
&  
Violet



From Victoria - 1923



From England

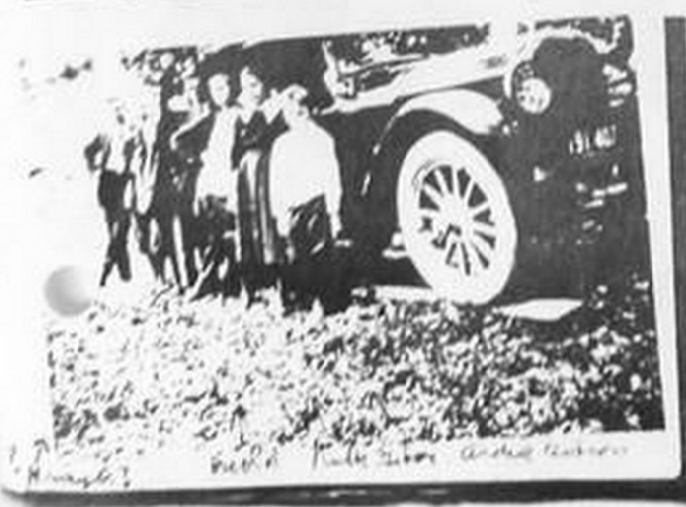
Brook



Brook of the River









From Creole's album 23



Creole



Creole



Creole

23



Creole



Creole

Creole's friend  
Sue Drillon



Creole

Sue Drillon



Feb 1916 Creta Sharp



Creta  
at old  
house



25

John  
meets  
holding  
reins

Wan  
meets

"L.D." on  
back  
of Spring  
Wagon

Wan  
meets



"L.D." & Wan  
"going to Town"

L.D.  
Wan



(Bob)  
L.D. & Wan



Wan

Le  
Paul

Wan

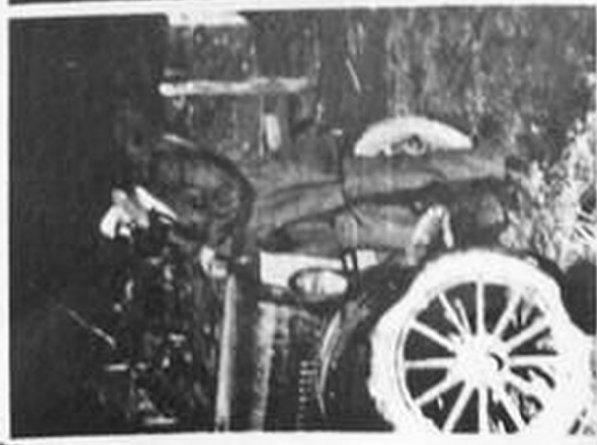
meets  
Hulpe

Over on horse  
behind  
mother  
(Tanna)



LE





Gwen & Lily car.



Gwen (Morgan) Sharp

Ada Gwen Violet  
Lil. Creola Laura Li



Ada  
Gwen  
Lil. Creola  
Laura Li



L. N. Sharp at 20.000 Farm near Orlando - New "Disney World"



Ada  
Gwen  
Lil. Creola  
Laura Li



Ada  
Gwen  
Lil. Creola  
Laura Li



Harriet  
Shirley

Harriet  
Shirley



Joan Sharp

Harry & Archie Nelson



Michelle

Shirley & Gordon  
1916  
1918  
1919  
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2025



28



SLH



SLH  
in  
the  
at  
the  
farm

SLH



SLH  
family  
1914



Miss D. ... Sarah ... Allen ... Rufus ... Violet ... Helen ...



June 1, 1920

# POST CARD

POSTAGE  
NOW  
ONE  
CENT

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN  
ON THIS SIDE

THIS SIDE FOR CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Father  
it is so near your  
Birth day, I am  
sending a little card  
hoping it finds you well  
and yours, love up-  
your Loving Sister  
Mildred Hope we must find  
you in that Happy Land.

W. J. D. Sharp  
Slaty Fork  
N. D.



Rest for Small - Organ Room  
Slaty Fork Church



be



Ada Sharp



Violet



Henry Gibson  
J.D.'s flat car

J.D. &  
Truck load of  
wool



J.D. & his load of wool



Mrs. Columbus Morgan



Photo of Mrs. Columbus Morgan & family at 1889 at 1889 at 1889 at 1889



MIRIAM MORGAN



SM







DAVE

"OLD"

SEP 28, 1950

at the Reunion--Sept. 1950

Dear Dave:

Clara took this candid picture of you at the reunion.

The camera seemed to have captured a glimpse of that elusive, ethereal happiness he experienced in having his children all home again.

Can't you just see him in memory as he talked to you on that eventful day? That treasured quality of good humored true friendliness in the laughter of his smile which lights up his face like a heavenly illumination, makes him seem very near and very dear to each one of us. With love and fond memories  
Ada



Lil



Pa



"LD" living here  
June 1955

"LD" the fisherman  
Summer 1958

"LD" out taking  
care of his sheep  
Christmas week  
1958

"LD" and son, Ivan,  
at Ivan's home  
1959



"LD" the hunter,  
Nov. 1955

He shot the squirrel  
out of the hickory  
tree just behind him  
and he is standing  
beside the old barn.  
The squirrel fell from  
the tree with a broken  
back. Dad tried to  
step on it's head and  
the squirrel bit at  
his pants leg!

LD's family  
Christmas 1950  
(in kitchen)  
Left to right:  
Violet  
Kathy  
Paul  
Ivan  
Dad  
Mable  
Genevieve  
Bashful Si  
Dave  
Evan  
Sylvia at bottom

Black  
leaf  
(Nov 1959)

Wings  
leaf



Si in Fla 1963



LD's chickens



The first sheep  
 I saw it was  
 backwards.  
 They look at  
 backwards.  
 "2"



"2" had his  
 blacksmith's  
 make on his  
 branding iron  
 when he saw  
 it the 1st time  
 he saw it was  
 backwards  
 then he  
 decided to  
 label it  
 backwards  
 - different from  
 any other  
 brand

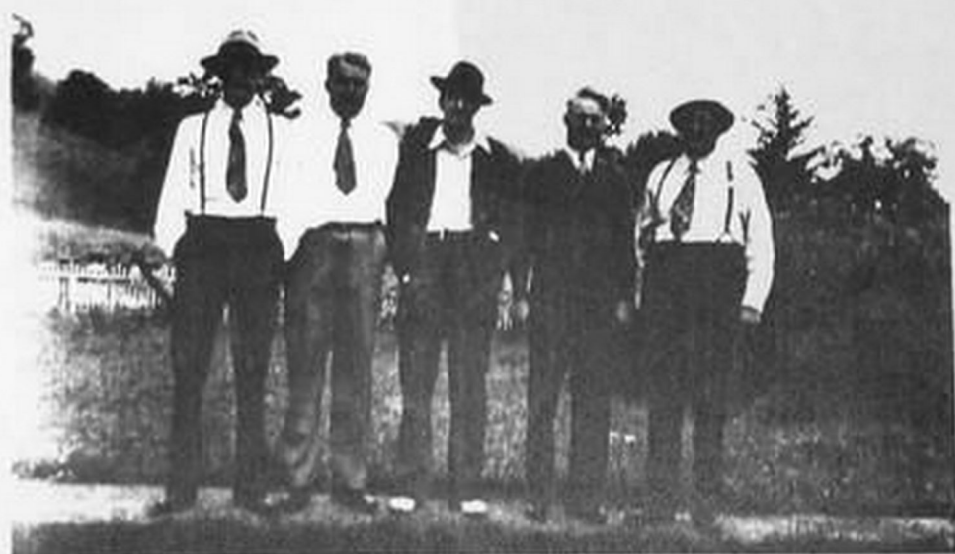


Dave  
 after  
 the  
 accident!!





70  
LH



LH  
+  
Mrs  
Weyer



Paul & Vonda  
Barbara  
Weyer



*Emmie + Bi Sharp 1982*



*Dave + Bi*





IVAN SHARP FAMILY



IVAN SHARP  
EVAN

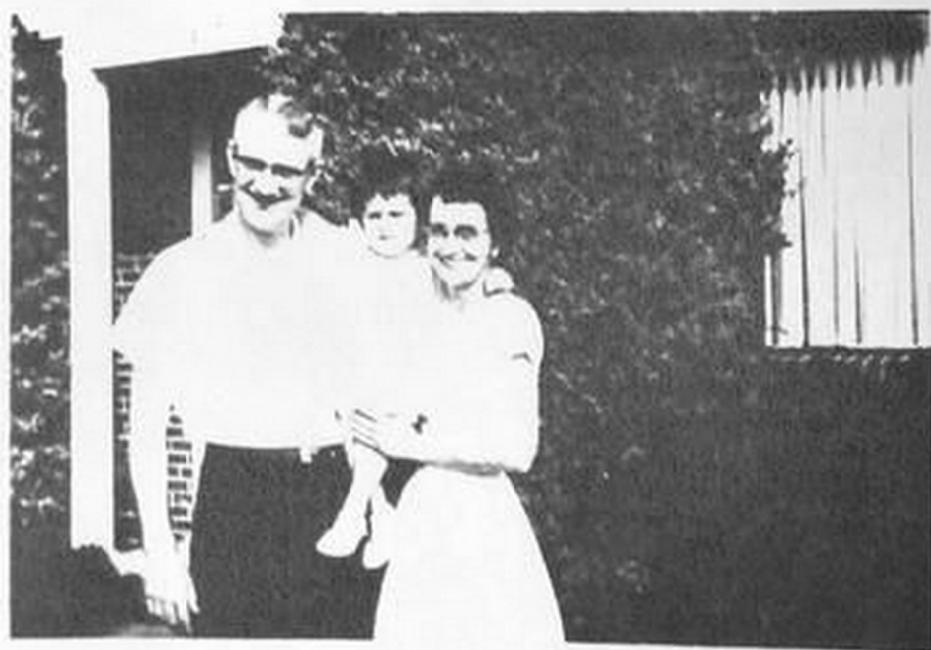




(Eunice, Jr) Alvin (Paul, Kitten) (Dorothy, Helen) Rosemary, Tom, Shirley



Paul & Kitha Lundy



Dave Linda Lofgren 1963



Benny & Linda  
Eduardo  
Xmas 1980

David Hannah house



340

39

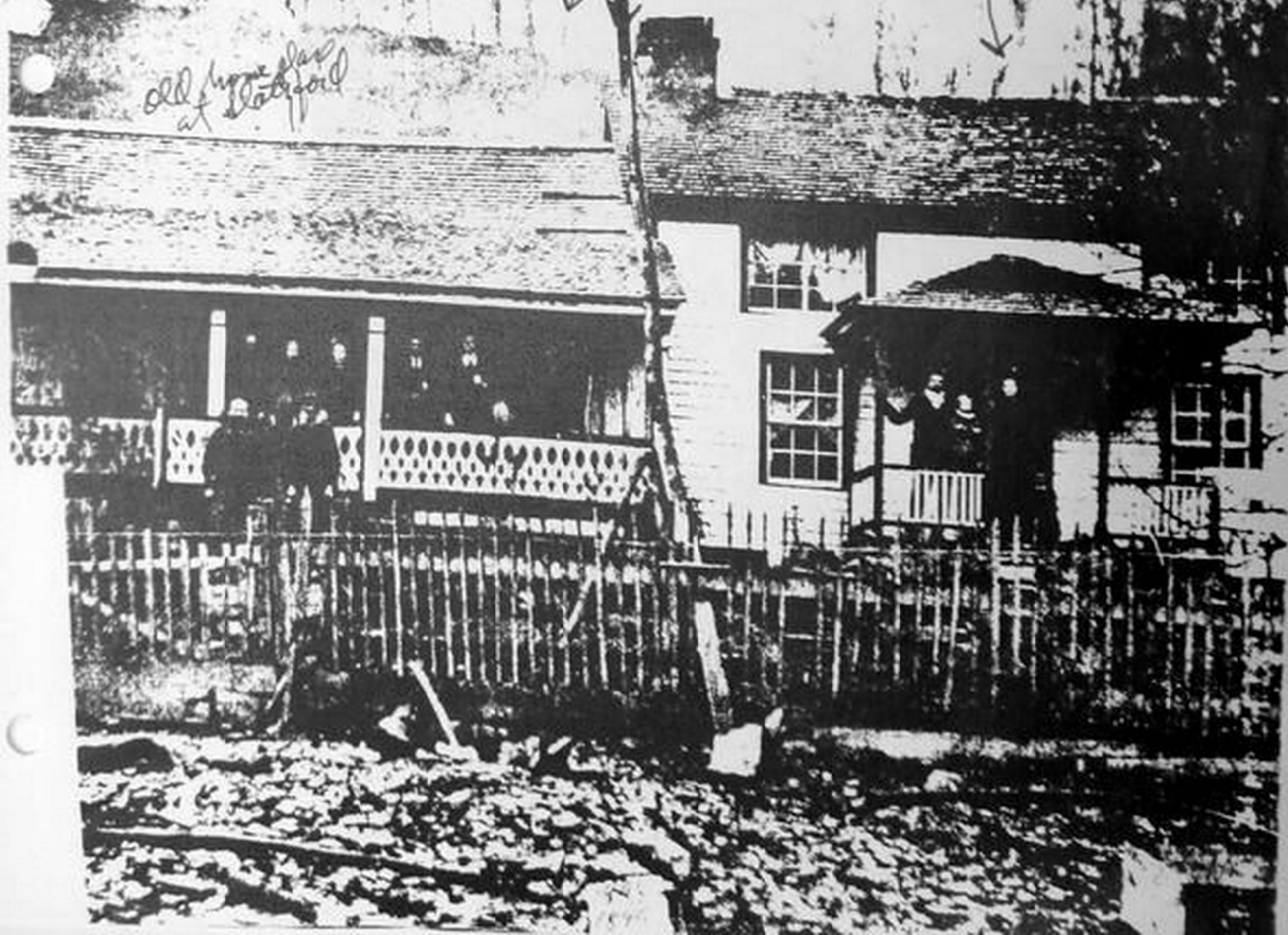


Left side of house  
Right side of house  
Old house place at Gladysport

Little  
Hubert, in the  
house

Right Portico  
L.D. Laura  
+ 2 children  
Ada + Kiki

old house place  
at Gladysport





①  
Saturday night

Edgar, W. H.  
Jan 14<sup>th</sup> 1893.

My Father & Mother

Dear Friends:

I will try to write a few lines in reply to your kind letter that I received Wednesday evening. I am always glad to hear from you. and to hear you were well. Walter and I have both been sick but I am better now, so went to sleep last night morning. Miss Edie is well in night dress. The Doctor says she has the fever, I was down to see her this evening it snowed so they didn't want me to come home. Eliza thought me funny on a horse. if it keeps on snowing like it has been it will soon

Letter from Edmund Morgan to W. H. Edgar Jan 14, 1893. They were married a month and a half on Feb 16, 1893 at Edgely Methodist Church, Pennsylvania by the father's minister.

②  
It is deep as it was two years ago, it is almost too cold for walking now. I am Mrs. Edith. going to Wallington in a sleigh today it would be dark before we would get home. Mr. Andy and I have not taken any sleigh ride yet, I don't think we will if we can pull it, it would be nice if we could come to take some one else sleigh riding and they would go with another fellow. I don't think I will go with him again, as I don't like it. It has been right terrible since school was closed, but I am glad it has closed. it has been so cold this week, I bet we would have frozen in that cold school house. I never did see cold weather last so long. I have not entirely laid my books aside I didn't quit yet. Although some of them, and

"may thy life be one sweet dream,  
and one bright long summer day.  
And like the winter evergreen,  
May it never fade away."

3 I took over them sometimes.

Mr. Dyer's letter was want-  
ing Pa to send me to Phillips-  
to school, he said he would send  
me for half price. He asked me if  
I wanted to go. I told him no,  
but did not say why.

I believe the people are very well  
satisfied with the winter months.  
Saturday night, if they are  
satisfied. Mr. Jackson was here Thurs-  
day & Friday. I did want to go  
to tell him what he said about  
me, but I did not have a good chance  
to tell him, he told the truth when  
he said I was ugly. I did not care  
for that, but as for me being proud  
of myself, it is not so.

I was at hand some 1st as he is, I  
believe I would talk about other  
people being ugly, and like  
me. He said I should be proud

4 I received the present you sent me and appreciated it, but I would much rather you had not sent it. You must excuse this badly written and composed letter. I must close for this time. Your true and loving friend, Laura Morgan.

5 I was not present at dinner I  
think he will you he would go to see  
Winnia, because she is the best look-  
ing. He told you so I don't know  
you certainly will be satisfied with a letter  
Sunday night, and as I was at  
get a nice photo graph. I was  
I was very much surprised to get  
a letter from cousin Kate Shanger,  
she was very much surprised to get  
the letter all the more, and so  
much more.

6 You will have sold him  
if you go to the store to. next week  
I think my ring is so nice  
it is rather tight, but then  
we can get it off.  
I have never taken it off since you  
put it on. I would not give it  
up for any one else's ring.



Edna, Viola & H. W.  
Oct 24th - 92

Mr. Fortin Clark

And though I will  
endeavor to write you a few lines  
in answer to your kind letter, I  
needed some time ago, I would

have within her but was very  
blessed, and I thought perhaps you  
would come over to the meeting.  
The meeting commenced yesterday.  
There was very good meeting last  
night, there will be meeting every  
night except Saturday night,  
the meeting will last one or two  
days, cannot see before it closes.  
It is such nice weather  
for meeting now.

He said you did mind the school  
 as in 1871 afraid to leave me.  
 He never had any occasion to write  
 me & am so glad I would be afraid  
 to cut up at school. Mr. B. is  
 not very strict but he can't be  
 get the lesson. I am getting ~~the~~  
 to go all the school. I like to go  
 to school.

You need not be afraid  
that I will leave you letters.  
So in some way I must & mean  
to do so. It is well for me to  
ask you not to show even  
slightest fear. I know you  
will not, & will give nothing  
away. Nothing to a slave, either  
free, doesn't hurt bad, nor  
the same & ever in a healthy.

I remain as ever  
yours. Maria Stuart.



13 of I (Saura) am able I want to go to see  
her again some time. it is a long  
way to go. I would love to go to  
see Aunt Sallie <sup>(Saura's many Whang were)</sup> while she is living.  
Genevieve is better than she was.  
she can walk over here and back  
she still has a girl staying with  
her. Ada had all her layers taken  
pulled three weeks ago. she has  
had an awful time of it. she  
has an abscess on her gums. she  
has lanced the place and has a  
poultice on it and the dr. wanted  
her to go in town and have  
any of the day made of it but  
she said she was not able  
she has had an awful bad  
cold too. she could not get  
any one to stay with her. They got  
a woman to stay a few hours  
one day. Uncle's aunt had been in  
the hospital and was pretty sick  
and his sister's husband had  
Pneumonia so none of his people  
could help them any.

Saura writes to her brother Will - Before 1928 or 1929

4 ~~Frank~~ ~~who~~ who married ~~Frank~~  
 3 ~~Frank~~ has not been well and  
 his mind is bad. They took him  
 last week to Rouseville & the hospital  
 and he came back and they say  
 he is no better. he is at home.  
 it is a pity for him. They have 8  
 children, and they want every thing  
 that is going. They want sick on  
 all the children. They want the best  
 that is going but never think of the  
 pay. Virgie was over 5 day and  
 helped clean up the stove. Joe  
 is getting real frail he patters  
 around. he can hardly hear.  
 they are cutting timber up on the  
 Jim Jackson place and have a  
 saw mill close. Harry Sheltons  
 they have a camp there and Ella  
 Gibson Coake there. I want to  
 send Ruby something for her  
 Birthday. I will send Edith a hand  
 kerchief if I can send it in my  
 love to you all from Laura Sharp  
 written to her brother W. Morgan



No mention of visit (Mem - 3-15-1897)  
to Ada, village about 2 years ago  
(Feb. 21-1894) to Ada, village about 2 years ago

Willie is still working  
for Mr. Oat Stevens.

Willie has not been over  
to see his girl for a few  
days, but it is said

he will go soon.

He had might try  
whether in the latter

day it rained and has  
been raining some

ever since. And on some

one beginning to come up  
some snow. I planted a

few Japanese cherry flowers  
last week and they are

coming up wonderfully.

Disabled some to day.

Well what is Ada doing

Adams - see her very  
good at support her

just her for now and  
don't think her at all.

Mr. Stevens is now and

with are going along good  
they have been at Mr.

Willie are Mary Jane to

a long while. He has been  
cleaning off his own

ground to day and is  
the first to quit this

time. Well. It will be

my invitation to the  
fol. This time by

asking you to write  
soon.

Thurs your sister  
Elizabeth Morgan

Letter from Nina to her sister Jane May  
(Morgan)



Letter to Ivan by his mother, Laura

March 2

(1921 ?)

45

Dear Ivan:

March 2

(Seen in Buckhampton ?)

(page 1)

I received your letter and card both last night. I should have gotten of course I could do up your clothes, but the letter they might get mashed up getting to the railroad. You know they have to be carried horseback to Cloverlick and some times the mail gets wet. It is raining tonight. I came over to the store and stayed over tonight. There is some snow on the north side.

(page 2) I heard today that Cad Gilmore was arrested at Spruce for bootlegging whiskey. They were making it at Cheat Bridge and he was ..... it on the train and selling \$500 or that's what I heard.

ed one other man and Gilmore was fined and Resa (Higgins?) were drunk. Coyner was not drunk but John (Slanker?) and Resa (Higgins?) were drunk. Hattie (McClung) said she would not have minded(?) if John or Alfred (Higgins) had hurt him. But to have to carry a (scar ?) made by (with a style stick) Resa was the limit. Resa had on her fine dress and she sat

(page 3) ~~some~~ in the cabbage that she had for supper. People talk awful about John and Resa. Bill (who? <sup>never in</sup> ~~never in~~) and Sam (Higgins?) moved the wool out of the Curtis house today so I suppose they will move.... Nannie (Higgins?) is as hot as a fox. She sent Sam over for a big box to put the things in and I was in a minute and she had three boxes in the floor. She said over there this morning she washed those little darned (horses or houses) were all burned up. I am afraid she is mean enough to burn them if she had her things out of there. She has no where to go only - (Page 4) -- if where they came from. And she says she is not going there. Papa (LD) and I got an invitation to the inaugural ball at Charleston, but I don't expect we will go. ha, ha. The boys have their fishing tackle and fishing catalog. I am glad you got the "Times". Papa was around the hill and cut a lot of grafts to graft some apples in the spring. Papa wrote out a notice to take to Uncle Hugh about not selling apples on Sunday. Uncle Hugh sells honey and apples to the Bohunks. They could come any day, they are so close by.

The following on different paper, but apparently to Ivan, maybe mailed at the same time -- ?? Pages 1, 2, 3 + 4, (or 5, 6, 7 + 8)

- ① March 3, 1921 Well I have come over to the new house. It rained and the creek is full Sam & Bill have gone to the commissary(?) The stores have come ( ) and I suppose they will have lots of ..... <sup>from the store (rebound)</sup> ... there now... (Delphe) has sent her draft by Cecil to cash to have it cashed, and he has sent men <sup>phone</sup> paying for her board and .... she has ..... Nannie went (slugging?) out to the barn this morning where Sam was. I guess she thought Hattie might go out to see (page 2) him. Hattie never looked at him. Papa said Nannie would not speak to him this morning. .... The girls asked Papa about (stamp?) and he told them to go out to the house to get them... (stamps?) I reckon Nan would not let them go over. She just acts like a mad bull all the time she is a (raiding?) about a lamb of hers. Papa said he was keeping her sheep for nothing and paying Sam and Bill for looking after her sheep as well as his own. She is so mad about Luther's ma.... moving down. (page 3) Mrs. Tracy is real poorly I heard they did not expect her to live anytime. She is a good woman and (told) not to be afraid to die. Matilda Hoover is home now. Mrs. Hoover has a very bad cold. I am sending Creola a couple waists. She wants Violet real poorly when she wrote. Her ..... cost nearly \$4 each. (page 4) ④ Well I have written all I know to write I will not get to write so often when the spring work comes on. Papa wants me to go to attend the store so he can sew grass seed over here. There is not many cutting tim-ber now but the Bohunks. Well I will have to close for this time. with love, Mama.

(Letter written from 500 miles away) (dams Nannie says you live in Curtis house for some time)





I heard to day that Col  
Walker was arrested at  
Lynchburg for not leaving  
that Chest Bridge and  
he was being taken to  
the prison and looking at  
himself as he ought to  
be kept from other men  
and John was also  
brought on that boat  
I heard they was  
not drunk but they  
and was very  
happy and who would  
of him possibly  
Robert the 1st from  
to carry a small  
wheel was the  
page that was  
shown and

Page 2

and where they were  
and all things were  
very true. Page and  
last a meeting  
the day and all  
Chambers but I  
expect we will get  
the day home by  
first of next and  
last of next. I am  
not far from  
I hope was  
will and sent  
of his affairs to  
some others in the  
public matter and a  
not to make the  
about not even a  
on day and  
also Henry and  
to the B. B. and  
not any clear  
Page 4



Note to copies:

of sheets (43) & (50)  
is too deep  
Then leave many 1/2  
- as they are typed up on page (45)

OK ✓

6-13-60

# Man Celebrates 88th Anniversary

51

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tation offi-

SLATY FORK (RNS) — "Just keep on — keeping on" is to what I attribute my 88 years," said Luther David Sharp on his 88th birthday anniversary Friday. "Yes, sir, activity is the thing that keeps us young. We would die in a short time if it were not for work," Sharp stated.



LUTHER DAVID SHARP

Sharp was born June 10, 1872, the son of Silas and Sara Hannah Sharp of Slaty Fork. He was educated in the schools of Pocahontas County. As a child, Sharp said he could remember that they always had three changes in the menu for breakfast; they had meat and bread; for dinner, bread and meat; and for supper they had both of them with lots of dried apples for sauce and pie.

"The world has certainly bloomed out in flower since I was a boy," Sharp said. "I can remember when there was no buggy or no automobile. When a family bought the first lamp and around here, a daughter in the family slipped it out and brought it to our house and asked us to hide it because she was afraid it would blow up and kill their whole family. All the cooking had to be done over an open fire place."

"My father was a farmer who liked to hunt and fish. I have always liked to hunt and fish, and have gotten a deer each year of my life up until two years ago," Sharp reminisced, "guess I am getting too old."

When Sharp was 15 years old he went into the store business at Slaty Fork on the old railroad. After the building of the new road, he built his present store in 1917. For 70 years he has been in the general store business. At the present time his oldest son, Luther David Sharp Jr., of Cincinnati, Ohio, owns the store and Mrs. Henry Gibson manages it for him.

Sharp married the former Miss Laura Jane Morgan and they were the parents of five living children, L. D. Sharp Jr., Ivan of Nitro; Paul of Port Netches, the

Texas, Silas S. Sharp, at home; and Mrs. Violet Markland of Richmond, Va. After the death of his first wife, several years ago, Sharp married the former Miss Mabel Hamford of Marlinton.



interested persons, by calling for the above say "Advertised" giving date of list.

A. S. OVERHOLT, P. M.

## Farm For Sale.

About 385 acres, fine grazing, farming and fruit land. Some timber and an excellent orchard of improved trees. This land is so situated that there has never been a fruit failure. Good house, two barns, well watered, in good community. About five miles from depot, most of the distance being Macadam road. Address, Times Office, Marlinton, W. Va.

FOR SALE:—A small grist mill known as Griffin mill on Big Spring of Elk. Good water power all the year round. About 1 1/2 acres of land, with small dwelling. For further particulars apply to S. C. Galford, Slaty Fork, W. Va.

## Notice to Confederates.

The meeting of Moffett Page Camp of Confederate Veterans is called to meet at the Times Office in Marlinton on Saturday, April 9 for the purpose of electing officers, appointing delegates to the Reunion at Mobile, and transacting any other business that may come before the Camp. A good attendance is desired.

LEVI WAUGH, Commander.  
E. D. KING, Adjutant.

## Contractors Wanted.

We will let to contract the cutting of twenty thousand cords of pulp wood this season. As big a contract as you can handle can be secured. Apply at once to WILLIAMS & PARKS, 1st National Bank Building, Marlinton, W. Va.

Ed. Write from Fla. 1925

# Pocahontas

3-26-1925

MARLINTON, POCAHONTAS COUNTY WEST VIR.

\$1.00 A Year

Jan 1, 1914 YELK

Mrs. Carrie H. Dilley, of Dilley's Mill, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Birdie O. Dilley, the past two months, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McGuire's little boy continues to improve.

Charles Galford has gone to Marlinton where he has opened a jewelry repair shop.

The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company met Saturday. The officers are L. D. Sharp, president; S. Mc Dilley, vice-president and general manager; J. D. Gibson, secretary and treasurer. The most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones after January 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk wherever the extension of the company's business justifies it; the cooperation of the different mutual companies entering the Marlinton switchboard will be asked in order to install two phones, one in the C. & O. station and the other in the freight office.

The W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. have scheduled a daily passenger, (Sundays excepted) from Cass to the commissary near Staty Fork, beginning January 1. The train will leave Cass in early morning, returning in time to connect at noon with the up C. & O. train. This will be the main line to Webster Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Gibson were Marlinton visitors, Friday.

James Gibson got tired of skinning his shins handling backlogs and foresticks and has now installed steam heat in his house.

Mr. and Mrs. Andy Loan are spending the holidays at Millboro, Virginia.

Bina Moss and Earl Gibson are visiting at Howardsville, Va.

Joe Buzzard was on Elk this week contracting for lambs for next fall.

Married, at the residence of the officiating minister, Rev. C. H. Anderson, December 25, 1913, Clarence Blakeslee and Miss Glenna Sharp. The bride is the eldest daughter of John Blakeslee and a very promising lady.

## FROM FLORIDA

We have taken our east coast tour, and on arrival back to our home in Orlando, will give you a part of our experience. The first day we went through Cocoa City, Indian River City and several small towns and reached Melbourne City at about the right time to pitch our tent. We were directed to the tourist camp and found it to be the best camp we have seen on the east coast. And as my son and I are fond of fishing we enquired where we could go fishing that night and were told that the best place to fish in all the country was off the Indian River bridge. The bridge is two miles long. We got flashlights, hooks and lines and pulled out for the fish market to get shrimp for bait and found that they did not have any, so we went to the grocery and bought some meat rind. When we got to the bridge and were telling the fishermen about our bad luck in not being able to get shrimp. They said "you did not need any bait, we are all fishing with a small piece of white rag." I thought they were kidding me, but soon saw that they were actually catching them thick and fast with the white rag and hook. One man had a small piece of oil cloth on his hook and they used it just as we use an artificial fly in West Virginia. We had heavy sinkers on our lines and continued to fish with the meat rind until my son caught a trout, and took one of its gills and in a short time we caught all we could eat for breakfast. I never saw so many fish caught in so short a time in all my life. Some had fifty or more nice trout, and there must have been 200 people fishing and all were catching fish. One man told me that he had caught 700 trout the night before on a hook that was run through a piece of his white handkerchief. Ask Dick Smith if he can beat that man's fish story.

The next day we pulled straight ahead for Palm Beach and we reached the ocean in time to go out on the great long pier and catch a mess of fish for breakfast. Then we drove around among the beautiful palm trees and flowers and looked at all beautiful scenery on Palm Beach. Then we drove over to West Palm Beach to the tourist's camp, and instead of finding the camp among the fine coconut and palm trees we found it located where there were but few shade trees, and the tourists were not very well pleased with the camp, but we made it all right.

The next day we drove down to Hollywood and pitched our tent to camp over Sunday. This city has been building only four years and

in bathing. We drove out to Coral Gables where so many rich men are spending their money in lots and fine buildings. It is no place for a poor man. Miami is getting pretty well up with Chicago for crime. We found some tourists who were afraid to go to Miami on account of so much robbing and so many murders in the last year. That was one reason why Sharp camped outside of Miami.

We took another shoot out from Miami and went down the east coast as far as the road is cut out. The first city of any size below Miami was Homestead. We went on below Florida City along way down until we found no more road. There is a vast rich country and there are thousands of acres of tomatoes, and as the old saying is "I never saw tomatoes before." I did not see anybody but negroes living between these cities, and the negroes had many boxes of tomatoes along the road to sell to tourists. We bought the finest tomatoes I ever saw for two cents per pound; that was all they asked for them. There are many tomato packing houses and the packers no doubt are buying tomatoes from the negroes for a song and they are shipping them up north and making a fortune on them.

Florida is not considered much for corn, but I never saw better corn grow any place than in one section down near the jumping off place. The corn looked to be much higher than a man's head—probably ten or twelve feet high—and such a dark green color that the land must be very rich.

We went out to a Seminole Indian village. There were about fifty Indians there. Some of them work in the packing house. We parked our car by the roadside and walked out to the Indian camps among the jungles, and when I saw the Indians sitting flat on the ground in squads and looking so strange at us, it very near got my nerve. I tried to get them to talk, but they would only say yes and no. They were cooking out on the ground and we could tell the meat they were cooking was more than ripe—anyway we did not stay for dinner. The children about six years old and under had no clothes on. The Indians were all barefooted but the older ones had on clothes of many colors. While we were at this village a very large swarm of bees passed over us and looked as if they were going to settle on a pine tree, but they slowly moved on. I suppose the Indians have plenty of honey to eat. It looks bad that our government does not educate the Seminoles. I am told they are getting fewer all the time.

The State is building a new road



that short time. They are now making artificial lakes. They think the northern people like lakes, so they are spending many thousands of dollars making them. The main street must be over 100 feet wide and the city runs out to the ocean front. In a few years Hollywood will be one of the big cities on the map.

As it is only eighteen miles to Miami, we decided to run down to see William Jennings Bryan's Sunday school class. We were told that he teaches the largest men's class in the United States—5000 men. He teaches his class out in the Miami Park. But owing to being held back by the traffic we did not get to the park until he had closed, so we thought we would go to the first church we could find for preaching, which was a Presbyterian church. After preaching I was told that Mr. Bryan and his wife were in the congregation, so I hunted him up and had a short talk with him on prohibition, and while we differ in politics, we are together on prohibition. Mrs. Bryan has to be wheeled about in a chair. She is unable to raise her hands. Mr. Bryan said she was not paralyzed but it was worse than being paralyzed as she suffered such great pain. She has been helpless for six years. They live in a fine mansion in Miami but of course Mrs. Bryan cannot enjoy it, so the poorest person with good health has the greatest blessing. Let us be thankful for our health while we have it.

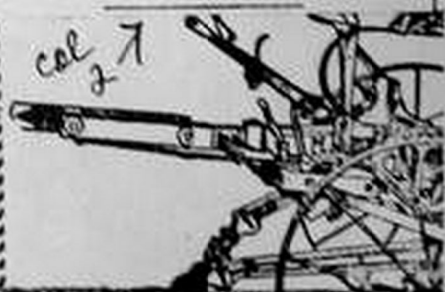
Sunday afternoon we drove a distance of probably five miles across a bridge to the Miami Beach. We could hardly get there and we could hardly get back. There were many thousands of cars going over and coming back and we would hardly get started until the city cop would stop the long double line of cars. We must have been one hour going that five miles to the beach. It looked to me like there were 100,000 people on the beach and there were thousands

and while we were driving across the bridge to make up lost time. At about 1 o'clock as we were driving through a jungle section we saw three alligators cross the road in front of us. About an hour later while we were a long way from any town, three men were standing by the road; one of them stepped out in the road and waved us to stop and kept on waving—we could see him from the light of the car. Not a word was spoken in our car, but my son had presence of mind and threw on all the gas he could. We were going at about 25 miles an hour, and we must have passed by them at 35 miles or more per hour. We don't know what their business was; they had no broken down car there, and nowhere had been so many people held up and robbed around Miami, I believe they were robbers, but they had no way to stop us unless they killed the driver, and we went so fast that it would have taken a Jesse James to have gotten him.

We drove on our tour down and back to Orlando about eight hundred miles. We found everything all right in our bungalow, and we are renting our property and getting ready to start back to West Virginia in a few days. We are getting anxious to see our old friends. James White wrote us he would stop to see us on his way home but I suppose he lost directions and could not find us. We hope he reached home safely.

We expect to stop off with our daughter at Richmond for one day and will run over to Baltimore, and make a short call at Washington, probably one day, then we will proceed homeward. The tourists are going north very fast—so much so that you can't get a Pullman without engaging it a few weeks ahead.

L. D. Sharp.



## Early Seed

use our man, at Armageddon, Ten Command, the put in ten or J. come the demand in Pocatonga Pocatonga Sup- Cases expects to rs in stock. The s expected right contain cars for J. S. Hickman and a school of the Mar- in Church look since the Springs all the party num- enty. Did n e r the spring, and ting was enjoyed to in the line big wreck at the Ken- low Seibert Satur- loaded cars were the delayed several use was a bad piece navy grade.

this part of the state. Misses Mabel Feller and Grace Stelling are visiting friends in Charlottesville, Va.

## WHEN TWENTY TO

### FORTY YEARS

has been added to YOUR life and you are unable to work and earn the money you get now, how are you going to get necessities and comforts you need for you and yours?

A GROWING bank account today foretells something better than a mere existence in later years. Why not today start a account with

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
Marlinton, W. Va.

## WARM SPRINGS, VA.

Quite a number of our town people attended the Sunday school convention which was held at Millboro last Tuesday and Wednesday. They report a large crowd and an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Walter Ricks of Covington visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. LaRue, the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Gum and little son John E., spent last Sunday with Mrs. Gum's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Rimel.

W. J. Pritchard of Frost, spent a week with his family here and returned to Frost last Wednesday.

Miss Willie Vines spent last Wednesday night with her friend Miss Annie Lupton Campbell.

Sam Mann of Augusta county, was the guest of friends here last week.

Mrs. D. B. Agner and grandson William Snider returned from several days visit to Mrs. Agner's daughter, Mrs. Allison, who lives in Covington.

Howard Campbell returned Saturday from Dayton where he attended school the past winter.

## SLATY FORK

Very dry now and rain much needed.

W. T. Morgan has gotten an automobile.

L. D. Sharp and Miss Mariam Morgan were in Marlinton Friday night.

Miss Gladys Baughman is visiting her grandfather, Shell Hannah. Sam Moore passed through this part last week.

Miss Violet Sharp has returned home from Marlinton where she had been attending High School.

Miss Elizabeth Roads, of Ohio, who taught in the Marlinton High School the past winter, is spending a few days at L. D. Sharp's.

Rev. Mr. Coffman preached to a large congregation last Sunday afternoon.

The railroad is being pushed on down the river. They are running trains both day and night.

Shearing sheep is the order of the day here.

Miss Ada Sharp is expected home the first of June from Boston, Mass., where she has been attending Conservatory.

## LOBELIA

Weather fine; hot days, cool nights and is getting very dry. Corn is coming in.

# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only Baking Powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar  
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

## Notice, Contractors

### IN THE MATTER OF BIDS IN CONSTRUCTION OF 238 RODS OF ROAD IN THE HUNTERSVILLE DISTRICT

Bids will be received by the County Court until noon, June 23rd, 1914, for construction of 238 rods of road in Huntersville district, near J. H. Buzzard's being a relocation of the Hill-road in the direction of Brown's Creek located by J. H. Kramer, said road to be 14 feet wide, and to be built according to specifications in lands of Hevener Dilley, Road Superintendent and approved by him. One-half in length of said road to be built in the present year, and completed by Dec. 1st, 1914, the remaining half in the following year, 1915. This arrangement to permit of the financing of this road without unduly burdening the road fund of the Huntersville district.

(C. J. McCARTY, Clerk.)

## Commissioner's Notice

Pursuant to a decree entered by the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia at the April term of said Court in the Chancery cause of Charles Eriel vs Ira Shinnberry. Notice is hereby given to all parties in interest that as required by the said decree, I will proceed at my office in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia on Tuesday the 14th day of July 1914 to take state and report to the Court the following matters of account, to-wit:

First. A complete statement showing the liens and their priorities against the lands of the defendant.

Second. What lands the defendant owns in this Jurisdiction and a description of the same.

Third. Whether the said real estate will in five years rent for a sum sufficient to pay off and discharge the liens thereon.

Fourth. Any other matter deemed pertinent by the commissioner or required by any party in interest.

(S. H. SHARP, Commissioner in Chancery.)

## NOTICE TO LIEN HOLDERS

To all persons holding liens by judgment or otherwise on the real estate or any part thereof of Ira Shinnberry.

In pursuance of a decree of the Circuit Court of Pocahontas County,

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### FOR COUNTY COURT CLERK

To the Voters of Pocahontas county: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of County Clerk of Pocahontas county and promise if elected to serve the people of this county to the best of my skill and judgment. As you know I have had many years experience in this work and I would be glad to take it up again.

Respectfully,  
(S. L. BROWN.)

### FOR CIRCUIT CLERK

To the voters of Pocahontas County: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the nomination for the office of Circuit Clerk of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic party in nominating candidates.

As I am engaged in school work now and will be for some time, it will not be possible for me to see all the voters of the county, so I shall ask you through the columns of this paper for your support and influence.

C. FORREST HULL.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Party.

Geo. D. Oliver,  
Cass, W. Va., Feb. 23, 1914

We are authorized to announce M. Lacy Johnston as a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Circuit Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### FOR COMMISSIONER

We are authorized to announce J. S. McNeel as a candidate for Commissioner of the County Court, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

### FOR COUNTY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

To the Voters of Pocahontas County: I hereby announce myself a candidate for re-election to the office of Superintendent of Schools of Pocahontas County, subject to the action of the Democratic Party's way of nominating. I promise, if nominated and elected, to serve the people.



son, and others,  
a authority vested in the  
Commissioner of the  
County of Possumas County,  
and its decretal order  
a 20th day of Octo-  
ber, styled came I  
my office in the  
Clinton, West Virginia  
day of December, 1921,  
and report to Court the  
items of account, to wit:  
at personal property be-  
Malcomb at the date

What real estate belongs to Wm. at the date of the value thereof.  
What debts are properly against the estate of Wm. at the amounts of each.

J. E. Buckley,  
Commissioner.

vs Dorsey Freeman, judgment  
 \$308.59.  
 State vs Pete Snyder, forfeiture on  
 bail bond.  
 Bank of Marlinton vs R. R. Sned-  
 gar and others, judgment \$1698.81.  
 State vs Lee Vint, not guilty.  
 State vs John Milam, guilty, sen-  
 tence two years in pen.  
 Pistol license granted Paris D  
 Yeager and Park McNell.  
 State vs Roy Houchin, verdict  
 guilty of murder in second degree.  
 State vs Ira Vanderender, confe-  
 sed, \$300 fine six months in jail.  
 State vs Matus Hobson, guilty,  
 two years in pen.  
 State vs John Rose, guilty, \$150  
 and costs.  
 State vs R. D. Burner, \$50 and six  
 months in jail, charge carrying a  
 pistol. Bail pending application for  
 writ of error.  
 State vs J. W. Shifflet, guilty, \$100  
 fine sixty days in jail.  
 State vs C. P. Hamrick, No. 1 & 2  
 quashed.  
 State vs C. P. Hamrick, not guilty.

inferred from the evidence in this case that you brothers had been engaged in making moonshine liquor and that on the night preceding the murder of George Huffman you had a part of your whiskey stolen and we may gather from the evidence that you accused George Huffman and another of having taken your whiskey. In this you may be correct, yet even this being true it gave you no license to commit murder. The penalty in this case is severe, yet it is only commensurate with the crime that has been committed. I doubt not that the criminal annals of this county does not show a more deliberate killing as has been narrated by the witnesses in this case.

"This certainly should be a lesson to others who may be engaged in the manufacture of moonshine whiskey that the day of settlement will finally come, and should be enough to turn all those similarly engaged, to the paths of lawful pursuits."

—West Virginia News.

## THORNY CREEK

Quite an excitement was created in this section last Friday when an insane man was taken into custody by John Perry, W. F. Harmon and Summers Hoover. He gave his name as Walter I. Carnellix and said he

Wm Widney, superintendent of the Pocatontas Tanning Company, is making some changes in the tannery.

✓ 12-13-1922 ✓  
SLATYFORK ✓  
Grass is growing fine and it looks like summer was not far off.  
We are expecting Professor J. H. Hall, one of the world's best music teachers, to teach singing school for us this summer. Everyone near should take advantage of this great opportunity to study music.

L. D. Sharp has been working hard getting up petitions to re-establish a mail route from Slatyfork to Edray. Many years ago the people of Elk had daily mail, but now have no mail at all for a distance of twelve miles. Well to do farmers and heavy taxpayers live here, and during the war were heavy subscribers of Government bonds and War Saving Stamps, and yet they have been denied any mail service, we hope that this very important route will soon be established. Let us pull together. There is but one road from the main road down to the Slatyfork office. The mail has been carried several years from Linwood to Slatyfork.

Our Sunday School is progressing nicely. We think the Sunday school should not close for the winter. Since we have had a few years of overween Sunday School we find it the thing. Our attendance has been good all winter and last Sunday the house was full with not a vacant seat left.

There has been a lot of moonshining going on on Elk. Some men are too lazy to work and so they make the stuff to rob men of their money, minds and health. The moonshiner must quit his dishonest business or soon be rounded up.

Charley Cranlock, Engineer on the G. C. & E. Ry., was painfully injured by being hit across the stomach by a log while working on a wreck. He was taken to the hospital at Roncoverte, where he is getting along nicely.

Russell Dilley has sold his Ford and purchased a new Maxwell.

Miss Creola Sharp, who is attending high school at Marlinton, spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sharp.

Our school is progressing nicely with Glen Barlow as teacher.

Oliver Painter, Lee Burner and Ronald Willey are building a garage in partnership.

Mrs. G. is recovering well from her injuries, and is expected to be discharged from the hospital in a few days.

Earl and Irene Bryant, who are attending high school at Marlinton, spent Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bryant.

**HONOR ROLL:** Pch  
Stony Bottom School.  
dridge, teacher. First  
Bell Tallman, Anna  
Edith Thomas, Maud  
Moore, Frank Wilfong  
(heary) Bumgardner, L  
Earl Tallman, Myrl T  
Tallman, Harlan McEl  
Rider, June Meeks, Or

Second month—V  
Grace Wilfong, Anna  
Edith Thomas, Mau  
Moore, Frank Wilfong,  
Bearyl Bumgarner,  
Earl Tailman, Earl  
June Neeks, Orval  
age, Mary Heli Talli  
fong, Edith Thomas,  
Jesse Moore, Frank  
Moore, Bearyl Bumba  
Wilfong, Earl Tailman  
Laughlin, Clyde Talli  
man, June Neeks, Geo

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### War Recollections:

## THE FIGHT ON ELS

① Company F, 19th Va. Cavalry was organized at Millpoint, Pocahontas county, December, 1862. A few days after we organized and before we received our arms, one of our company, Frank McKeever, deserted and went to Beverly and told the Yanks that we were in camp at Millpoint without arms and how nice it would be to capture the company. So some two or three hundred soldiers set out from Beverly to take us in. But a day or two after McKeever deserted we got our arms and had gone over in the upper end of Greenbrier county to try and capture a bushwhacker by the name of McMillion, and had been on the march the greater part of the night without meeting up with McMillion, and stopped in the after part of the night in Remicks Valley to get a little sleep and feed our horses. That night a snow fell about 11 inches deep. After we got something to eat, we saddled up and started on our way to camp.

When we reached the Top of Droop Mountain some one met us and told of the Yankees being in the Levels and had captured our quarters and one or two of the company who had been left in camp and burnt all the feed and provisions we had. So when we arrived in the Levels we were without shelter, feed or anything to eat. We scattered out among the farmers, got something to eat, and organized for a dash after the Yanks to try to even up with them for what they had done for us in our absence. I think we had about sixty men. Some of Capt. Marshall's company fell in with us after we started on our roll, and proved to be of great help. Lieut. Price took the advance with Will Pogue, Geo. W. Jackson, Joseph Hull and Henry Sharp with him, expecting to

When Capt. McNeel found that he could not open the door he gave it a kick and asked them to surrender. The Yankee Lieut. in command answered him by saying, "Surrender, no, never," and they commenced shooting through the doors and windows and we replied in the same way. A Yankee by the name of McWhorter, from Jane Lew, was shot and killed as he made the attempt to get out of his bed, and another Yankee was killed in the room. By that time the Yankee Lieut. cried out, "I surrender."

Capt. McNeel answered, "I asked you to surrender and you wouldn't, let them have it, boys."

Then he said, "I surrender with up-lifted hands."

Capt McNeel then gave the command to cease firing, and we crowded in the house, and while we were in the house Walt Allen jumped from an upstairs window and made his escape. Well enough he did, I guess, for it is hard to tell what might have been his fate had we gotten him.

All the boys did not know that Lieut. Price and his squad were down the road and some of them mistook them for Yanks and fired on them, killing Henry Sharp, which cast a gloom over our victory. We captured eighteen Yankees with their horses and arms—all of which we needed in our business. So we evened up pretty well for what they had done to us.

## Frost

Planting and sugar making is the order of the day.

J. W. Jackson moved to Frost last week. We are glad to see him back again.

B. B. Williams, of Cave, was around last week shaking hands with his many friends.

Geo. B. Ryder, of Highland county, was in this community

tion or Edray; but not if them at either place we told them to Elk. When we got where the road left the pike to William Moore's, Lieut. noticed that some had taken road and had not returned, waited there for the company come up and when it got the called for volunteers to go him to Mr. Moore's and as nearly frozen, and we were make the trip a-foot, I dismounted to make the trip, thinking in way I would get warm; it was my bravery that caused me to but just simply to keep from freezing. Well we were soon at Moore's and surrounded the and Lieut. Price called to Moore and asked him if he any one stopping with him for night. He said, "Yes, there a couple gentlemen stopping him." He told Mr. Moore wished to see them, and we and brought the gentlemen which proved to be two Y. We went to the stable and their horses put the Yanks on firing and started back. Of the Yanks was Sargeant M this other a high private, I believe. When we got back to the house was good and warm. We set two prisoners back toward J and then Lieut. Price and his vance started on to Gib. When we got to the Moffett, we all dismounted, hitched horses to the fence by the and Lieut. Price and his went on in front. When we got to Polly Gibson's, Lieut. Price and his men passed by went on down the road to just beyond the house. The of the command surrounded the house. The Yankee picket had been on duty had gone the house and was trying to some one to go out and take place; so there was no pick duty when we got there. Arms were stacked in one of the room. We thought would open the door and run over the Yanks as they lay on floor. Capt. McNeel tried open the door but it had been used and a bed set against

# THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Entered at the Postoffice at Marlinton, W. Va., as second class matter

Calvin W. Price, Editor.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1926

Hearken unto the battle of Duncan's Lane. The story of that battle has never been printed before. It is ignored by all histories of the war. Until late years it was not a subject of frank and open discussion by the people of this county. Time cures all things. There are still living a number of men who participated in that fight, and I have talked with men on both sides recently and after so long a time this historic event which had been so nebulous came out clear and distinct and I will endeavor to state the case.

At the West Union school house at the foot of the mountain, on the road that leads to the Williams River country, in 1864, lived Henry Duncan, in a double log house on the headwaters of Stony Creek. The house was opposite the mouth of a draw or hollow leading off at right angles toward the south, and up that hollow lived William Beverage about a quarter of a mile distant. A passway was used up that hollow to reach the Griffin place, and the homes of people living on Days Mountain, and on over to the headwaters of Dry Run, a branch of Swaro Creek. Part of the passway between the Duncan place and the Beverage place was fenced on both sides in 1864 as a lane. It was this lane that gave the name to the battle.

The State was formed in 1863, and in the early part of 1864 a regiment of state guards was formed at Buckhannon, and of this regiment Pocahontas county furnished one company, captained at times by Captain Sam Young, a minister, and later by Captain I. W. Allen. Captain Young preached at the sulphur spring on Stony Creek, (Ellis Sharp's) on May 2, 1864, and made an appointment to preach there again in forty years after. A great concourse of people gathered there in 1894 to keep the appointment, but the captain was

the northern soldiers. Upon a count of war it was decided to take to the mountain and make a detour in the direction of Williams River in such a way that cavalry could not follow them. They realized that they were a small company of men in a country that was hostile to them, and that they might be killed by an ambushed force at any minute.

It turned out afterwards that the soldier at the bridge was not a sentinel, but was a deserter who was making his getaway to Buckhannon, where they saw him a short time after.

The little army turned up Price Run and from there climbed Bucks Mountain through the grass lands until they reached the fringe of trees near the top, and there they took some cold food from their haversacks and lay down to sleep without any fire whatever.

They were stirring before daylight and marched to the head of Dry Run and called at the house of Peter Beverage, a Union man, and there got something to eat, and then proceeded by the way of the Griffin Place to William Beverage's place. William Beverage was a brother of Peter Beverage, but was a Confederate in sympathy, but was a non-combatant.

Here there were bees, and the little army, feeling safe from possible pursuit, commandeered a bee gum or hive full of honey. It was the first week of November and the hive was heavy with honey. The soldiers made the farmer give them buckets and they proceeded to fill the buckets with honey, preparing for a mid-day feed.

In the meantime, the Confederates had been laying plans to capture the Union soldiers sent here in such a small force to beard the lion in his den. Captain J. C. Gay, holding a commission as captain under the Confederacy, with authority to guard the border was the ranking officer in this emergency, he augmented his force by summoning to his headquarters at his home at the mouth of Stony Creek, all southern soldiers who were at home on furloughs, and his command was made up of about half scouts and half soldiers on furlough.

Godfrey Geiger says that he and his brother Adam Geiger were called

John Armstrong, Moffett Walton, John E. Addison, William Kinnison, James L. Rodgers, received serious wounds. Moffett Sharp, shot in the mouth.

J. R. Moore, who was under fire from the first, says that no one was hit at the first fire, that is the firing that occurred while the Union soldiers were getting the honey for lunch in William Beverage's yard. I think this is correct. I think Bern-ard Sharp was hit in the hips with a mountain rifle ball while he stood behind a tree, returning the fire of the Confederates. He was a fine, tall, slim young man, and his untimely death was greatly regretted.

The wounded soldiers were taken to a cave near James McClure's, under the shadow of Red Knob, and concealed, and they were treated with great kindness and consideration by the McClure family.

There was no one hit on the Confederate side. The Confederates turned back at Henry Duncan's, and they took from his farm a bee gum and bees which they carried to William Beverage to replace the one that he had lost to the Union army. There seems to have been no cause for this other than Duncan was for the Union, and Beverage was for the Confederacy.

I have talked with Register Moore and Peter McCarty, soldiers of the Union, on one side, and Godfrey Geiger, soldier on the Confederate side. Godfrey Geiger was in some of the biggest fighting of the war. George McCollam was eight years old and he has a vivid recollection of the soldiers returning from the battlefield, shouting and victorious. He was at his Aunt Ruth Kee's on Bess Mountain; George M. Kee, a wounded Confederate soldier being at home.

It is probably impossible for complete lists of the soldiers to be obtained at this late day and time, and the names here given are those furnished by survivors of the affair.

Union soldiers: Captain Samuel Young, Captain I. W. Allen, Lieut. Wm. Kinnison, Corporal John Armstrong, William Hannan, William Gay, George Cochran, Clark Dilley of Ewings Battery, Jeremy Dilley, Stephen Hannah, Clark Kellison, Newton Wanless, Moffett Wanless, James L.

57 This part destroyed

57 Death of Bernard Sharp (North)

Th seems measur for ser and b April organ get to May, Army, yrginis, lars statioed in the m were called, were on th port to Gen. Hunter a a movement against Ly ginia, and from that the war at Appomatox, West Virginia, fought side of the mountain, caption of a detour on i Salem to Martinsbur Lewisburg and Cha June 29, 1864, to July policy of West Virgin year of the war was gl state guards, and I have not been given their courage and sidi eney. In peace they see forgotten, and their ignored. They have n as well as Confederat most of the souther taken very good car southern veterans. The home guard m



The dauntless Averell and his mounted infantry, like a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire to the Confederates, had conquered and subdued West Virginia for the Union. He was ignominiously discharged in September 1864. The county of Pocahontas in the fall of 1864 was controlled by the Confederacy. It was determined however by the West Virginia authorities to hold an election for President in this county, and arrangements were made to open the polls at Edray. And the Pocahontas county state guards company was detailed to bring that election off. They marched on foot from Haverly to Edray, a distance of fifty-four miles, coming in by the way of Elk River, and arriving a day or two before election. It was recognized that it was a dangerous expedition, sending one company into Pocahontas county.

The company camped near the headwaters of Elk on the way in, and one of the soldiers, Washington Neff, obtained leave of absence to visit his wife who was stopping at William Gibson's. Here he was captured by a squad belonging to Captain J. C. Gay's company of Confederate scouts, and was taken as a prisoner to the headquarters of that company, at the farm of Samuel Gay just above the mouth of Stony Creek. That night in attempting to escape, Neff was shot and killed. The prisoner had told out Private Bennett with a stone and had been shot as he fled near the ford in Stony Creek.

This word had reached the company at Edray. Captain Sam Young was in command. Capt. I. W. Allen was there too. Nearly every member of the company was a Pocahontas man. Already apprehensive of the danger of being in the heart of a Confederate county, the death of Neff must have impressed them with the dangers of their position. The polls were opened under the oaks standing in front of the William Sharp house, near the big spring. The soldiers all voted irrespective of age and a number of citizens of the vicinity, and the vote was solid for Abraham Lincoln for president.

Aaron Moore was chosen as the messenger to take the vote into the northwestern part of the State, where the existence of the government of West Virginia was recognized, and the company of soldiers prepared to act as his guard. William Hannah was one of the commissioners of election but he had the uniform of a soldier. It was decided not to attempt to return by the pike to Haverly, the road now called Seneca Trail. The return was to be made by crossing the river at Martins Bottom, by Huntersville, and the Hill country, by Duomo and Greenbank to the Staunton and Parkersburg pike at Travelers Rest and across Cheat Mountain. The company marched four miles south to Marlinton and when they came in sight of the bridge they saw a Confederate soldier at the end of the bridge on horseback. This soldier saw the Union soldiers at the same time and whirled his horse and galloped back through the bridge. This was construed to mean that he was a picket and that he had gone to notify southern cavalry of the advance of

order to fire being given, a volley was let off, the result of which was a general scattering of the blue coats for shelter. Some went to the hill-sides on either side of the hollow, and some went down Duncan's lane, and some sheltered in and behind Duncan's house, and some to the knoll commanding the mouth of the hollow where West Union school house stands and in this way gave battle and returned the firing.

Aaron Moore with the election returns ran up the hillside, and Godfrey Gelger says that he would most certainly have been killed if it had not been that he was in citizen clothes, the rule being to shoot no one not in a uniform.

At or about the first fire, Bernard Sharp, of the Union army, a son of William Sharp, of Elk, and a brother of Silas, Harmon, and Hugh Sharp, fell mortally wounded. He was shot through both hips. Godfrey Gelger says that he was carrying an army gun called a musketoon, which took a paper cartridge. That he went into the fight with three charges and that he would have been out of the battle but for the fact that he got a supply of cartridges from the battlefield after the first volley, the Union ammunition just getting his gun. Godfrey Gelger says that his was a long range gun, and that he saw Captain Young in the passage way between the two parts of the Duncan house and that he shot at him. That Captain Young told him afterwards that the ball cut away his clothes across his chest. The bullet was recovered after the war from the log where it had lodged.

The two little armies having taken shelter continued to fire at each other for something like an hour and a half, and neither side making a charge, the Union soldiers gradually withdrew and made their way by little squads to the original rendezvous at Haverly taking with them the result of the election.

When it became apparent that the Union army had retired from the place, the Confederates went on down the lane, and came on Bernard Sharp, and carried him to Henry Duncan's house. It was apparent that he was near death, but they sent for a doctor and did what they could for him, but he expired in a few hours.

The Union soldiers wounded were

T. S. McNeel F. P. McLaughlin

## McNEEL & McLAUGHLIN INSURANCE

Fire, Life, Health, Accident,  
Automobile, Live Stock and  
Bonds.

### REAL ESTATE AGENTS

Town and Country Property,  
only licensed agents in the  
County.

Money to loan on farms

Your business solicited

It was not a case that was discussed freely in the olden days. It was only when the story of this battle was about to be lost to history that I gathered some of the salient facts in connection with it, and fortunately I was able to talk to soldiers who had been in it.

As a battle it does not rank high in the national issue to be decided other than it had a direct bearing on the election of Lincoln the second time. If he had been defeated, it would have been a long farewell to the greatness of America. But it was not in the plan of Providence for him to fail.

As a part of the travail of West Virginia in her birth throes such contests as these, occurring in the border counties, are of the greatest importance.

I have never been able to under-

peace was declared. I am glad to be able to tell you the salient facts in connection with it, and what might be expected the day's work from Virginia State guards will fight, and I should like to see who failed to receive pension after the war.

BABY C

Tanner S. C.  
June 15th and 22nd  
per 100 prepaid, 10  
livery. A limit  
Rocks and S. C. L.  
per 100. Last hatches  
OAK CREST FOU  
Millpoint, W. Va.

## YELK

Harvesting is still the order of the day here. Some are through while others are still making hay.

The Italians have left this section of railroad and gone to Cheat River.

Page Hannah, of Staunton, is visiting his father, S. D. Hannah.

Miss Ada Sharp will go to Buckhannon to attend the Wesleyan College this winter.

Forrest Gibson and Misses Allie and Mary Gibson attended the camp meeting at Denmar Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. S. A. Jackson, who has been on the sick list for sometime, is improving.

James Hannah and daughter, Miss Eula are visiting at J. E. and S. D. Hannah's.

There was preaching here Sunday by Rev. Weiford.

Henry Shearer and wife were visiting at Robert Gibson's Sunday.

Little Jimmie Hannah, whose hand was hurt in a hay fork last week, is improving very slowly.

Mrs. Kennie Dilley is improving slowly.

Mrs. Caroline Hoover and son and daughter were guests at Wm. Varner's, Sunday.

Henry Shaver and wife of M. are at G. L. Hannah's.

We understand the schools on Elk will begin the 16th of this month.

Odes Gibson and family are Elk now.

On Sunday night and Monday morning a terrible storm visited the Panhandle section of this state. At least thirty people lost their lives. The property loss is very heavy.

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Sept 5, 1912

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Slaty Fork - Slaty

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Page 3

# Times.

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lars stationed in the mountain state  
were called, were on the move to re-  
port to Gen. Hunter at Staunton in  
a movement against Lynchburg, Vir-  
ginia, and from that to the end of  
the war at Appomatox, the Army of  
West Virginia, fought on the other  
side of the mountain, with the ex-  
ception of a detour on a retreat from  
Salem to Martinsburg by way of  
Lewisburg and Charleston, from  
June 29, 1864, to July 18, 1864. The  
policy of West Virginia for the last  
year of the war was given over to the  
state guards, and I feel that they  
have not been given due credit for  
their courage and fidelity and effec-

## CHARM OF A COUNTRY STORE

If you are passing through Slaty Fork in Pocahontas County, you might want to stop at the Esso Station and gas up for an excuse to have a gander at the store. It is owned by Luther David Sharp and he is trying to retain the quaint charm of an old-time grocery store. As long as he possibly can he wants it to look about the way it did when his father with the same first and second name started the store in 1925. The elderly Mr. Sharp died a couple of years ago at the age of 91. The present owner lives in Cincinnati where he is in the retail jewelry business and leaves the Slaty Fork managing to Eunice Gibson. She'll be happy to show you the store and the few mounted specimens of wild life that are there.

The senior Sharp left three other boys and a girl. They are Ivan of Nitro, Si of Slaty Fork, Paul of Port Neches, Texas, and Vi Markland of Richmond, Virginia. "Hillbilly", Richwood, W.Va. Sept 25 1965

## CHURCH NOTES

LINTON PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
Harvey H. Orr, Pastor.  
School 9:45  
p.m. Junior Christian Endeavor  
p.m. Senior Christian Endeavor  
Annual Childrens' Day service;  
treas by Rev. Dwight Winn, of

## DIED

A telegram was received  
day, announcing the death  
dore Moore at his home in  
City, Kansas, on June 10,  
age was about 80 years.  
ed was a brother of N  
Auldridge, of Indian Dr  
the late Aaron Moore, of  
His parents were the late

I The Children of William Sharp (1740-1833) and  
his Wife Mary Weeks

THEIR SONS

- James - - Married Ann Waddell, 4-28-1800  
John - - " Sally McCollam 8-27-1804  
Andrew - - " Nancy Drinnan 1-18-1806  
William Jr. " Elizabeth Waddell 9-29-1798

\* No record of Andrew except  
his marriage bond and mention  
in his fathers will.

THEIR DAUGHTERS

- Nancy- Married Levi MOORE 1-21-97  
Mary " Arthur Grimes 1-21-97  
Rachel " Jonathon Griffin 8-12-1806  
Peggy " Francis Wilson 5-14-1811  
Rebecca " Alexander Waddell 12-25-1816  
  
Jane " McCollam  
Margaret " Kelley

II The Children of William Sharp Jr. (1772-1860) and his  
Wife Elizabeth Waddell

Their Sons

- James Sharp - Married Althea Martin  
Alexander Sharp " Mary Dilley  
Jacob Warwick Sharp " Elizabeth McNeel  
William Sharp 3rd.. " Rachel Dilley  
John Sharp " Sally Johnson

- \* Dave Sharp volunteered to write  
Family History of William 3rd )  
\* Charles H. Sharp volunteered to  
write Family History of John Sharp

Their Daughters

- Mary married David Gibson  
Elizabeth " Hugh McGlaughlin  
Martha " Andrew Dilley  
Ann married Alexander Stalnaker  
Ellen " Warwick "  
Jane " James Hanson  
Rebecca " Wm. D. Moore  
Nancy " Jacob Cassell

by - "Ward Sharp"



WILLIAM SHARP SR.  
1740-1833

IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHARP SR. LET US NOT FORGET.

The footprints of the name of Sharp have been indelibly imprinted on this land before the Revolution and most certainly before there was a Pocahontas County. This is a small attempt to trace some of these footprints that have traversed these lands for a period of over two hundred years. They have their beginnings in one pioneer by the name of William Sharp Sr. The underlined names show the line of descent from the pioneer to the writer. Each spouse is shown in parenthesis.

William Sharp <sup>1740-1833</sup> Sr. was the pioneer settler of the Huntersville vicinity and was the first to open up a permanent residence. It was located a few rods from the forks of the Danmore and Huntersville road. Mr. Sharp located here about 1773. He saw service as a scout, spy and soldier against the Indians and the British. His affidavit made in 1832 indicates four short tours of service totaling more than two years and six months. These include an expedition against the Indians on the Muskingham River in the fall of 1764 to March 1765; service as an Indian spy during the summer of 1773 and summer of 1774; served as a scout and messenger from the summer of 1774 to December 1774; drafted early January 1781 and was in a skirmish against the British at Portsmouth, Va. where he was discharged in April 1781.

The nature of his services as an Indian spy was to guard Warwicks Fort situated on the headwaters of the Greenbrier River, to traverse the surrounding mountains and to watch the gaps and passes for Indians coming towards the settlements. Later he continued to guard the settlement forming on the Greenbrier River, reconnoitering the country between the headwaters of the Greenbrier, Tygarts Valley and Elk Rivers.

He came from Augusta County where he lived at a place then called Beverley Manor near Staunton. He was one of three children of John and Margery Sharp who were orphaned in 1750. The land records have several transactions relating to his

holdings. In 1756 he had 115 acres patented to him on both sides of the Middle River of the Shenandoah. In 1769 there was a land grant of 355 acres on the Greenbrier River, in 1787 another 320 acres on the Waters of the Greenbrier, in 1787 another 270 acres on Ewings Creek, in 1791 another 320 acres on Brown's Creek. Some of this land was used to settle his large family on. His will dated in 1826 shows ten children. (This shows three more children than are recorded in Price's History.)

His wife was Mary Meek(s) daughter of John Meek. Their children were: NANCY (Levi Moore Jr.), MARGARET(John Kelly), JOHN(Sarah McCollam), <sup>1772-1860</sup> WILLIAM(Elizabeth Waddell), RACHEL(Jonathan Griffin), MARY(Arthur Grimes), JAMES(Ann Waddell), ANDREW (Nancy Drinnen), REBECCA(Alexander Waddell Jr.), JANE(Mr. McCollam).

John Sharp who married Sarah McCollam owned tracts of land on the west side of Allegheny of 255 acres and 82 acres, also 238 acres on the head of Lewis Lick Run. The family of four girls are as follows: ELLEN(Amaziah Irvine), MARY(Josiah Friel), REBECCA(John Duffield), NANCY(William H. Irvine). This line of Sharps ends here in the county but a descendant of Mary, Ann Dillon of Columbus, Ohio is writing the Grimes family history of Pocahontas.

James Sharp was a member of the court under the old arrangement, was high sheriff and was held in high esteem for his patriotism and strict scrupulous integrity. One story about him needs to be kept alive. He was an avid hunter, not only for sport but as a matter of business. While living at his first home on Cummings Creek, he had a very sensational adventure on Buckley Mountain. One evening while returning home he was passing along when a panther suddenly mounted a log a few yards in front of him. He shot the animal, but when the smoke cleared away another stood in the same place on the log. This performance was repeated nine times when he panicked and ran home. During the night the remainder of the pack followed his trail home and killed a yearling calf. Properly reinforced, he went back to the spot where he had fired nine times and there found nine dead panthers.



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William and Elizabeth had the following family: JAMES (ALTHEA MARTIN), ELIZABETH (Hugh McLaughlin), JANE (James Hanson), WILLIAM (Rachel Dilley), MARY (David Gibson), REBECCA (William D. Moore), ANNA (Alexander Stalnecker), ELLEN (Warwick Stalnecker), MARTHA (Andrew Dilley), ALEXANDER (Mary Dilley), JACOB WARWICK (Elizabeth McNeil), JOHN (Sarah Johnson).

172-180 ~~was~~ William Sharp Jr. There is the romantic tradition that William Jr. met Elizabeth Waddell at the home of Thomas Drinnen at Edray. Thomas had organized a congregation and one of the worshippers was William Jr. who came dressed in a coon-skin cap. When the young lady returned home she made some funny remarks about the homely young man she had seen at the meeting and his furry cap. Her mother said the young chap would probably be calling around the first thing she knew. Sure enough he did come and on a busy wash day. He found the young lady resting up, performing on the spinning wheel in short petticoat, chemise and barefooted. It was love at first sight and they became engaged that very day.

This couple at once settled in the woods near Verdant Valley (near Edray) and opened up a fine estate out of a forest noted for the tremendous size of its walnut, red oak, and sugar maple trees and reared a worthy family. He is listed as one of the most substantial and prosperous citizens of the county in its formative period. This Verdant Valley, which few people know of today, was located in the area of the Fairview church and school house. The homestead of William Jr. was very visible during the mid 1900's as the farm of Jacob Sharp, the brother of Dr. Ward Sharp of Russell, Pennsylvania. A son was William III, 1806-1882.

John Sharp who married Sarah Johnson and lived at Fairview first, then bought on Jerico Road near Marlinton had the following family: HENRY (Elizabeth Moore), HUGH (Mary Jane Waugh), WILLIAM EWING (Laury Ann Malcomb), MARY (William Frank Dilley), MARTHA JANE (James Wilfong), NANCY ANN (Noah Erving Wilfong), JAMES ALEXANDER (Eleanor Wilfong), DAVID WARWICK (Amanda Beverage), SUSAN (Amziah Irvine).

William Ewing Sharp married Laury Ann Malcomb and lived at Fairview near

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Marlinton. Their family consisted of: MARGARET MATILDA (Charles H. Dilley), PAUL WARWICK (Mary Catherine Sharp), LUTHER (Died at age 2), ROSA ARIZONA (David Early Webster), MARION MCCOY (Della Jackson), DENNY EDWARD (Gosha Underwood).

Paul Warwick Sharp married his first cousin, Mary Catherine Sharp. To them were born eleven children, including a set of twins: CHARLES JACK (Ora Belle Thompson), LANTY JAMES (Mary Vanreenen), MARLIE MATILDA (Cecil Curry), NELLIE ANN (Theodore Vanreenen), HAZEL ELIZABETH (1. Karl Elcessor, 2. \_\_\_\_\_ Russell), LAYTON EWING (Juanita Remona Tackett), PAULINE CATHERINE (1. Hubert May, 2. \_\_\_\_\_), OSCAR WARWICK (Margaret Noonan), AUSTIN MCCOY (Pula Mae Underwood), SYLVIA BELL (1. Jack Herman, 2. Robert Schultz, 3. Granville Moore), NINA JUNE (Charles Waybright).

He made his living as a carpenter and as a teamster with lumber companies in the surrounding areas. In later years he settled down to a life of farming on the Jerico Road at Marlinton. As a pastime, he played the fiddle (violin). A number of his children learned to play string music, including the banjo, guitar and the fiddle.

His apple orchards were some of the best. Sunday at his house would find many relatives and friends for dinner, which was usually followed with horse shoe pitching, games, etc.

In his later years he used to sit by the hour with friends spinning yarns of bygone years in hunting, fishing and working in the woods.

Charles Jack Sharp married Ora Belle Thompson and they became the parents of fourteen children: JACK ARNOLD (Margaret Sharp), EARL MILBURN (Mildred Kirkpatrick), LEW WARWICK (Mariel Ann Bates), DIMPSEY THOMPSON (Jeanie Walton), CHARLES HERBERT (Nona Harris), CATHERINE ELIZABETH (Andrew Robert Baechtel), CRAIG ARTHUR (Betty Shinaberry), DONALD JAMES (Mildred Underwood), TOMMY DAVID (Garnett McCoy), PATRICIA WENONA (Joseph Lamoureux), BRENDA CAROL (Marvin Doss), LOUISE KAY (Joseph Roy), LESLIE DOUGLAS (Martha Jean Horner), GLINDA CHARLOTTE (Kenneth Slagle).

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Charles Jack Sharp spent a considerable amount of time during his younger years around logging and lumber operations, since his father was a carpenter and teamster. While attending high school, he worked as a teamster in the summer and attended school in the winter. School at that time was held six months out of the year. He attended West Virginia State Teachers College at Parkersburgh, then taught for nineteen years in the rural schools of Pocahontas County. He was held in high esteem as one who could control students as well as parents in rather rough communities. Places of residences include: the old Jackson place on the Jerico Road, Woodrow, Fairview and the present home at Brownsburg.

He accepted a position with the Farm Bureau during the depression of the 1930's. In 1943 he accepted the position of manager of the Southern States Cooperative Store. After twenty years he took an early retirement due to ill health.

He was also a lover of the outdoors and of his fellow man. There are few people who ever knew him that have been on unfriendly terms. He was an ardent hunter and fisherman. He was a crack shot, winning many prizes in shooting matches. He is one of the best wild turkey and deer hunters that ever walked into the woods. His love for trout fishing will still go on if there is such a thing in the hereafter.

This information was compiled and submitted by Charles Herbert Sharp of Brigham City, Utah with the assistance of Dr. Ward Sharp of Russell, Pennsylvania; Dave Sharp of Cincinnati, Ohio; and Ann Dillon of Columbus, Ohio.)



The LUTHER DAVID SHARP Family

of Slatyfork

(Spouses in Parenthesis), "Children in quotes"

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- \* LUTHER DAVID "LD" SHARP, 1872-1963 (Laura Jane Morgan 1874-1932, daughter of Rev. Samuel Morgan of Edray). (His second marriage was to Mabel Mansford.) 5-20-1934
- \* His father was SILAS 1842-1899 (Sarah Hannah 1844-1908, daughter of David Hannah), "Melinda, Ella, Luther"--"LD".
- \* Silas' father: WILLIAM 1815-1884 (Rachel Dilley 1806-1882), "Silas, Hugh 1846-1923, Harman, Luther 16, Bernard, Henry, and Mary Ella 6". "Bernard and Henry died as Civil War soldiers, perhaps on different sides. Family tradition says Henry was shot at Bob Gibson's place by his own (confederate?) men as a spy for the North. Luther, 16, a civilian, was shot by Confederate Jake Simmons. Silas, also a civilian, was captured the same day and marched to a Salisbury, N. C. prison. After 23 months and 24 days he and the other remaining five alive men were exchanged."
- \* Silas' grandfather: WILLIAM 1772-1860, (Elisabeth Waddell), "William, James, etc."
- \* Silas' great grandfather: WILLIAM 1740-1833 the pioneer, (Mary Meeks), "Nancy, Margaret, Rachel, Mary, John, and William." He built the first home in Huntersville, was an Indian scout 1773, fought the British 1781, fought the Indians in Ohio 1761, and rescued their prisoners in Ohio 1764, and a messenger to Gov. Dunmore at Fort Pitt.

*David Sharp*

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"LD's" children were Ada 1894-1956, Baltimore (John Johnson, Will Curtain), "Donald, Helen, Billie, Clara, Stanley"; Violet 1897- (Rufus Markland, Richmond, Vice-President assistant, O & O.), "Rufus"; Ivan 1900-1975, Nitro, attended Wesleyan, a plant foreman, (Genevieve Orndorff, Arbovale), "Ralph, Ramona, Parkersburg, married Tom Shipley, Evan 1940-1975"; Creola 1904-1923; Si of Slatyfork, 1907- , who likes the out-of-doors and is an accomplished painter of wildlife; Paul 1910- , retired personnel director of U.S. Rubber Co. (Vonda Love, Katherine Milhollin) Port Neches, Texas, "Thayer 1933, Barbara 1935 married Glenn Smith"; Luther David "Dave" Sharp, Jr. 1916- , Cincinnati, Sylvia E Friel daughter of Dee and Mary Friel, Marlinton), "Linda Dee 1961, married Rny Eduardo". Dave, a Wesleyan graduate, 1939, operated the Slatyfork store, was watchmaker, and as a Certified Gemologist, American Gem Society, operated a jewelry store in Cincinnati.

" had a most unique lifetime experience--seeing the development of modern conveniences that we take for granted. He saw his first train at age 12, experienced the exciting development of automobiles, airplanes, radios, telephones, TV, electric refrigerators, medical-surgical advancements, packaged food, electric lights, and the atomic bomb. started merchandising, buying fur and farming at age 12 and became a respected businessman in Pocahontas, running a general store, farming, dealing in wool, ginseng, raising the famous white lynn honey. He was a W. Va. Apiary Inspector, the first master of Slatyfork, 1901, owned a water-powered ~~HYPERXVIII~~ gristmill, had the first phone in Pocahontas as the line entered Pocahontas from Randolph on the way to Norton 1898-1899. He owned one of the first three cars in the county, a 1914 Studebaker. was the first to import and turn loose Chinese pheasants at Slatyfork. He was a member of the Farmers and Merchant's Bank as well as the Pocahontas County Fair. shed his last deer at 89. He was asked by the American Museum of Natural History in New York to secure a Pocahontas ~~ELIXTHREE~~ wild turkey nest at hatching time. done May 1906 and the turkeys and nest are still on display. He dearly loved and directed the Slatyfork Methodist choir that was invited to many song festivals in W. Va. and Virginia. He certainly was a credit to Pocahontas County ! ed by Dave Sharp 4171 Paxton Woods Drive, Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

Dave Sharp

sent to be  
placed in the  
Pocahontas history  
book

SARAH HANNAH 1847-1908 Married Silas Sharp  
Compiled by Dave Sharp 12-15-80

The below lineage is taken from the "Pocahontas County History Book" by William Pierce (1830-1921) --plus family stories included.

1. David Hannah (Sr.) from Ireland, married a Gibson from Augusta County. Wife: Elizabeth ( ? ) Practiced medicine---?
2. Joseph Hannah married Elizabeth Burnside and settled in "Old Field Fork of Elk, near "Mill Run" (Mill Run, I believe is near Marvin Hannah's place--?)
3. David Hannah married Hester Sicafoose from Crabbottom. (Virginia?) They became very religious after their two children died-- Joe and Otha of diphtheria. Especially after Otha died, recovered after a vision of heaven, telling who he saw there, etc. (Story described elsewhere from a tape recording by L. D. Sharp, and of Allie Gibson

Their children were:

1. Otha (Not in this order)
2. Joe
3. Henry
4. Rev. George Hannah.
5. Mary, the baby mentioned in Otha's story of a vision, and who married ~~MM~~ Sam Gibson. They had one child named Stella who married a ~~WAVE~~ Fisher, father of Rocky Fisher. Mary died and Sam remarried to (Elsa -? *Daughter of Samuel*) Born to second marriage was Richard, Henry, Ruth and Archie.
6. Melinda married John Rose in Webster County. (I believe they lived down Elk River, as Dad when buying furs when 12 years old said he stayed at his aunt's house.) They had a son name Bob Rose. (He visited our home at the old house when I was small) *a daughter, Elly, married Herbert Bonner.*
4. Sarah Hannah (1847-1908) She married Silas Sharp, who was captured as a civilian by the Confederates who were operating in the Slatyfork--Linwood area one year. They considered him a northerner and he spent 23 months and 24 days in prisons in Richmond and Salisbury, N. C. and was then exchanged just before the war ended

Their children were: Melinda who married Ellis Hannah

- (1) Melinda: married Ellis Hannah. their children were Eva (Beale), Vee Hannah, ( *Jena* ) Baxter, Russel Hannah.

- (2) Ella: married Bob Gibson. She, we are told was named Mary Ella after Sarah's sister Mary. ~~ELIX~~ Hannah, or Mary Sharp, sister of Silas. → She died of diphtheria at age of about 6 --?

5. -- (3) Luther David Sharp, Sr. who married *→ 1-16-1893* Laura Jane Morgan, daughter of Rev. Samuel Morgan. They were married in the Edray Methodist Church. (Mother, (Laura), lived in the Edray parsonage. Their children were:

6. .... Ada (Johnson, Curtain); Violet Markladd, Ivan, Creolat, Silas, Paul, and Luther D. Sharp, Jr. (Dave)



Page 2  
(David Hannah)

Years later, the baby Mary, who married Sam Gibson, herself had a daughter, Stella. Stella, perhaps 10, when Mary got ready for the two of them to go visit her sister, Sarah. Mary went in a room to get her wraps and in a vision there stood two young men she didn't know. One said "don't be frightened, we're Otha and Joe. We've come to help bear your burdens. It ~~was~~ won't be long till you'll die too. Mary cried all the way from Sam Gibson's home to Sarah's. She dried her tears before going in. Stella told Sarah that her mother cried all the way. It was then that Mary asked Sarah to raise Stella if she died. Mary died shortly and Stella lived with Sarah. A few years ago, Dr. Elizabeth Kubler-Ross, a noted psychiatrist, who has worked with many clinical-death cases, requested a transcript of Mr. Sharp's recordings of the incident.

References: Luther Sharp, Allie Gibson.

Edited by Paul Sharp

#### DAVID HANNAH

and Otha's Vision.

(Spouses in parenthesis) David's children underlined.

ID, buried in Hannah cemetery on Elk, no marker. (Nester Zicafoose).

inda (John Rose) a son Robert, a daughter Stella married Herbert Bonner. Stella

1980 at 90 in Elkins. Sarah 1844-1908 (Silas Sharp), mother of L. D. Sharp;

y (Margaret McClure) he and son Ernest moved to Artesia, N. M.; Otha and Joe died

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References: Luther Sharp, Allie Gibson.

Submitted by Paul Sharp

DAVID HANNAH  
and Otha's Vision.

(Spouses in parenthesis) David's children underlined.

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Melinda (John Rose) a son Robert, a daughter Stella married Herbert Bonner. Stella died 1980 at 90 in Elkins. Sarah 1844-1908 (Silas Sharp), mother of L. D. Sharp; Henry (Margaret McClure) he and son Ernest moved to Artesia, N. M.; Otha and Joe died

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STREET ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS  
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. \_\_\_\_\_  
ON CHART NO. \_\_\_\_\_

*Sarah Hannah  
-m-  
L.H. Sharp*

1 Sarah Hannah

BORN 12-15-1844

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED 12-21-1908

WHERE Slaty Fork

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

Silas Sharp

3-2-1842-10-24-1899

2 David Hannah

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED 21 Nov. 1843

DIED

WHERE

5 Elizabeth Burnsides

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

4 Joseph Hannah

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED

WHERE

6 Sampson Zickhouse

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED 1817

DIED

WHERE

3 ~~Esther~~  
Hester Zickhouse

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

*from crab-bottom*

7 Sarah Simmons

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

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GIVE HERE NAME OF RECORD OR  
BOOK WHERE THIS INFORMATION  
WAS OBTAINED. REFER TO NAME  
BY NUMBER.

*W.H.S.*

*Esther is given as marrying  
Hannah Martin's Hester  
in Highland County p. 357*

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The fifth school was a four-room brick school known as the "Seneca Trail Consolidated School". It had a gymnasium, a kitchen, furnace and running water! Ira Brill of the school board promoted the building of this new school which opened in the fall of 1930. That fall we had a powerful football team of well-grown boys which included the Vandevenders, Beales, Hannahs, Wooddells, Gibsons, and Sharp. But, the team didn't have any uniforms. Hillsboro had been a winning team for years. Marlinton was anxious for some one to beat Hillsboro and sent their uniforms over to the Slatyfork school on the Reynolds Bus Line. The word ~~XXXX~~ got to us that Hillsboro heard about our extra large team. They called by phone canceling our only game scheduled for the year!

After many years it closed, about the 1950's, and the students were then bused to the Marlinton school.

The first principal of the school was Robert Eades. Other teachers were Paul Sharp (also a principal), Lucille Bright, Louise McNeel the present W. Va. Poet Laureate, Florence Howard, Becky Slavens, Ruth Cunningham, Mr. La Rue, Orda Hill, Hugh Moore, Mable McNeel, Mr. Neil Conrad, Wanda Lee Smith, Deacon Shinnaberry, and Josephine Wooddell.

SAM HANNAH

Footnote: For a period, about 1923, L. D. Sharp and Page Hannah were the Trustees. It was their duty to hire the teachers.

# Slaty Fork School No. 23

EDRAY DISTRICT

Pocahontas Co., West Virginia

April 29, 1927

Submitted by

*Dave Sharp*

Dave Sharp, Cincinnati



VIOLET LITTLEFIELD,  
RUTH CUNNINGHAM,  
Teachers

## Pupils

### UPPER GRADES

Beatrice Shelton	Eva Hannah
Leola Simmons	Cora Hannah
Dorothy Hannah	Porter Hambrick
John Shelton	Kathleen Carter
Frank Carter	Steward McNeely
Arlie Hannah	Donald Johnson
Luther Sharp, Jr.	Verdin McNeely
Sarah Shelton	Mary Francis Cromer
Earl Carter	Ruth Simmons
	Ruby Mitchell

### PRIMARY ROOM

Lexie McNeely	Wanietta Bonner
Hubert Bonner	Richard Carter
Joe Carter	Elbert Cromer
Emma Cromer	Lyle Painter
Louise Painter	Arietta Higgins
John Victor, Jr.	Lughvan Victor
William Victor	Norman Hannah
Julian Shelton	Pearl Simmons
	Helen Johnson

## Slatyfork Schools --Continued Genevieve Sharp

This is the way I remember the teachers at the Slatyfork School (now the church)

1924-1925 Genevieve Sharp  
 1925-1926 Pauline Guyer  
 1926-1927 Violet Littlefield and Ruth Cunningham  
 1927-1928 Pauline Guyer and Gay Hannah  
 1928-1929 Stella Conrad Finch ~~MM~~ (my sister) and Gaye Hannah--Kerr  
 1929 and 1930 Charlsie (Charlise) Beverage & Gaye Hannah.  
 1930-1931 I believe the history book we just received gives Seneca Trail School the year 1930-1931.

I am not real sure when the two rooms came into existence (partition), But I believe Pauline worked on that the first year she was there and it came to pass that first year she taught or the following year.

I looked it up in the history book and they have it dated 1931-1932 when Seneca Trail started. So I am not sure who taught in 1930-1931 Maybe the Seneca Trail School came that year--1930-1931.

Dave: Doc Hannah taught one year at Slatyfork. It may have been 1923-1924.

Dave: An end of school year, April 29, 1927, Violet Littlefield and Ruth Cunningham gave the students a small booklet for the Slatyfork School #23 Edray District and listed the students. So the above years listed must be correct.

Upper Grades		Primary Room	
Beatrice Shelton	Eva Hannah	Lexie McNeely	Wanietta Bonner
Leola Simmons	Cora Hannah	Hubert Bonner	Richard Carter
Dorothy Hannah	Porter Hambrick	Joe Carter	Elbert Cromer
John Shelton	Kathleen Carter	Emma Cromer	Lyle Painter
Frank Carter	Steward McNeely	Louise Pinter	Arietta Higgins
Archie Hannah	Donald Johnson	John Victor, Jr.	Lughvan Victor
Luther Sharp Jr.	Verdin McNeely	William Victor	Norman Hannah
Sarah Shelton	Mary Frances Cromer	Julian Shelton	Pearl Simmons
Earl Carter	Ruth Simmons		Helen Johnson

Ruby Mitchell

(Teacher Littlefield)

Ruth  
(Teacher Cunningham)

Dorothy (Hannah) Fitzwater said these teachers taught at the (church) school house: Ruth Moore (her first teacher, also Dave's), Charlsie Beverage, Stella Fench, Genevieve Sharp, Gaye Hannah, Lila Orndorf Ruth Cunningham, (not necessarily in that order) And Arlene Judy taught at the new brick school--probably it's first year of use?

Frank Hannah said the following taught school at the school that burned: George Bright (Frank's first teacher), Dave Baughman, Emma Howard, Lesslie Judy, Sadie Hannah, Mary Hannah, Eva (Hannah) Beale, Allie Gibson, Jessie Hannah.

Naomi Pauline Guyer, teacher 1927-28 May 1, 1928 "Year Book".  
 Pupils: 4th grade: Hubert Bonner, Dick Carter, Mary Sage, "Wanetta" Bonner, Mary Frances Cromer, Ray Sage. 5th: Archie Hannah, Verdin McNeely, Luther Sharp, Jr., Don Johnson, Mattie Sage, Ruth Simmons, Catherine Wilfong; 6th: Porter Hambrick, Steward McNeely, Chas. Smith; 7th: Kathleen Carter, Dorothy Hannah, Cora Hannah, Leola Simmons; 8th: Reta Curr (Kerr) misspelled, Eva Hannah, Mazie Sage. (Dave apparently age 11 in May, and was 12 on June 8th, 1928 (Apparently a two-room school. Helen Johnson not mentioned so she must have been in about 3rd grade--?) (Edray Sub-district No. 23. Upper Grade Room. Slatyfork)



## THE SLATYFORK METHODIST CHURCH

The first services apparently were held in school ~~houses~~ houses in the 1850s and 1870s.

In the 1900s services were in the now-gone school house beside the Slatyfork creek, and near the present church. The charter members of the church of the recent

75 to 100 years were L. D. Sharp, Sam Gibson, Sam Hannah, etc.

Since about 1920 the present church ~~has~~ held services in the last one-room school house until 1930 when the same school house was turned over to the church, and at which time the school moved into the new brick building.

The members remodeled the church, changing the entrance to the new front, putting a steeple on it and dug a basement for a furnace. Charlie Beale, Ivan Sharp, Oscar Kerr, Eugene Hannah, Frank Hannah and others worked weeks digging the basement.

Harvey Bright, a carpenter-cabinetmaker (also a watchmaker) was engaged in making all the benches etc. for the church.

L. D. Sharp ~~is~~ was superintendent of the Sunday School for many of the years he was a member. Others who were also superintendents were Eugene Hannah, Ivan Sharp, Frank Hannah, etc.

Some of the ministers were Rev. Sam Morgan (1889-1894) (father of L. D. Sharp's wife, Laura.), Rev. Hill, Rev. Powers, Rev. Combs, Rev. Long, Rev. T. M. Taylor, Rev. Clarence Peirson, Rev. Skaggs, Rev. Crawford, Rev. Mitchim, Rev. Gum and Rev. Ezra Bennet.

In the 1930s and 1940s there were 60 to ~~a~~ 70 attending Sunday services. With most of the lumber related jobs gone and many young people moving to the cities, the membership is now small.

Submitted by

Paul L. Sharp  
Paul L. Sharp

723 Avenue D

Port Neches, Texas, 77651

Paul L. Sharp



## The Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Co.

Since 1899 Pocahontas county has had telephone service. The first line came from Beverly in Randolph county, entering Pocahontas county at Mace. A Dr. Bosworth built the line from Beverly to Marlinton, which was finished in August 1899. Later that same year the line was extended up and down the county. About 1910 the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Co was established. Each stockholder bought a wall phone and paid about \$5 a year or the equivalent in labor. Some non-stockholders paid rent to use their phones. Chestnut poles were set and a single wire was strung between the poles. Charles McGuire, Sam Gibson, Otis Gibson and Jake Hoover were some of the repairmen or linemen. A magnetic generator was cranked to cause all the bells in all the phones on the line to ring. When the receiver was lifted off the phone hook two dry cell batteries began providing the power to carry the audio over the wire. There was a line from Marlinton which terminated at L. D. Sharp's store with 20 phones in between on the line. If you wanted to talk to some one in Marlinton, or a long distance call, you would crank the phone a "short" and a "long" and "central" would answer and connect you with your party. Many times "central" (the operator) would have to repeat every word both ways for a long distance conversation. A "short" was about one turn of the crank. A "long" was about 3 turns of the crank. Central ignored all other rings which were direct calls to neighbors on the immediate line. Each phone had a different arrangement (code) of "longs" and "shorts". If some one wanted to call, for instance, L. D. Sharp, he would crank two "shorts" and two "longs". Others on the line were supposed to not pick up their receivers when the phone rang for some one else. But usually there was one or more listening to the conversation. That is how they heard the "news". There were many 4-way, or more, conversations. Mr. Sharp said a man came in the store in 1899 and heard him talking on the phone to George P. Moore at Edray and asked him if the wire was hollow to carry the voice! Apparently the phone was an exciting thing and it was used for amusement sometimes. Mr. Sharp said he and a preacher at Edray sang a song together 12 miles apart, Mr. Sharp singing tenor and the preacher soprano. There are many interesting pranks and stories about this 20-party line that is not printed.

Submitted by Dave Sharp and Raymond Mace  
Cincinnati Slatyfork

Part 70 Marlinton  
Slatyfork

Notes on the Elk telephone system --- by Raymond Hager.

(Concurred by Dave Sharp)

According to Price's History of Pocahontas County, the first telephone line was completed between Beverly and Marlinton in August, 1899. This was known as the Bosworth line and was the first telephone line in the county. I do not know the name of the promoter and builder, except that he was a member of the prominent Bosworth family living in the Huttonsville-Beverly area.

Apparently the Bosworth line lasted only fifteen or twenty years, and perhaps not that long. Probably during World War I or shortly afterwards another telephone line was constructed. This was, I believe, known as the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company. It consisted of a single wire strung between chestnut poles. Part of the telephone owners using this line were renters and part were stockholders. During the 1920's Susie Gibson, Frank's aunt, left Elk and moved to Marlinton. We bought her share in the telephone company. My grandfather Sam Rider owned a telephone but he was a renter. It is my impression that the telephone line extended no farther than L. D. Sharp's place. Charlie Berke had a telephone, but anyone who desired to talk to him from Elk had to have his call routed by way of Cass and then to Linwood. See Hannah would probably know this.

The old telephone line gradually fell apart, and service was impossible. In the late 1920's, sometime after Rt. 219 was completed, a move was made to re-organize the company and build a new line. There were to be no renters. Anyone wishing to have a telephone had to be part of the company. A family could have a telephone by contributing labor or money. My father contributed labor. The line was a single wire strung between chestnut poles. A lineman or troubleshooter was appointed at the stockholders' meeting. I remember that Jake Hoover was lineman for a time, and I believe Charles McGuire was also a troubleshooter or repairman a one time.

Jim Baer owned "central" on the exchange at Marlinton. Any call through another system had to be switched by the Marlinton exchange. At one time there were two Elk telephone lines. On the Marlinton side of

Continued Page 153 →

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## The Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Co.

Listed below are the "rings" (or codes) of the subscribers that were called "longs" and "shorts". L. D. Sharp's ring was two shorts and two longs. It was first used at the old home place and later transferred to the store building when it was built. Ivan Sharp who lived at the big house used two longs and two shorts.

## Central - Telephone Operator

L. D. Sharp  
Ivan Sharp (Rugh Sharp)  
Gene Hannah Coal Seales  
Seneca Trail School  
Wanless (salon)  
Lou Gibson  
Lee Hannah  
Sam M. Gibson  
Sam D. Hannah  
Veo Hannah  
Clark Hannah  
Fred Mullenax

Lake Reed  
Charlie McGuire  
Willie Gibson  
Roy Shearer  
Amos Gay  
Helia Mace  
Jake Hoover  
Helen Hannah  
D

Raymond Mace furnished the following "rings":

## Marlinton (Central)

Davis Mace  
Harry Verner  
Harry Shelton  
Malinda Hannah  
J. A Gibson  
James Gibson  
Lottie Gibson  
Luther Sharp  
Slatyfork

Robert Gibson  
Sam Rider  
Rugh Hannah  
William Hannah  
William Verner  
Dock Gibson

John Vaughan

"He must have been on the Elk "Short" line as he lived at Marlinton"

P.S.  
Violet Sharpe





Elk Mountain there was a line known as the Short Elk Line. A telephone owner on our side of Elk Mountain had to use Central to talk to people on the other side. I believe the short line was used by people in the Edgum part of the county. I am not sure whether the Short Elk Line existed after the new line was built in the late 1930's.

In the late 1930's the Federal Government became more interested in the Elk area, and a sub-camp of the C. C. C. was established across the river from us, on the spot where Floyd Gifford once lived. Then it was decided to rebuild the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone system, with the government furnishing the material and labor. Consequently, a new line was built. New poles were erected and a double line was strung between them. Some years later, perhaps in the 1950's, the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company took over telephone communication on Elk.

Telephone rates on the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone service were cheap. If I remember correctly, the yearly telephone dues were four or five dollars. I am fairly sure they never reached ten dollars. Even then, there were some people who had to be sued or threatened before they would pay the telephone bill. Also, it must be added, free calls were discouraged. If a stranger stopped at a man's house to call for help in getting his automobile started, he was supposed to pay for the call. I believe it was a dime. I doubt that most people ever collected. It just would not be neighborly.

Here is a list of calls or "nines" from a paper I found among my mother's things.

Davis Mace	Robert Gibson
Harry Vanner	Sam Riden
Harry Shelton	Hugh Hannah
Marinda Hannah	William Hannah
J. A. Gibson	William Vanner
John Baughman	Dock Gibson
James Gibson	Willie Gibson
Lottie Gibson	Marlinton
Luther Sharp	
Stacy Fink	

If I remember correctly, "Central" ring was changed in later years.  
(maybe?)

must have  
been on  
short Elk line  
the land at  
Marlinton

I am not sure which period of time is represented by the "rings" I have typed here. It must have been early in the 1920's. Hugh Hannah has been gone from Elk a long time. Perhaps he was part of the Short Elk system. Also, William Hannah has been dead since the 1920's. His name could have been kept on the list of subscribers, however. I am puzzled a bit. Something else puzzles me. Sam Hannah and Sam Gibson were not included in the list. Both families had telephones. Sam Gibson's "ring" was \_\_\_\_\_. Sam Hannah's number was \_\_\_\_\_. In the very early 1920's Page Hannah had a telephone, but I don't remember his number.

Sometimes a telephone owner would let his batteries run down. This would prevent him from getting a message to whomever he called. Then some good soul would relay his message. Someone was always listening. At times there were four-way conversations taking place. On occasion a tree would fall on the line, or the line would get on the ground. This always caused problems. A bad telephone would poison the whole system. An incident during the 1930's is worth mentioning. People's telephones all up and down Elk were ringing at intervals, but nobody could be heard talking. For a few hours on a day or so people ran themselves ragged answering their phones, only to find no one there. Lee Hannah told me that he informed Jennie that ~~Sam~~ Gibson was drunk again and was using the telephone. ~~Sam~~ did get that way once in a dozen years or so, but this time he was innocent. After a thorough search for the trouble, it was located on Lake Reed's - (Jake Gibson's farm) place. It was summer time and a power line which was just barely above the telephone line got warm and expanded, dropping just enough to touch the telephone line when the wind blew or when the line got a bit warmer.

Here is more information which I copied from The Pocahontas Times,  
January 1, 1914.

ably → "The directors of the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone Company met  
Saturday. The officers are L. D. Sharp, president; S. Mc Dille, vice-  
president and general manager; J. D. Gibson, secretary and treasurer. The  
most important business transacted was the cutting out of free phones  
after January 1; the extending of the short line wire down Elk whenever  
the extension of the company's business justifies it; the cooperation of the  
different mutual companies entering the Marlinton switchboard will be asked  
in order to install two phones, one in the C. & O. station and the other in  
the freight office".

This would seem to indicate that the old Bosworth line had been replaced  
by the Marlinton and Elk Mutual Telephone line sometime before.

(over) →



## Our Pocahontas Col Country Doctors

Dr. Cameron of Mace was a typical country doctor and he had perhaps the only Stanley Steamer car in the county. About 1934 my brother, Si, asked me if I wanted to go to Dr. Cameron with him for a check-up. Near the end of Si's check-up Dr. Cameron picked up his only and obviously many-time used wooden tongue depressor, and before Si could react, Dr. Cameron used it to examine his throat! Half the stick was very dirty from holding it in his hand. The other end was clean from many previous tongues! Dr. Cameron glanced at me and asked if I wanted him to check my throat. I promptly declined. He showed us some bent glass tubing fitted into bottles etc. and to a source of heat that he invented to use steam to cure T. B. in lungs. He said the steam would kill the germs but he hadn't solved the problem of injury to the patient! Maude Hall of Mingo said he told many unique stories including this one. Dr. Cameron made a house-call and when he found the patient in severe pain he decided to operate to see what was wrong. He opened the abdomen and found the gut separated. He asked for a peeled potatoe and a needle and thread. He slipped the potatoe in the gut to hold it round so he could see around the tear cleanly. With the gut sewed back like new, he slipped the potatoe to one side and crushed it with a squeeze of his hand so it would "pass on through". He said the patient had a good recovery!

Dr. Jim Price was "Mr. Pocahontas County Doctor". He had a typical country doctor's office right in town. After examining a patient he issued whatever pills or liquid medicine needed from one of the hundreds of bottles, jars etc. setting on tables, shelves and the floor. There was a pathway through bottles and jars on the floor from the door to his consultation desk. Vonda Sharp received an "A" on her college assignment when she wrote a loving account of Dr. Jim and his office. During the depression when banks were closing all over the country, it was reported that Dr. Jim, in order that his bank would be strong if there would be a "run on the bank", got a leather bag and rode to Washington, D. C. with some bonds and brought back about \$60,000 of paper money in a bag. The bank emerged from the great depression in great shape.

TO HISTORIC BOOK

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Our Pocahontas Co. Country Doctors.

Page 2

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Dr. Cofer, the Slatyfork doctor about 1926 gave \$5 to the student who memorized the most Bible verses during the year. The teacher reported to him that Donald Johnson won it and he was given the money the last day of school. Donald carefully hid the \$5 under his bed till the County Fair opened that summer. He took his \$5 with him. His grandfather, L. D. Sharp, asked him about his \$5. Donald said he lost it all on those gambling wheels!! Later, Donald, while riding a bicycle near the company store, ran into the back of the walking Dr. Cofer and blew out a tire, with no injury to Dr. Cofer. Dr. Cofer also removed glass from Donald's face, arms, and legs when Donald put a match in a bottle of gunpowder!

Other doctors at Slatyfork <sup>was</sup> Dr. Cox and Dr. ~~Styers~~ Styers who had the first motorcycle in the area. A picture of the motorcycle exists.

Another noted doctor was Dr. ~~Kern~~ Herman Price who ran a foot race with an Englishman from Randolph county to Marlinton, which story is printed elsewhere in this book.

Submitted by Dave Sharp, Cincinnati.

Editor: You may edit, correct spelling, grammar and remove any items you think uninteresting.

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The Great Practical Joke in Reverse !  
Slatyfork 1914

*Revised*

Hugh Sharp, a bachelor, who lived at Slatyfork had Mrs. Showalter doing the house-keeping and a man named Taylor Ramsey doing some farming on the place. Hugh loved his several hives of bees he kept inside his yard fence. Bee hunting was his sport. With honey in his glass bee-trap he would go into the woods until he found a tree with bees. He seldom cut the tree, but carved his initials on it to indicate that it was his tree. He worked with <sup>his</sup> bees without a veil over his face and claimed they never ever stung him. If they did he wouldn't admit it. Every evening after supper he would always take a stroll past his hives to enjoy seeing them work. The two staying there decided to play a practical joke on him so they secured a "patented" snake that looked just like a real snake and placed it at the mouth of one of the hives in a manner that looked like it was eating his bees. This day Hugh took his stroll and he noticed the snake a few hives up the row. He backed up and got a stick and slipped up on it with his stick raised. He suddenly realized it was a fake snake and knew that they were watching him. He did some quick thinking. He proceeded to turn around toward the house without looking up and after a quick "preparation" <sup>or</sup> he did a wee-wee on the ground. Well, that turned the practical joke around on them, as he knew they wouldn't tease him about the snake eating his bees ! And they didn't .

Submitted by *Dave Sharp*  
Dave Sharp  
4171 Paxton Woods Drive  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

*"Proc. Ed  
To History Book"  
- Not Printed !*

Editor: you may edit the story for Topical History. ~~XXX~~ To shorten it you might leave out about his bee hunting. Correct any grammar. (Hugh Sharp was born in 1846.)

*Send to  
History Book*



WM Sharp, The Pioneer

# THE POCAHONTAS TIMES

Published at the Post Office at Martinsburg, W. Va., as second class matter.

CALVIN W. PRICE, EDITOR

THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1901

For President  
OWEN D. YOUNG  
of New York

At a court held for the county of Pocahontas on the 4th day of September, 1832, present James Tallan, Benjamin Tullman, Thomas M. Williams, Cackley, Jacob Light, John Bradshaw, Robert H. etc. gentlemen.

late of Virginia, residing in this county, do hereby solemnly swear before the undersigned a justice of the peace for the county aforesaid William Sharp, a resident of the county and state aforesaid, aged thirty-two, who being first sworn according to law, doth on oath make the following declaration in order to obtain the benefit of the Act of Congress, passed June 21st, 1832. That he entered the service of the United States under the following named officers and served as hereinafter stated. That he was drafted and went into service in a company commanded by Captain William Kincaid, does not now recollect the name of the company, but recollects that the company to which he belonged was attached to a regiment commanded by Colonel Sampson Mathews; that he entered the service in the early part of the month of January, 1831, and was discharged from that tour of service in the month of April following; that he was in a skirmish with the British at Portsmouth, Virginia. That he resided near where he now does, when he entered the service, in what was then called West Augusta. That he was drafted; that he marched across the Blue Ridge and directly on to Portsmouth, where he remained until he was discharged. That he has no documentary evidence, but supposes that John Bradshaw knows of his having performed said tour of service. He was drafted and was in service in the summer of 1831 in a company commanded by Captain Andrew Lockridge in an expedition against the Indians; that a certain William Mason and himself were sent by Colonel Andrew Lewis with a message to Governor Donnan, who was then at Fort Pitt, (now Pittsburgh), and did not return to join the army until the next morning after the memorable battle at Point Pleasant. That he has no documentary evidence and that he knows of no person now living whose testimony he can procure who can testify to his service in said campaign.

He went as a volunteer in the fall of September, 1831, under Captain Charles Lewis, (the same he was afterward killed in the battle at Point Pleasant) in an expedition against the Indians on the

Monongahela River. That he was in service said tour during the fall of 1831 and did not return home until the month of March, 1832. Lockridge and McClanahan belonged to Captain Lewis' company; he does not now recollect the name of any other officers that were out on said expedition except Colonel Field and McNeel; that they had no engagements with the Indians that tour; that the Indians came in and gave up the prisoners they then had.

He was also in service as an Indian spy during the summer of 1832, and the summer of 1833 previous to being drafted into service as before stated under Captain Lockridge, of which said service as a spy he has no documentary evidence nor does he know of any person now living whose testimony he can procure who can testify to his said service. He states that adding all his services together, those when drafted, the tour as a volunteer and the various times as an Indian spy, will exceed two years and six months. He hereby relinquishes every claim whatsoever to a pension or annuity except the present and declares his name is not on the pension roll of the agency of any state.

Was Sharp sworn and subscribed the day and year aforesaid before me a Justice of the Peace for the County of Pocahontas, and I do moreover certify that the said William Sharp cannot from age and bodily infirmity attend the court.

James Sharp And the said court do hereby declare that opinion that the above named applicant was a revolutionary soldier and Indian spy and served as he states.

The proceedings of that day is signed by Thomas Hill as presiding magistrate.

This William Sharp was the pioneer settler of Huntersville, and from him descend the Sharps of Edgley district. The Sharp families around Front are descendants of John Sharp, a native of Ireland, who settled with his family in 1762 on the Abram Sharp place at Front. His wife was Margaret Blaine, a sister of Rev. John S. Blaine, a pioneer Presbyterian pastor of Pocahontas county. They came here from Hocking county, however, Judge Summers II. Sharp and secretary of State Gen. W. Sharp are also descendants of William Sharp through their mother Mrs. Annada Grimes Sharp, daughter of David G. Grimes, who was a son of Arthur Grimes, who married Mary, a daughter of the William Sharp, whose declaration of his service as a revolutionary soldier is under consideration.

William Sharp was the first to open a permanent residence at Huntersville. His home was near the present residence of George W. Glogar. He was living here prior to the Revolutionary war, and according to tradition he came here from near Staunton. This is borne out in his declaration that he went out in 1764 with an expedition under Captain Charles Lewis (of Staunton) to the Newington (Hocking) River to bring back prisoners held by the Indians. I presume these captives were taken in the second Kerr's Creek

Massacre. He came to Huntersville about 1773. Anyway, he was here in 1774 and went on the Point Pleasant campaign in Captain Andrew Lockridge's company.

I recall that mention is made of him in the Chalkley Papers as Capt. William Sharp, when he was delegated to open certain roads to what is now Pocahontas County.

His wife was Mary Meeks. Their children were Nancy, wife of Levi Moore, Jr.; Margaret, wife of John Keller; Rachel, wife of Jonathan Gil; Mary, wife of Arthur Grimes mentioned above; John, who married Sarah McCollum.

James, son of William, the pioneer married Ann Woodell. They settled on Beaver Creek. Their children were Mary, wife of James Lewis; Margaret, wife of Jacob Clevy; Martha, wife of another Mr. Clevy; Nancy, wife of Robert Ryser; Ann, wife of Levi Cackley, Jr.; Rachel, wife of Robert Gay; Lucinda, wife of Jonathan Jordan; William, Andrew and James.

The last named, James, was the magistrate who attested his grandfather's declaration. He was a prominent citizen of his day, justice of the peace and as such a member of the county court, high sheriff and elder in the Presbyterian church. He was also a great hunter. It is told of him that when hunting deer in Buckeye Mountain late one evening he saw a panther mount a log a few yards in front of him. He shot the animal, but when the smoke cleared away another panther crouched on the log. This performance was repeated nine times, when the hunter became panic stricken and flanked out for home. Some time during the night, other panthers followed his trail to his home and killed a yearling calf. The next day with proper reinforcements, Mr. Sharp went back to the place where he had fired nine times, and there lay nine dead panthers.

James Sharp married Mary Burnside. He died during the war.

William, son of William, the revolutionary soldier, married Elizabeth Woodell. Their children were James, who married Alice Martin and lived on Browns Creek; William Jr., married Rachel Dilley, and lived at Mary Fork of Elk; Alexander, married Mary Dilley; Jacob married Elizabeth McNeel; John married Sally Johnson; Elizabeth, wife of John H. Moore; Mary, wife of David Gibson; Rebecca, wife of Wm. D. Moore; Anna, wife of Alexander Stalnaker; Ellen, wife of Warwick Stalnaker; Nancy, wife of Jacob Cassell; Martha, wife of Andrew Dilley.

Mr. Sharp says he was a member of the regiment commanded by Colonel Sampson Mathews. Colonel Mathews lived at Staunton; his son Sampson married Mary, daughter of Major Jacob Warwick, and lived at Dunmore; their son, Sampson Lockhart Mathews, is the grandfather of Judge George W. McClintock.

Mr. Sharp refers to John Bradshaw as the only man then living who knew of his having performed the "tour" of service in the campaign that ended the war. John Bradshaw was found

at Huntersville, prominent citizen, and his name is among the magistrates sitting on the court the day William Sharp's declaration was filed. I will publish John Bradshaw's own declaration in a coming issue. William Sharp says he was drafted for the campaign to Point Pleasant in the company under Captain Andrew Lockridge. This Captain Lockridge was a considerable of a figure to the frontier fighting for a generation. Colonel Georgianna Dandap Arnold, of Oklahoma City, has promised to write us about the Lockridges.

I can well understand why Mr. Sharp was sent as a courier through the wilderness for several hundred miles to Fort Pitt with messages from Colonel Andrew Lewis to Governor Donnan. He had been with Captain Charles Lewis on the expedition to the Indian country ten years before. This commission shows the confidence in his integrity and in his ability as a frontiersman.

Attention is called to the fact that Mr. Sharp says the place he lived in 1774 was in West Augusta, not at the time his declaration was made it was then in Pocahontas county. We all know the system in which General Washington kept the people of this region for he said: "Give me but a horse to ride upon the mountains of West Augusta and I will rally around me an army that will lift my bleeding country from the dust."

If any body knows the last resting place of Captain William Sharp, I want them to send the word in Martinsburg club will take the necessary steps to have the Federal government mark it with a suitable stone. I would just naturally suppose his bones are either in the old cemetery near the Huntersville Presbyterian church or in the McLaughlin burying ground on Howard Harlow's place, but I do not know.

*Pocahontas  
County's Beginning*

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Second Class Postage Paid  
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THE POCANTON PRESS  
1930

Vol.

ded 11  
do off **APRIL 17, 1930**

## History

By Jessie Beard Powell

Traveller's Repose  
[Political History]

How We Came To Be In  
Pocahontas County

I sometimes think of and compare this remote section of Pocahontas, the Upper Greenbrier, or Traveller's Repose, to an orphan. An orphan child is without natural parents, often has more than a normal number of adoptive parents, is tossed about from pillar to post, and is sometimes allowed by the courts to make its own decision as to where it will go.

We began as part of Orange County, Virginia. When Orange was divided in the fall session of the Virginia Legislature in 1734 it was split into

In 1700 the western end of Pendleton was pushed southward a varying distance of four to twelve miles for no apparent reason. In that year also both Bath and Pendleton were enlarged by being made to take in the Upper Greenbrier Valley. Thus, their west borders were changed from the crest of the main Allegheny to Back Allegheny. This enlargement of Pendleton and Bath in the Upper Greenbrier Valley was by petition of the settlers there. The orphans were allowed to choose. Settlers of Traveller's Repose went with Pendleton.

In 1821 Pocahontas was being formed so the remote section of Bath and Pendleton became a part of the new county. Bath at the same time was diminished in size to the south by the lopping off of Allegheny County. It was intended by the Virginia Legislature that the western county be called Allegheny and the eastern county, Pocahontas. They were accidentally changed by the engraving clerk. They would have been much more appropriate had they been named as intended.

Much later, in 1847, after the Staunton to Parkers-

*Remember that we are the  
Pocahontas  
County*

*See other  
pages for  
receipt*



CIVIL WAR STORIES OF SLATYFORK

Pocahontas County was on the border between the North and the South and the Beverly-Ringo-Slatyfork-Marlinton-Huntersville turnpike seemed to be important to both sides. General Lee's men were camped at Linwood one winter 1861-62 and he was with them part of the time. One evening he tied his horse "Traveler" to a post and with two guards standing outside the door of the still-standing <sup>SHARP'S</sup> log house ate supper cooked in cast iron kettles still in the house. Another time, late one afternoon, the Confederates camped across the creek and each soldier took a rail from the meadow fence--stripping every rail--to burn all night. They found apples buried. The captain told them to pay Mrs. William Sharp for them.

Uncle Hugh Sharp told us of the two Confederates ambushed on the turnpike on the hill. The snow was deep and he and his father, William, was getting in wood when several shots were fired. A southern dispatch rider came galloping along with two riderless saddled horses following. He yelled to William that his two buddies had been ambushed and ask them to go see about them. With the snow sled and horse they found one dead and the other wounded. They sledged them to the house and put the dead one in the corn crib and the other one, about 20, was put at the fireplace where <sup>he</sup> talked of his parents back in Georgia and died at midnight. The next day they were buried <sup>him</sup> near the present cemetery.

L. D. Sharp told us stories he heard of the retreat of the Confederates from Linwood. In their haste a munitions wagon loaded with lead minnie balls broke a wheel in the creek and was left. His father, Silas, and Uncle Hugh went up there on trips to bring back lead on their horses. They melted the balls for their own guns in later years.

At the start of the Civil War the issues were not clear so the Sharps and John B. Gibson father of Joe and Sam Gibson decided not to take sides but found out that this was impossible. These men camped out part of the time on Middle Mountain at the "Pine Knob" under a rock cliff. They decided to get together for an Easter breakfast. Mrs. Gibson came down to the Sharps to see her husband. While they were eating Easter breakfast, one of the boys ran in and said the Rebels were coming. Little Luther, age 16, ran up the hill and was shot by Jake Simmons. About a dozen shot at John Gibson. Two men <sup>whose</sup> guns were empty ran after him. At the top of the hill he pulled out a "nigger box" pistol and said "Concealer, I'll kill you". They skidded into reverse and Gibson escaped. While Gibson was running across the meadow, one soldier reloaded and laid his gun across a wood pile or six and Mrs. Gibson cracked his head with a piece of wood. Grandfather Silas jumped onto a fence-rail goose nest. A soldier jumped over the nest and was reloading.



W. VA. SCHOOLS

run with a ramrod when Si hit him over the head with a boot jack. Si ran around the house and faced Jake Simmons who had just shot Luther. He surrendered. Later in the day while marching Silas along the road they captured Bill Hannah. The other man had a very small hand and when they were handcuffed together for the walk south, he showed Silas he could get the handcuff off. A few days later when the soldier on horseback taking them south had to stop for a "call of nature" and set his gun against a tree a few feet from where he was "sitting", Silas asked him to take the handcuff off and he'd make a run for the gun, but the other man was afraid. Silas was taken to Richmond and then to Salisbury, N. C. where he spent 23 months and 24 days in prison where thousands starved to death. They ate rats, cat and dogs a't times to survive. In the 1920's "LD", son of Silas, stopped in at Salisbury and asked an old man with a long white beard where the prison was. He told "LD" that all the prisoners starved to death--to the last man. "LD" tried to convince the man that his father lived through it, but the old man told him that he couldn't have!

The captain in charge of <sup>Richmond's</sup> Libby prison was cruel even to his own men, who finally killed him. He issued an order that any prisoner that stuck his head or arm out the window would have it shot off. The guards under him had a plan. One of the guards would fire a gun outside, which he did. The captain ran and stuck his head out the window and they shot his head off--complying with his order! Si told many times of the rejoicing of the prisoners when the captain was shot.

Silas had two brothers, <sup>South</sup> Henry and <sup>North</sup> Bernard, killed in action. "L. D." thought one joined the North and the other the South. It was thought that Henry, killed at the Robert Gibson place had joined the South and was killed on purpose by his own men because he may have been a spy for the North--which he might have been--? They reported that it was an accident, when his men shot him while he was on picket duty at night there on the road.

Uncle Hugh Sharp was a bee-hunter sportsman. He would find a bee-tree and carve his initials on the tree, rarely cutting a tree for the honey. He told the family after the war that he planned to go "bee hunting" over the mountain and kill Jake Simmons for killing his little brother Luther, but he never made the move.

"L. D." has told us many times that his parent's family really didn't know clearly the issues and didn't know which side to join. That's the reason Silas Sharp, John Gibson and others didn't join either side and camped part of the time under a cliff at the "Pine Knob" <sup>not a row</sup> called "Sharp's Knob" just behind the Middle Mountain meadow.

W. VA. SCHOOLS

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S.H.  
W.C.  
/4

When Silas returned from sleeping on hard floors in prison he couldn't at first sleep in a bed. He was so skinny after his long walk from the south that Sarah, his future wife, didn't know him when he came by her house. Axfi

After the war William brought a civil suit against a Captain Marshal and others, and we understand collected \$500 for illegally taking his son, Si, a civilian, and sending him to prison.

Apparently there were some Southways sympathizers at Mingo as there is a very old and beautiful statue of Robert E. Lee behind an iron fence at Mingo Flats.

I have on file more details of the Mannahs, Gibsons, Sharps and events of the Civil War at Slatyfork.

Submitted by

~~Mr. Dave Sharp~~  
4171 Paxton Woods Drive  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

513- 871-4813

Sent to  
History Book



12—The Sun, Exponent-Telegram, Clarksburg, W. Va., Feb. 4, 1902

Civil War

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## Huntersville Target For Federal Army Raid

The 1862 campaign in the Allegheny highlands in West Virginia opened on the first day of the new year with a strong raiding force from the Federal winter camp at Huttonsville, Randolph County, marching on Huntersville, then the county seat of Pocahontas County. Huntersville, lightly garrisoned by some 250 Confederate cavalry and infantry with a contingent of county militia, was an important center in the summer and fall campaign of 1862 when it was the headquarters of General W. W. Loring, who commanded the Army of the Northwest, CSA. Loring had been called, with his troops, to re-enforce Stonewall Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley; now its only military importance was as a supply center for the Confederate troops operating in that area, and also in the fact that it was connected with Warm Springs by a fairly good turnpike. This highway could be used as a gateway for Union troops to Virginia east of the mountains, just as it was being used by the Southerners for their troops and for transportation of supplies funneled in from the central depots at Staunton and Warm Springs.

The Union high command at Huttonsville determined to destroy the center, though no Federal troops had penetrated that far into the Confederate-held mountain country. A task force was organized and at one o'clock in the afternoon of Dec. 31 Major George Webster, 25th Ohio Infantry, moved out of Huttonsville at the head of 400 of the men of his own regiment, headed toward Huntersville. At Camp Elkwater

he range as quickly as possible. One of the men later confessed that he ran that day only because he could not fly.

The battle of Martins Bottom, Greenbrier Bridge, or by whatever of the half-dozen names it has been called, was an extremely noisy affair, but entirely bloodless. Not a man was killed, and not an man, Union or Confederate, was reported wounded—it was all sound and fury.

The small brush at the covered bridge did little more than to halt the Federal raiders. Stepping long enough to detach a guard of fifty men to protect the bridge, Webster pressed on for the six mile run to Huntersville. Confederate pickets were encountered about two miles from the town, but after trading a few shots with the advance guard, which did no harm to either side, the pickets retired upon the main body of dismounted cavalry drawn up in line of battle about a mile from the town. Webster deployed a part of the 25th Ohio up a hill to the left to turn the Confederate right, and with the balance of his force moved up to make a frontal attack. Firing became general all along both lines, remarkable only for noise, but when the Confederates discovered the flank movement they fell back to their horses, hastily mounted and retreated to a position a half mile nearer the town.

Webster's troops crossed Knapps Creek and there he employed the same tactics as at the first stand; two companies of the 25th Ohio were sent to the right at the base of a hill to turn the Confederate left, while Major Owens with the

shots, then fled to Warm Springs and Monterey.

Major Webster said in his official report that on entering the town "we found the place deserted, the houses broken open, and goods scattered, the cause of which was soon stated by a returned citizen. The rebel commander (who is not identified in any report) had ordered the citizens to remove all their valuable property as he intended, if beaten, to burn the town." The retreating Confederates did set fire to a large barn containing commissary stores before taking their hasty departure.

Webster's attacking force at Huntersville was about 600 men—the wagon and bridge guards and some stragglers accounted for the men missing out of the original 738—but exaggerated Confederate reports said that he had 1,000 to 1,500 men. No exact figures are fixed for the number of Confederate defenders which, it seems, was composed of about 250 mixed troops, units not identified, and a few militia hastily called up the night before. In all the Confederate force probably had a strength of 300 to 350 men. In all the marching, counter-marching, shooting and waste of gunpowder, Webster had one man wounded—shot in the arm. The Confederate casualty list is fixed at one man killed and seven wounded, in addition to the loss of stores—and that loss caused real suffering in the Confederate mountain camps the balance of the winter.

The considerable quantity of Confederate stores found in Huntersville were given to the flames because of lack of transportation to carry them away. Major Webster reported capture of 350 barrels of flour, 200 salted boxes amounting to about 150,000 pounds, 20,000 pounds of salt, and large amounts of sugar, coffee, rice, bacon, clothing, etc. The soldiers kept and carried back to their camp a large number of Sharps carbines, sabers, horse-

ing, and he left the flag flying as he took his departure.

After an hour and a half driving the Confederates out of the town and two hours in accomplishing the real purpose of the raid, Webster turned back toward the Huttonsville base, marching about ten miles to Edray before encamping for the night. The task force had had a hard day; it had marched 24 miles and had fought two engagements—or skirmishes—that were more noted for footwork than action. The little army reached Huttonsville on January 6th, having made a winter march of 102 miles in a little less than six days, penetrated the enemy's country thirty miles further than any body of Federal troops had gone before and returned with all men, horses and wagons intact and with only Private Oliver P. Hershee, 25th Ohio Infantry, nursing a wound in the arm.

At the time Major Webster's foray was counted one of the most successful raids, for it did more than scatter county militia at Martins Bottom and rout a small force at Huntersville—the raid threw a tremendous scare into the Confederate command. Pocahontas historian Andrew Price said it "made their lines quiver from Huntersville to Winchester, and from Camp Allegheny to Staunton; Scouts rode heading in every direction carrying dispatches. They seemed to have agreed on the strength of the Federal army as being 5,000 men instead of the 738 that it actually was."

### Civic Club to Hold Sweetheart Ball

The Clarksburg Welcome No. 1000 Corners Club will hold its Sweetheart Ball from 9 to 12 Saturday, Feb. 10, at the Hotel.

Persons attending will be treated to the music of the Trio Quartet and a mid-



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THE POCAHONTAS TIMES  
[1934-1935] Vol. 1

APRIL 17, 1935

## History

By Jessie Beard Powell

Traveller's Repose  
[Political History]

How We Came To Be In  
Pocahontas County

I sometimes think of and compare this remote section of Pocahontas, the Upper Greenbrier, or Traveller's Repose, to an orphan. An orphan child is without natural parents, often has more than a normal number of adoptive parents, is tossed about from pillar to post, and is sometimes allowed by the courts to make its own decision as to where it will go.

We began as part of Orange County, Virginia. When Orange was divided in the fall session of the Virginia Legislature in 1738, it was split into Frederick and Augusta. Augusta became that part extending 240 miles along the crest of the Blue Ridge Mountain (running North and South) and then West to the Mississippi. Augusta has been called the mother of Counties. Out of Augusta was carved four states, a considerable portion of Virginia, as she now is, and thirty-three counties southeast of the Ohio River, beginning with Botetourt in 1769.

Rockingham was carved from Augusta in 1778. In 1787 the German settlement north of "The Divide," that part of Rockingham west of the Shenandoah mountains, plus slices from Hardy and old Augusta was made the county of Pendleton. Scarcely two years later Bath was stricken off from Augusta and parts of Botetourt and Greenbrier. It took in that section west of the Shenandoah range and as far north as "The Divide," the whole upper James River Basin.

of Pendleton was pushed southward a varying distance of four to twelve miles for no apparent reason. In that year also both Bath and Pendleton were enlarged by being made to take in the Upper Greenbrier Valley. Thus, their west borders were changed from the crest of the main Alleghany to Back Alleghany. This enlargement of Pendleton and Bath in the Upper Greenbrier Valley was by petition of the settlers there. The orphans were allowed to choose.

Settlers of Traveller's Repose went with Pendleton. In 1821 Pocahontas was being formed so the remote section of Bath and Pendleton became a part of the new county. Bath at the same time was diminished in size to the south by the lopping off of Alleghany County. It was intended by the Virginia Legislature that the western county be called Alleghany and the eastern county, Pocahontas. They were accidentally changed by the engrossing clerk. They would have been much more appropriate had they been named as intended.

Much later, in 1847, after the Staunton to Parkersburg turnpike was built through "the Divide," our neighboring county of Highland was created from the southern part of Pendleton and the northern part of Bath. At last, a meld of the Germans north of "The Divide" and the Scotch-Irish, south of it.

So, it would have been quite possible for a child to have been born to an early settler of Traveller's Repose in Augusta County in 1780, spend his childhood in Augusta, grow to adulthood in Bath, be married in Pendleton, and die in Pocahontas and never leave his own house.

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January 31, 1980 Dave Sharp

History and events of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharp family--Luther David Sharp, etc.

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L. D. Sharp (LDS) was born June 8, 1872 at Slatyfork, W. Va. in his father's house on the old county road across Slatyfork Creek about one mile above where Slatyfork Creek empties into Elk River. He had two older sisters, Ella who married Robert Gibson, and Malinda who married (Hannah, father of Vee Hannah. *She married Paul (son) of Sam Houston*) LDS as a child had light blond hair. He went to school in a log, 1-room school house on a bank across the county road from the cemetery, at the edge of some trees and near the spring at the road. He watched his father and other men in the neighborhood build the school house, and he told us that his mother could see his white head bobbling among as he ran back to the house for lunch at noon. *Montgomery Mathews*

He described his teacher Mr. *Sam Mathews* as a very hard man with discipline. They got the basic "3-R's" of reading, writing and arithmetic, using slates instead of paper. His old slate used to be at the old house. "LD" as he was affectionately called by many including the family, did a lot of reading and educated himself to where he could carry on conversations and business deals with college trained men. At a young age (12) studied music under a teacher who taught shaped notes and through later years directed the Slatyfork Methodist Choir and they traveled much of W. Va. at singing festivals. When "LD" was 12 years old he had set himself up in business and still worked on the farm. Before he was 12 some men working on a sawmill asked him if he could get them some handkerchiefs and *Tobacco*. I believe a drummer coming through gave him tips on how to order things.

*and jewelry from J. Lind Co.*

At age 12 he got on a horse with some profit from *previous business deals*, and went down Elk River to a family he knew of who had boys that trapped fur. He went to the house. The father told him the boys were in school and for him to go there and pay them whatever they asked for the fur. The father would not set a price. LD went to the school and talked to the boys. They came outside and said they had *MINKS SKUNKS FOXES* \* and when LD asked how much they wanted for them they said *a very low price* *(see the story elsewhere)*

He paid the boys for the fur and went back to the house to get the fur. The mother asked how much he paid for them. LD didn't want to tell them, so said "I paid them exactly what they asked". She asked again and the father told her to shut up, that if he paid them what they asked, that was the end of it.

He stayed at some one's home *that* night before coming back to his home. He said they had believe, ham and bread. They had no forks. Maybe a big fork and a knife to cut in the token, but none for the table. *I believe this experience was on a later trip*

Living up wasn't easy. It was hard work to provide clothes and food for the family. He has mentioned many times of when he was hoeing corn etc that the *hard ground* roots caused callouses and pain in his hands--that often he had to use his other hand to open up the fingers on the other hand after a tough row to hoe.

A teenager, another country boy challenged him over some matter. In the middle of fight the other boy picked up a sliver from a board and hit him across the nose, making it, resulting in a slightly crooked nose the rest of his life.

Other time when he was a young man, he ran through some elder bushes at the back of his father's house and where some one had cut off some of the bushes, one of the sharp ran through his left eye. Somehow, he was taken to John Hopkins Hospital. He the fluid, like egg white, ran out of his eye. The Dr. called in students to see his scar through the pupil. After getting a Studebaker car about 1924, he drove a car one eye until he was about 85 years old. He used glasses to read. But could see at distances without glasses. His hearing was good until his death.



W. VA. SCHOOLS

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L. D. Sharp (LDS) was born June 8, 1877 at Slatyfork, W. Va. in his father's house on the old county road crosses Slatyfork Creek about one mile above where Slatyfork Creek empties into Elk River. He had two older sisters, Ella who married Robert Gibson, and Malinda who married (LDS) Hannah, father of Vee Hannah. *Don't think LDS was Slatyfork*

LDS as a child had light blond hair. He went to school in a log, 1-room, school house on a bank across the county road from the cemetery, at the edge of some trees and near the spring at the road. He watched his father and other men in the neighborhood build the school house, and he told us that his mother could see his white head bobbing among as he ran back to the house for lunch at noon.

He described his teacher Mr. *Sumner* as a very hard man with discipline. They got the basic "3-R's" of reading, writing and arithmetic, using slates instead of paper. His old slate used to be at the old house. "LD" as he was affectionately called by many including the family, did a lot of reading and educated himself to where he could carry on conversations and business deals with college trained men. At a young age (12) studied music under a teacher who taught shaped notes and through later years directed the Slatyfork Methodist Choir and they traveled much of W. Va. at singing festivals.

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At age 12 he got on a horse with some profit from <sup>his</sup> previous business deals, and went down Elk River to a family he knew of who had boys that trapped fur. He went to the house. The father told him the boys were in school and for him to go there and pay them whatever they asked for the fur. The father would not set a price. LD went to the school and asked to talk to the boys. They came outside and said they had MINKS SKUNKS FOXES \*

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Growing up wasn't easy. It was hard work to provide clothes and feed for the family. He has mentioned many times of when he was hoeing corn etc that the ~~xx~~ hard ground and roots caused callouses and pain in his hands--that often he had to use his other hand to open up the fingers on the other hand after a tough row to hoe.

As a teenager, another country boy challenged him over some matter. In the middle of the fight the other boy picked up a sliver from a beard and hit him across the nose, breaking it, resulting in a slightly crooked nose the rest of his life. *running from back*

Another time when he was a young man, he ran through some elder bushes at the back of his father's house and where some one had cut off some of the bushes, one of the sharp ends ran through his left eye. Somehow, he was taken to John Hopkins Hospital. He said the fluid, like egg white, ran out of his eye. The Dr. called in students to see his eye. From whatever they did to him, he could see daylight through the eye, and had a white scar through the pupil. After getting a Studebaker car about 1924, he drove a car with one eye until he was about 85 years old. He used glasses to read. But could see great distances without glasses. His hearing was good until his death.



Page 2 The Sharp Family -- Slatyfork, W. Va.

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When Dad became about 19 he went to see the girls, going in a buggy or horseback. Either at a party or a dance (square) Nelly Blanker jumped on his lap and embarrassed him by sitting on his lap, so he said. He must have been about 17 when he planned to go up to see some girl living near his married sister Ella. Dad's (LD) mother suspected he was going to see her and sent a note along with him to his sister, telling her to try to prevent it--for some reason. Ella lived about 4 miles up Elk River.

Dad met Laura Morgan, who lived with her parents, Rev. Sam Morgan, at the Edray parsonage. He went by horse or buggy to see her. He had her soon talked out of teaching school to marry him. When Rev. Morgan died, Laura's mother Edith married Mr. ~~Whe~~ IRVIN.

Dad had seven children: Ada, Violet, Ivan, Greola, Silas, Paul, and Dave, Jr. Ada married John Johnson in Baltimore. Ada studied Elocution and performed in New York City, and knew a famous stage actress and exchanged letters for many years. Violet married Rufus Markland of Richmond, Va. and had one child, Rufus, Jr. Violet and Rufus came to Pocahontas County to get married. Dad had heard his last name but had never seen him before. When he started to introduce him in Marlinton to someone, he had to ask him his name. Dad laughed about that many times. Evan didn't appear to be much interested in girls when he was a teenager, but did go up Elk to see a Hannah girl. Then Ivan went up to Arbovale to a music school one summer and met Genevieve Orndorf. He immediately fell "head over heels" in love with her. He drove up there everytime he could get away. One time he put chains on both front and rear wheels of his Star car in order to get through the deep snow to see her. They had three children, Ralph, Ramona and Evan. Ramona majored in music, taught school and married Tom Shipley. Ralph married Regena. Evan married Phyllis in Va. He was "fatally killed" in a hunting accident at about age 34 Nov. 17, 1975.

Greola died age 18 with a blood mutation, passion.

Silas Sharp still lives at the old homestead at Slatyfork.

Paul Sharp married Vonda Lowe of Buckhannon, and they had two children, Thayer and Barbara. After Vonda died, Paul married Katha Milkollin of Port Neches Texas.

Dave married Sylvia Friel of Marlinton, W. Va. July 11, 1940, and adopted a daughter, Linda, in 1962, and live in Cincinnati, Ohio. LINDA married Benny Edwards, May 24, 1980. (12-19-61)

Ada's husband died. Her son Donald and Helen Johnson came to live with Dad and Beth went to school till on their own at Slatyfork. Ada remarried Wm Cartain and they had 3 children, Clara, Bill and Stanley. Donald lives in Yorkland, Va.

When Dad got married, he built his house on to the same house he was born in, both houses sharing the same fireplace. The old house was taken down about 1940 and lumber from it was used to build an apartment on the back of the warehouse of the "new" store on Route #119, for Dave and Sylvia to live in while they ran the store. The old house that Dad built is still standing with the chimney, but the kitchen has decayed. The old apple orchard that must have been there when Dad's father lived there is still standing. Dad did some grafting of apple trees on the farm. Some of the very old apple trees are Pippin, Yellowwater, Red Astern, (and later a Richmond,) and (Red) Ben Davis, a hardy apple, but not much for flavor. A story Dad told many times. His grandmother took the seeds from an apple and planted the seeds. She planted 7 seeds, but only 3 grew. She had 6 ~~children~~ (boys). During the Civil War 3 boys died, and 3 boys lived. 4194

It seemed to be an OMEN to her.

21 girl  
= 7 children

W. VA. SCHOOL

Page 3 The Sharp Family

Slatyfork, E. Va.

I had a son William J. 166

I understand the original of the Slatyfork Sharps was William Sharp who lived at Huntersville. His son William lived at Slatyfork in a house (probably log) at the edge of the meadow next to the big spring of water close by the route 219 bridge that crosses Big Spring creek. Apparently he moved later on a 1/4 mile up the creek to a log house still standing at the large 17-room house never being used.

William had several boys and one girl May (who died of I think diphtheria) Henry lived in a house in a field below the Middle Mountain Meadow. Don't know where he was buried. Harmon Sharp lived in a log house at Slatyfork (Laruel Bank) where Big Spring and Elk River converge. The point on Gauley Mountain is known as A Sharp's Knob, perhaps known named after Harmon. — W. J. Mullins

Luther Sharp was a 16 year old boy, who started to run up the path above where the railroad track now is, when JAKE SIMMONS of Bath County, Virginia, of the Confederate army shot him at a great distance, thinking he was of military age. We don't know where he was buried. Probably an unmarked grave in the Sharp cemetery?

Another Son Was Hugh Sharp, who lived all his life in either the original house near the spring or the one near the large existing house. He lived there at least after his childhood. Hugh, after the war, threatened many times to go bee hunting over in Bath County to kill Jake Simmons for killing his brother, Luther. Uncle Hugh's sport was to take a small glass bee-trap to catch a bee on a flower and by letting the bee feed on honey in the trap and turning it loose to come back, and repeating it many times till he could see which direction the bees went and he could find the bee tree. He had all the bees he needed, so instead of putting all the bee trees, he'd carve his initials on the tree signifying to others that that was his tree. — mostly sport for him.

Uncle Hugh loved his bees. When he gave Dad (LD) his part of the original farm to keep him the rest of his life, Dad built the 17 room house with timber sold from the land. Uncle Hugh would not let them remove the bees from around the old house when the new house was being built. The carpenters had to fight bees during the building. One man jumped off the second floor roof when a bee got to him. After the house was finished, ~~and~~ Uncle Hugh lived there, with a hired hand and a cook, Mrs. Shewalter that Dad provided for him. Every day at noon after eating, Uncle Hugh would go out and walk around each hive of bees to enjoy the sight. (He always worked with the bees without a bee-vail on, and claimed he never ever got stung.) The hired man, Taylor Ramsey decided to play a trick on him, so he got a patented snake (imitation snake), and put it at the mouth of a hive, appearing to be eating the bees. Mrs. Shewalter and the man was looking out the door or window to see the fun and laugh at him when he found out it was a trick. Uncle Hugh made his rounds of the hives, when he saw the snake. He stepped back and got a long stick and slipped up on the snake with the stick raised above his head, when he realized it was a trick. He did some quick thinking to keep them from having the joke on him. He turned around, opened his fly and facing the house wee-weed on the ground. They didn't tease him about it!

John said Some of the Sharp boys joined the North and others the South. One of them with the South, was on picket duty not too far from the Slatyfork Area, when he was shot by his own men, who said they made a mistake thinking he was from the other side (at night). Someone said they were suspicious he was working for the other side and they deliberately shot him. And of course he may have been ????? also: Harmon, Henry, Luther

The only other son I know the name of was Silas, father of L. D. Sharp (Dad). At that time the boys lived in the log house with their father and mother (next to what is now the 17 room house). Some of the boys joined the North and others joined the South. And perhaps two or three, not convinced which side to join, didn't join either, and technically wasn't on either side. Silas, and a brother or two and perhaps a couple other men under the same circumstances who chose not to join either side, being afraid either side would capture them lived under a cliff of rock at the "Joins knob" just on the other side of Middle Mountain Meadow. They stayed there when there was troop movement in the valley, coming in for food when necessary. Silas and a man in an old house, (was Silas's father) was captured by the Confederates. Silas ran down below the house and hid in a goose's nest. A soldier fired his rifle and was standing a few feet away using a ramrod to reload. Silas picked up a boot-jack and hit him in the head, stunning him, but they captured him. Another man there tried to run away, up toward the cemetery. The Captain gave orders for two soldiers to catch him. Threw down their guns and chased him up the hill.

John Gibson

(John Gibson's father)



Was missed the

Page 4 The Sharp Family

Glatysfork, W. Va.

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When he got almost up to the top of the hill he was out of breath, and stopped, turned around, pulled out a "Pepper Box" pistol (that Dad said might not kill anyone) and said "Gangster, I'll kill you". They turned around and fled, leaving him free. This may have been KKKKKY Sam Gibson's father. <sup>John</sup> If so, he wasn't captured. Silas and the other man was handcuffed and a confederate soldier on horse was assigned to walk them south to Salisbury, N. C. to prison. They walked many days. The two men said they were not in the northern army, but the army took them as prisoners any way. One day on the trip south, the soldier on the horse had a "call of nature". He got off his horse and his gun against a tree, unfastened his suspenders. The man with Silas had a very small wrist, and shoved Silas once before that he could take his handcuff off that was holding one man's left arm and the others right arm together. Silas begged him to take his handcuff off so he'd be free to grab the gun and free themselves. But the man was afraid not to take it off. So they went on to prison. <sup>2</sup> Dad has told us many times the years and months and days (about 9 years) he was in prison. ~~(X)~~ years, 23 months and 24 days <sup>about 6 days of being 2 years</sup>

Silas was in the prison in Salisbury for <sup>about</sup> ~~two~~ years or more before being transferred to Richmond. While in Salisbury, most of the men died of disease or starved. Silas made (with his knife?) pieces of "jewelry" and had a black woman who came in the camp prison to clean up, to take out and sell for him and bring food to him., which may have saved his life. The men at rats and dogs when they could get any. A captain came through the prison one day. Some men threw a blanket over the dog and that followed him, and killed it. They cooked it to eat. Silas took one bite but couldn't swallow it. He carved his initials or name on the stone walls of the prison. He went to Richmond to stay until he was exchanged later in an exchange with the north of prisoners. He was given a written pass to walk through lines to his home from Richmond. Silas had, ~~I think, married~~ <sup>before</sup> his capture <sup>to</sup> Sarah Hannah who's father lived, I think in a log house next to Page Hannah's house and near Archie Gibson's house. The house was still standing in about 1935. Si Sharp, my brother, thinks the Hannahs lived in a house above the road above Frank Hannah's (Sam Hannah's). There was a house there that a Hannah lived in and they may have lived there first and moved down to the other home after that one may have burned.

When Silas got back home from prison, he went to bed ~~on the feather bed~~, but tossed and turned and couldn't sleep on the feather bed. He had to get out on the hard floor and sleep like he did in prison! - <sup>for a while</sup>

Silas's father, William married <sup>RACHAEL</sup> Sarah Dilly from I believe about Campbelltown. <sup>Rachael</sup> was of German descent (maybe from Germany?) and spoke German. Dad picked up a few words from her, but could not carry on a conversation in it. At the St. Louis Fair at about the turn of the century, Dad and Bob Gibson, his brother-in-law, went to the fair by themselves by train. Each country had booths selling their merchandise. Dad went up to a German booth that had German girls selling. Dad only knew one word, meaning "pretty girl". He said it to them, but when they responded in rapid German, he was embarrassed and turned heel and hurried away!

Apparently families had special pliers to pull teeth. Silas (grandfather) asked Dad to pull a tooth (maybe his last?). Dad was all excited, thinking he might fail or break it off. It was a successful pull.

Grandfather, Silas became sick, perhaps suddenly, complaining of his stomach. He died soon. Dad thought it may have been appendicitis, or cancer.



Was ... the 168

Page 5 The Sharp Family

Slatyfork W. Va.

Grandfather Silas was in prison in Salisbury, N. C. So Dad (ID) on a trip to Florida about 1938 decided to stop in the city to see the prison that his father was in. Dad stopped in town and got out of the "ash car and saw a very old man sitting on a bench. Dad went to him and told him that his father had been in prison there and that he wanted to see the prison, and could he tell him where to see it. The man told Dad "your dad didn't live through it. They all died. Everyone of them starved to death. Not a one lived." Dad told him again that his father lived through it, saying "I'm here, so my father must have lived" But he couldn't convince him that his father lived. The old man must have been a boy at the time of the war, or maybe he had been a soldier. Dad didn't see the prison.

During the War, General Lee's army was camped up at Linwood, and had a hospital on a little flat just below the P19 road, about half way up the mountain. Lee came by the Sharp's house about supper time and was invited in to eat. Uncle Hugh told many times of General Lee's white horse Traveler being tied up beside the house. Two guards were stationed outside the door on the porch. The log house, covered with clappard, still stands, with the old stone chimney. Uncle Hugh was there, but was too young, or they ignored him because he didn't belong to the North's army.

One late afternoon, the Confederate army came there and camped across the creek in the meadow. They set up their tents and needed fire wood to keep warm and cook. Each man went to the rail fence and brought one to build a fire or fires. Every rail was taken. The soldiers found apples that were buried under dirt to keep from freezing. When the captain found out they took the apples, he ordered them to go pay the Sharp's for the apples.

Confederate soldiers camped up at Linwood one winter. It was a hard cold winter and the Sharp's heard that half the soldiers died of disease, but they were buried secretly. No one ever found their graves. Some thought they might have dropped them down some vertical caves in the area.

It seems the Confederates hurriedly retreated from up there when they heard of a Yankee army coming from Huttonsville. They loaded up their wagons and came down Big Spring Creek and then on toward Marlinton. One wagon loaded with lead musket balls broke an axle where the road crossed the creek at Linwood. They just left the lead there. Dad said his father went up there ~~(with a sled or wagon)~~ and brought perhaps a 100 lbs of lead to melt down for his gun for bullets. *on a sled*

Uncle Hugh told about a Southern soldier being ambushed up along the old road, and wounded. I think another soldier was killed outright. Uncle Hugh and <sup>his father</sup> others took a sled up there and hauled him down to the house and made him a bed in front of the fireplace. He was mortally wounded and he knew it. He told the Sharp's about his family in the South before dying that night. I don't know if any messages were sent south, or even if those there could write??? I'm sure Sarah (Silas's wife) could write, hmk

After the war, Uncle Hugh thought it would be interesting to make a cannon and shoot it. He fashioned a cannon out of a hollow pole. Made up a round wooden ball. The story as I remember, he fired it and it blew up but the ball went through a wall of one of the houses.

In a letter of Sil's to me: "Three of Uncle Hugh's brothers were killed in the war. One was "Little Luther", age 16 and one was Bernard. Don't know the name of the other one. (Henry) Uncle Hugh and Uncle Herman who lived at Slatyfork--he later moved just out of Elkins.. There was one 12 year old girl (Mary?) died of Diphtheria. Uncle Hugh had Diphtheria too. Dr. told him to smoke a pipe." *ella*

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## The Slatyferk Sharp's The Sharp Family

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When Dad (LDS) was a boy of about 7, a black man working on a saw mill or something took a liking to Dad, and with a knife whittled Dad his first and only toy of his life, out of a piece of wood. I think it may have been a figure of a boy.

One summer when Dad was perhaps about 12, he begged his father to let him ride with some wagons from the area going over to Millboro, Va to get supplies. There must have been 3 or 4 wagons and the men. One night after crossing into Virginia, they camped on some high ground overlooking a very small cluster of houses, that blacks lived in, or so they told him. They decided to have some fun, Dad told me, at his expense. They told him that these black girls liked to sleep with a white boy, and that they would come up at night when a person is asleep and go to bed with him. He didn't believe them. So they told him to look at his penis the next morning. That night when he was asleep, they unbuttoned his pants, and rubbed charcoal from the fire on him. He said the next morning when he got up awake the first thing he did was look, and he was as black as he could be! HIS UNCLE HARMON WAS ON THE TRIP

Harmen  
Sharp  
was one  
of them

When Dad was about 15, I'd guess, he and his father went on two horses up to Linwood where there was a store. It was apparently an all day job--go there buy some supplies and loaf a while before coming back home. They had some cider, which Dad said was boiled two barrels into one, and it had a kick to it that he didn't know it had. He drank a few drinks and then he and 3 or 4 boys there went down to the nearby creek in a patch of elderberry bushes where they were playing. One was whittling with a knife and accidentally cut one of the boys just a little. Dad said it seemed funny to him because he was drunk (and maybe didn't know it), but he was so lightheaded he could hardly get back in the store. His dad was ready to leave soon home, and said to Dad "would you like to have a glass of cider before we go home?" Dad said he didn't think he did, knowing he was already drunk. He didn't think he was ever going to get on that horse without his dad finding out he was drunk. He made it home ok. He said that was his first and last time getting drunk. All his life he never drank any beer or whiskey. He did smoke when he was about 20 but quit after perhaps 2 or 3 years.



## Page 7. The Sharp Family

Slatyfork, W. Va.

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Dad was both a farmer and a merchant. He ran a store on the old road "over the hill" near the old house, which he built perhaps about 1900, along with farming. The product sold from the farm was wool, sheep, and oves.

Dad's store was about the only one in the area. Later on the W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. had a store for their employees at Slatyfork. He bought fare, chickens and wool from farmers and shipped to Baltimore etc. He would buy up turkeys from farmers, pack them in barrels and haul them to Marlinton in wagons and put on a train to go to Baltimore where feed brokers sold them. Usually he made out ok. That's a long way for turkeys to go unrefrigerated! One batch he sent, maybe his last, the broker sent him a small check saying he peddled the turkeys all over town trying to sell them. He sold a few, but most of them stunk so bad no body would buy them! ha.

Farmers would kill pheasants (grouse) and he would pack them in small barrels and sent to Baltimore. Another thing he bought all his life was ginseng. Dad was, I believe, the first to have a telephone. He was also the first around there to have a car, after telephone had been in. *See stories elsewhere*

One time some one up at the head of Elk rang a distress signal and everyone picked up their phones to see what it was about. Someone announced that a horse and buggy had run off and was headed down toward Slatyfork. People all along the road went out to the road to stop the horse and buggy only to find that it was one of those new fangled horseless carriages. Joke!

When a few cars got in the area, Dad ordered gasoline in barrels. They were hauled from Marlinton, and a hand pump was placed down in the hole after the cap was unscrewed. He later had, I believe a small tank put in with a hand pump to pump it into a car. I don't remember how the amount was measured.

Dad got a Studebaker sometime about 1914 *or* maybe before that? In the 1920's he or Ivan broke the axle housing on the rear end on near Ella Gibbons in a mud hole. Ivan made a wooden sled and took a team of horses up there, fit the sled under that one side, and pulled the car back home. He ordered a new housing. It cost what dad thought was too much -- perhaps \$150 when the car may have only cost \$800--??

When he bought the car, he sent Ivan to Marlinton for I think a couple days to learn how to start, run, and do minor repairs to the Studebaker. In the winter time, the car was jacked up off the tires.

About 1928 (?) the new highway came through, bypassing the store location on the old road. So Dad had a man KING in Marlinton to build a new store building where it is still in existence. Four new hand operated gasoline pumps with 10 gallon glass tanks at the top were installed. Dad had Standard Oil at two pumps, and Ivan had two pumps of Amoco. It was big move moving furniture etc over to the new place by wagon. Dad borrowed money from the Farmers & Merchants bank to build the store. He also borrowed about \$300 from his friend Van Gibson. It was a struggle during the depression to not go broke, but finally after keeping some of us in school and college, he finished up the debt with some sale of timber. Ivan sold auto supplies in one corner of the store. The store had 32 volt lights, run from a Delco generator. The house already had 32 volt electricity. Then about 1936 or 1938 (?) WestPenn came through with 110 volts. Tourists began coming through so gasoline sales was reasonably good. Dad decided some "Tourists Camps" should be built, so old Camp 18 that the W. Va. Pulp & Paper Co. left when they were finished, was torn down and used to make the camps. They perhaps more than paid their way. Then it seemed better to rent them out to people working for the company. Henry Gibson lived in one, Oscar Kerr in another. Others were...

The only one in existence now is the one Henry Shaver lived in, and his wife Lorraine still lives there.



(179)  
Slatyfork Sharps' Records

From the William Sharp's Bible Record.  
 Furnished by Ramona Shipley, Parkersburg, W. Va.

(Page 178)

Copied from record pages between the New and Old Testaments.  
 Xerox copies made.--copied from a bill Bible given to Rachael  
 Dilley by her Father Martin Dilley on her Wedding Day.

Martin Dilley born Dec 27, 1779. Died 12-26-1851, age 71, 11 mo, 29 da;  
 26

Rachael Dilley born October 1815

William Sharp and Rachael Dilley married Sept 20 1838  
 (another date also entered at another place, but the ink is  
 smeared and the year looks like 1832, which must be incorrect  
 as the children's births started a ~~year~~ year after 1838).

William Sharp's children:

1. Martin B. (Bernard) Sharp born June 14, 1839
2. Jacob Henry (Henry) Sharp born Aug 17, 1840
3. Silas Sharp born Marc. 2, 1842
4. William Luther Sharp born Dec 17, 1843  
 (The family knew him as Luther in his youth--perhaps to  
 distinguish between him and his father, William.  
 So he was the 4th William Sharp in line.) William IV.
5. Hugh Calvin Sharp born ~~1842~~ 7-10-1846
6. Mary Eleanor Sharp born Feb 11, 1849  
 (She died with diphtheria during the Civil War--or before the  
 war. Family tradition is she was about 12 years old. She was  
 burried to the left of the road on the rise just below the  
 Sharp's Slatyfork store)
7. Harmon B. Sharp born 10-2-1850  
 (He moved to near Elkins, died there and burried near there.)  
 (Died with cancer --of throat (?) )

Luther Sharp above: Family tradition has been that Luther was about  
 age 16 when he was shot. Date of birth and the dates of the first  
 year or two of the Civil War indicate that he may have been perhaps  
 about age 17.

see page 179 →

Davis Sharp  
 (7-14-82)

PAGE'S CORP  
ON AIR

Was made the  
1<sup>st</sup> 20<sup>th</sup> of September  
1838  
Burnard was  
brought from the  
Algeria by the  
1838

*I recd your letter  
the 17<sup>th</sup> inst.  
Hoped you were  
well*

FRONT PAGE

Paul Dilling  
was born October

The year 1815

1st Back Fly 1st

M<sup>rs</sup> Sarah Q.

Pickel says  
inside the  
20 of Sept.

Martin B. Sharp  
 was born the  
 14 of June 1839

Isabel Henry  
(was born the  
17 of August

1840

of this ship was  
lost the 2 day  
of March 1842

from J. J. Thompson  
were done the 14  
of August 1849

[illegible]

and from the bottom  
of the well

515

123

Lilas was  
born the 2 of  
march 1842

Mr Luther  
was born the  
17 of December  
1843

August Calvin  
was born the  
10 of July

9481

Many Learner  
was born the  
11 of February.

1848  
Hannover Boston  
was born the  
2 of october  
1851

1

From Bible of William C. Morgan

From Bible of William C. Morgan 180

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Samuel C. Morgan was  
born July 8<sup>th</sup> 1847.

Edith H. Morgan was  
born Dec. 20<sup>th</sup> 1855.

Laura J. Morgan was  
born March 31<sup>st</sup> 1874.

William C. Morgan was  
born March 15<sup>th</sup> 1876.

Sarah V. Morgan was  
born Feb. 15 1878.

Edgar R. Morgan was  
born April 18<sup>th</sup> 1882.

Lena Florence Morgan  
was born Dec. 17<sup>th</sup> 1896



# BIRTHS

Miriam Edith Morgan  
was born August 13th 1898

Georgia Virginia Morgan  
was born Sept 2 1900

Laura Rachel Morgan  
was born Feb 14th 1903

Samuel Aaron Morgan  
was born April 23 1905

Junius Amos Morgan  
was born Jan 12 1908

Jan 12, 1908

# FAMILY RECORD

## MARRIAGES

Samuel G. Morgan  
and Edith H. Ramsey  
was married Feb 20 1898

Laura G. Morgan + Luther L. Clark  
was married February 16th 1893

William C. Morgan and

Samuel H. Hill

was married March 1892

180-A

REEL #1 June 1, 1949 Tapes of L.D. Sharp  
Old Mill, Civil War storeies, etc. (If done over on Ampex, may be clearer)

Dad: .... Sheep dip killed 5 sheep. Dave, I'll give you a jar of syrup to take back with you--and a sugar cake. ... Im sending 6 to Pauls. Thayer ~~he~~ gave to sweetheart and Barbara treated her teacher. ... 152 quarts of syrup....

.... they'd go through and rob neighbors. (Civil war through Slatyfork) ... they starved them to death. My father was in prison 23 months and 24 days. They starved them to death and hauled them out of the prison by the wagon loads. Going to Fla I stopped in Salisbury, N. C. and there was an old grey headed man. I told him my father was a prisoner there. He said "they all died, either starved or poisoned. Father said the meat was covered with worms. They made brothe. He shut his eyes and swallowed it.. The dead were buried in trenches. A dog followed a captain through the prison. The men threw a blanket over it and killed it and ate, some ate rats. My grandfather (William) skinned a cat. Father couldn't eat the cat. My grandfather (William) got him exchanged for rebels. He had exchange papers and started home. At a small gathering of southerners, the said "where are you going"? He said "none of your business." They said: If we gain the war we won't let you live with us" Si said: I'll give you to understand I won't live with you. They started after him and he ran. He was too weak to run. They didn't follow him further. He walked all the way home to Slatyfork. If old man Bill Hannah had done one thing. Two men left over them in charge of the two. They got off their horses to a call of nature. "My father reached over and took one of the man's guns and pointed to Bill Hannah to take the other man's gun. He couldn't get him to take the gun. They never thought of killing those fellows (rebels) but we could have killed them and had nothing to worry about--he said. They could have gotten away. (Dad told us one time, as I recall, that Bill had a very small wrist and could get the hand cuff off his wrist that held the two together. Bill showed Silas once that he could take it off. And that Silas wanted Bill to take the hand cuff off so they could grab the guns to threaten so they could get away. Dad may have been mistaken ~~at~~ for a moment about them putting their hands on the guns---???? -Dave) Jake Simmons killed Luther. The Confederate army went through past the house. Jake was behind and shot Luther going up the hill. That's the same time they captured my father. My grandmother said "look there's a regiment of soldiers and he ran down and jumped over a fence and sat down in a goose nest covered with boards. About a 100 of them shot at ~~in~~ John Gibson (Uncle Sam's father) and this fellow who had a muzzle loading gun shot at John. and he set his gun down almost between my father's legs, to load it. He waited, till he poured the powder in and went to get the bullet in and he said he knocked the man and gun over and jumped back over the fence and ran back into the same old Jake Simmons that killed his brother, Luther age 16. Jake put a gun on him. He looked for a rock to throw at Jake but couldn't find one. The men emptied their guns at John Gibson. Two threw their guns down and ran to the top of graveyard hill and was about to catch John, ~~as~~ a powerful man--Sam Gibson's father. He had a pepper box pistol that I reckon wouldn't kill you. and they ran back down the hill and he got away, ha, ha. He pulled the pistol out and said "dangester, I'll kill you". There was ~~twice~~ twice he (John) almost got captured. He went home and later on, a bunch of rebel soldiers went in there to John Gibson's place and his wife said to him "look out there the rebel soldiers are coming down here to the house" He broke to run and ran over the hill and the soldiers fired at him and missed again and one rebel laid his gun across a post and got a rest and would have killed him but his wife took a boot-jack and knocked him crazy, and he got away. Later on during the war ~~he~~ he took pneumonia and died. With all the getting by in the war, ~~max~~ pneumonia got him after all.



(Story about the two soldiers killed in ambush up on the old road:)

Dad: They brought the soldier (that was still living) in and he died at the house (the same log house still standing) There are two of them buried up at the top of the hill at the school house. Just dug a hole. They were riding along the road and the rebels (I think Dad's memory got it mixed--they were Yankees that shot them) waylaid them and shot two off horses. They were one or two that got away. Maybe one of them was Walt Allen. (Walt Allen was a Yankee from over about Randolph county, I think--Dave) Uncle Hugh (a young man) thought so much about one of the men that was shot and lived a while. If they had had doctors like today, he may have ~~have~~ been saved. (Another account of this story is elsewhere in this history of the Sharps--Hugh and his father William was cutting wood and heard the shots and a southerner on a horse running told them to go look after the men shot. They took a sled up and got them. They put the dead one in the corner and took the other in by the fire.)

I don't know where the graves were, but one time I was plowing there in the school house lot and a horse's foot fell down through the grave. I hated it awful bad.

Dad: Henry Sharp, an uncle, joined the rebel army, or be taken prisoner. So he joined the rebel army. One joined the yankees and one the rebels.

Dave: Was the Henry Sharp meadow named after him? Dad: No, that was another Henry Sharp. Henry (uncle) was killed. A picket shot him (at Bob Gison place) They were suspicious that he was a yankee, it was thought. But he was in the rebel army and was on picket duty and a fellow shot him and let on like they shot him by mistake. The other one was in the Yankee army and was killed. I lost three uncles and the only girl 12 years old of diptheria and she is buried down there on the left side of the road --about top of the hill. Uncle Hugh knew where it was. I said there ought to be a monument. He said: "it's been so long ago it isn't necessary" It's there inside the fence near the road (near the sheep barn.) That's what the war cost my family. The war spread diptheria. One of her boys, Henry Sharp when he was killed had an apple in his pocket and she planted the 7 seeds of the apple (grandmother Sharp) out here (near the beehouse) and only three of the 7 threw. She gave Uncle Harmon Sharp one and it was planted down there at the McCitchin Place and gave Silas one and it was right below the old house over there (old home place) and Uncle Hughs was out here in this garden, and they all had the same kind of fall apple. --a good cooking apple. But she thought that represented that when the war was over she'd only have 3 children left. Four of them died. We cut the one down over the hill because it was where we wanted to build the warerrom, I think. It was 40 years old, I reckon. The one here an Uncle Hugh's was near the warerrom.

Tramp Dad: I saw that tramp going by today at the schoolhouse. He was swinging his arm as hard as he could swing it, and the other arm was like a dead arm. I hadn't seen him for 10 years. --a little short fellow. (Dave: We'd seen him go by about every year for years--walking fast.)

Uncle Hugh's story about a greased Indian:

Dad: a Joe Lager or something like that wanted to go back in the woods to where he'd hear no sound of a gun but his own, and ran on to these two Indians. I can't tell the story as it was. The Indians gave a squall and made for him and he may have shot and missed and they were on him and he threw one on the ground and was getting his knife out to kill the Indian and the other Indian got his knife out of a scabbard. He had to kill him to save himself and the other Indian almost got advantage of him by getting his knife out of the scabbard. I forgot the details but I think the other Indian got away. It was one of the most stirring stories you about ever heard to hear Uncle Hugh tell it.

Uncle Hugh's pet deer: Dad: Uncle Hugh had a pet deer. Aunt Ella and I. It'd fight or run us everytime we came here to visit. We were going home across the hill and looked coming off the hill coming as hard as it could right after us, like a dog running a deer. We were going

INDIAN  
Fight

pet

deer



REEL #1 June 1, 1949 Tapes of L. D. Sharp  
Civil War stories, Old Mill, etc.

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Page 3

could right after us, like a dog running a deer. We ran to the woods and got up on a leaning tree up higher than the deer could reach. A deer strikes with both front feet just like a man and cut you all to pieces with it's toes. We had hollered for Martha Hannah who lived here then and she ran up there and got the deer by the bell collar and held her till we got over home (Dave: seems Dad said her name was Nell?) That doe knocked Nora Sharp down. Uncle Harmon's girl and would have beat her to death if didn't.....(not clear) (Dave: I think Nora married George L. Hannah--and she is burried in the Sharp cemetery)

SI talking about fishing..... up slatyfork creek.  
Dave: Dad, isn't that where you built a dam and ran water around the hole?  
Dad: yes, we got 53 fish out of it. Water was getting low, cavity in a rock holding about a barrel of two wof water, and ran a small stream--a inch pipe si e. I stood there and studied it a good little while how to get those fish. A big lynn tree standing on the bank. I decided to go home and get my father to come and help pipe the water over the hole. We cut that tree down and stripped the bark off and the bark piped the water over past the hole of water, a distance of about 20 feet and we dipped the water out and got 53 fish to eat. No restrictions on fishing then.

#### Deer hunting --- Deer salt licks

Dad: Farmers killed deer at suck licks. Natural sulphur run out on certain places. Deer tear up the earth to get it. Then farmers made salt licks. Drive a stake in the ground and pour the hole full of salt. They couldn't get it all without digging down for it. It was either mornings or evenings that they came tan to suck the licks. Dave: did you kill any at a salt lick? Dad: Yes, I did, on Gauley. One time over there a wild cat was at the lick. I sighted at it so long I was sighting on just the front sight. I was about to leave that day. The Englishman.... I thought I just sit there (Dave: He told the store another time:--he shot at the wildcat and it didn't know where Dad was and jumped into the treetop where dad was and scarped Dad almost to death--just a boy). ....Saw the deer coming. ... I just broke it's back. I came a knat's heel of missing that deer. Lots of deer then. About like killing ground hogs now.

Bill Curtain War in Italy (not clear at all)... One thing, the let the Americans go in there, you see, read about the lost patalion. Carl Barnes was commander of that unit. Those rangers..... Crossed the highway and got in the heart of Rome.

Dave: The old Mill house needs a piece of roofing on it.  
Dad: Well, I've been trying to sell it. It's going to fall down. I offered to sell for \$50. When I sold it, the man came with a truck to get it and those old Kelley's (they lived in the mill house across the creek) took the box that goes around the meal in. It'd cost \$25 to make it and they took it and burned it. They once rolled it out in the yard and Henry Shaver and I liked to not get it back in. They took it and burned it for firewood. I went there to sell it and there wasn't a thing in the world to hold the meal in so he wouldn't take it. ... Brice Griffin ground meal for a half a day. Took half a day to rind a grist. Sam Jackson said he could eat it as fast as it comes out of the mill. Someone asked how long he could do that. He answered: "I could do it till I starved to death" ha, ha.

Might be clearer if redone on the Ampex reel to reel tape machine.

Stories by L.D. Sharp taped by Dave 6-1-49

Reel #2 Page 1

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Voices of Dad, Otis Gibson, Si, Dave Ralph

Dad: something about the bee association (184)  
 Si: (to Ralph)(hunting) Did you go clear to teh Bob Gibson Place  
 (all looking at an aerial view map) --are those skid roads?  
 Si: This is Slatyfork and he was supposed to go up this buck hollow that  
 runs up to Joe Gibson place. He was supposed to go up here and come around  
 thru here, thru a bunch of pines yonder on the point. Well eh got up there  
 and cut over and looked down to Sam Hannah's from Bob Gibson's meadow.  
 Then you came back ~~from Mah's house to the meadow~~ thru there, huh?  
 Ralph: yes. Dad: Right here's where I was scared about out of my boots.  
 I thought he ~~was~~ had heart trouble. I couldn't holler him up and couldn't  
 shoot him up and couldn't hear a word from him in the world. I worried  
 and prayed and here he came up alive. Dave: You (dad) and Donald and I  
 got lost up there coon hunting one night. Dad: Yes, we came down the  
 roughest old hollow there ever was.--back of Page Hannah's line.  
 The roughest place you ever saw after night wasn't it. We didn't know  
 where we were and lost part of the gun. Came down to Page's apple orchard.  
 Si later made a part for the gun--forestock. And John Woosley lost  
 it again. He went down there watching for stealing corn where shucking  
 corn (lower meadow). ~~The man~~ was. When ~~he~~ started filling up  
 a sack of corn, ye yelled to surrender and ran out and broke a rail at  
 the fence and ran down over the bank and laid down., and Woosley lost part  
 of the gun and he had to come back (home) because he was afraid ~~he~~ had  
 something to shoot him with, ha. Woosley lost part of the 410 gun and  
 couldn't shoot. Later on I told ~~her~~ about it. --caught ~~he~~ down  
 there stealing corn. He smashed the fence flat. I said there was another  
 fellow with him--old man ~~there~~....his hogs. They worked on the track  
 together. She didn't say a word. She knew it was true. We'd seen where  
 he'd taken out loads of it before.  
 Dave: Didn't your dad catch someone stealing hay? Dad: No, it was Uncle  
 Henry Hannah caught Hannah stealing Hay (on barn on Buzzard mt.)  
 (made him pitch the hay back in the barn--Henry slept there to catch him)  
 Dad: Grandfather Sharp caught a man fight out there in the corner. He  
 set a fox trap through where they take corn out of the crib. He came to  
 get corn and got caught. He went to the barn a cople times. He wouldn't  
 holler at Grandfather. Finally he hollered: "Mr. Sharp, come out here. I  
 tell you if you'll let me out of here, I'll never steal another thing  
 as long as I live. Grand father promised him he wouldn't tell on him.  
 Dave: did he know who it was? Dad, oh yes, one of his neighbors, but  
 he oulsn't tell us who it was. He promised he wouldn't tell. He let him  
 out of the trap. I bet he had sore fingers, I ha. Grand father was a man  
 of his word. Dave: Do you remember him? Oh, yes, I was nearly grown  
 when both of my granfathers died. Grandfather Hannah and grandfather Sharp  
 and my grandmothers. Did you see yours? Dave: only grandmother Irvin.  
 Dad: Not preacher Morgan? Dave: no. Dad: Boy's I'd give \$5 to (have you  
 hear him preach?) He was one great preacher. He was the best preacher that  
 ever preached on this charge and they sent him back here by the Dist. Supt.  
 to the quarterly meeting one time when he was on the Lobelia circuit to  
 preach and I never did forget his text. It was at Mary's Chapel. His text  
 was the "Great Store House of God" He said the time would come as the  
 human race needed the wealth, there was untold wealth in these hills and  
 in the lands, and as the generations of the earth needed it it'd be  
 unfolded (End of 1st side of cassette)  
 Ralph and Dad talking: deer hunting. Si: In Montana, a man killed a  
 mule and brought it in to the checking station I ha, ha. Dave: what did  
 your father have to tell time? Dad: He had an 8-day clock. I don't know  
 who got it. Maybe Ella or Malinda got it. It struck on every hour of the  
 day. I think I took another clock over to repair at Wooddells and it was  
 never fixed. He died and they closed th store. It may have been sold.  
 Either the original reel tape is not clear, or perhaps it would be  
 clearer on ~~max~~ the last Ampex player--to transfer to cassettes.



Sharp's Stories taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

Ralph) 185

(LD, Ada, Ivan, Si, Dave, Sylvia, Will Curtain & Evan).

Starts with Dad and Ivan singing songs. I've got the tuning fork there. Dad: we can't all sing with one book. I've got the tuning fork. "Do, me, do" I'm trying to get the sound. I can't see anything. Ivan: Wait, I've got something on my glasses. I can't see anything. Ivan: I don't what part are you going to sing? Dad: I'll sing tenor. Ivan: I don't know if I can sing soprano, or not. Dad: well, do you want me to sing soprano? Ivan: I usually sing base. Dad: here, somebody clean my glasses. Si: (talking about the tape recorder) said: everyone brags about their singing. Now they'll know if they are telling the truth, ha.ha. Ivan: (wire recorder?) wire plays 15 minutes. (Ivan had a wire recorder) Dave: let's have some powerful singing. Dad and Ivan: me, so, do, me, do, me. (no piano) "There's a glory in my soul, Then Jesus gets control. He lives with in my heart. Oh happy song ..... Si (joking) .... tape for identification. Have you used Mother Hubbard's little leg goos, ha. (pretending an ad after the song) Dave: You just heard LD, Ivan and Ralph Sharp. (Then with piano): several singing a song....."redeemed..... Dad: the title of this song is "Beautiful home Somewhere". Looking at Pictures: Dave: look at the bees. Dad: those are Ivan's. Sylvia: Dave hived those bees. Dave: Let's laugh a little bit, Ada. (Ada and Genevieve laughing.) Dave: Ada, who's that in the middle? Do you know? Ada: ha, ha, yes. (About Ivan--discussion): Dave: ... Mary Roberts? Si; no, it was Genevieve at Greenbank. Si: Ivan And I ..... we got up there to that old ... He (Ivan) said if you'll get out close to the gate, well..... see THEM GIRLS. If you do, 't we won't, ha, ha. I wouldn't get out to open the gate and he turned around and came back home, ha, ha. Evan: damn you! Genevieve: Evan I beg your pardon.... your saying. Dave: say nice words, Evan, ha (all laughed) Dave: I never saw that broken leg (Evan's) Genevieve: I had to keep him in bed for 3 weeks. He couldn't even turn over. At 3 o'clock in the morning he'd get awake and I'd have to read him a story. Dave: Ada, I understand you used to speak over a radio WPBI in Baltimore. Tell us what it was about. Was it for a beer co.? Ada: No, no, ha, ha. Ada: I was on for 15 minutes. It was dramatic sketches. different things each week and on for 8 weeks. Some interesting things did happen. The announcer said "I don't think I can go on the .... air. I didn't know what to do. There was no one else to take over. So I was trying to go on with the program and think up what to say in case he did collapse there, ha. But he went on through with it. Dave: You may have been an announcer if he'd collapsed. Did you have an audience? Ada: just a small one. In those days they sat in another room at that time.--the control room. Dave: what were the stories about: Ada: or, different things, Let me see. One I gave about Pappa and the boy. I don't know if I'll remember it. Perhaps Evan would like that. Ada: "But it's not so agreeable about 2 o'clock in the morning when you're dead for sleep and you wouldn't give anything to hear pres. Truman speak. Well, this little boy woke up about 2 and said "Hey, Daddy. What? Did. .... What do you want? Nothing. Then go to sleep. I ain't sleep Daddy. Well, I am young man. I'm not abit. Daddy if you was rich what would you buy me? I do t know. go to sleep. Wouldn't you buy me nothing? I suppose so. Then what would you buy me? Maybe a steam engine. would the wheels go round and round? Yes, yes, go to sleep. Daddy, if I was rich I'd buy sou something. Would you? I'd buy you some choc. drops and ice cream. No one wants to hear it this time in the morning. Go to sleep. Daddy, daddy, Well? what do you want now? Let me think-- I want a drink of water. No you do 't. Yes I do, daddy. (thinking.. there'll be no peace until the boy gets a drink you get water) I do 't want to hear another word from you tonight, young man. I can spell" dog, daddy. No one wants to hear you spell it now. Yes, please.

Sharp's Stories, taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

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186 *edda*

C-A-T--dog. Is that right daddy. No it isn't, but nobody cares. Then it's D-O-G? Yes, yes, now go to sleep. Then I'll be a good little boy, won't I? Yes, you'll be the best boy on earth. Good nite, daddy. Good night. -----Daddy, daddy -----don't you wish you had 2, 3 5 or 300 little boys?

Ada: I haven't done that one for years and years. (relatives laugh). Si: I'm going to bed. You'd better too. ....

Si: (pretending to be a political candidate) "on this auspicious occasion, it is very gratifying to see your ignorant faces. (Si changing his voice, ha) I'll give you a dollar a vote for your vote" Dad: that's what they were trying to do. Dave: what are your planning to do this week: Ivan: well, I plan on making a little hay, taking off some

honey, kill a few ground squirrels, whistle pigs and kill a little time. And visit a little with my relatives and friends, and then figuring on going back to work. Save a little of my vacation for deer season. I do like to hunt deer. I haven't had very much success as far as bringing in some game. A lot of exercise and enjoyment--just running through the woods totting a gun. Dave: what you doing there, Dad? Bleeping?

Dad: finishing up a good nap. I didn't go to sleep last night till half past 1 o'clock, waiting for you to come in and you didn't get in. But made up for it this evening. Dave: Did you know we were coming in yesterday or today? Dad: I heard you were coming in to Ivan's last night. Said you phoned through and said where the key was at (to get in the house at Nitro.)..... I'd a ..... Dave: I told him to leave it

under a cup on the back porch and he didn't like that idea much. Ivan: we were on a party line and I didn't want all the neighbors know where I was hiding the key. So I told him I'd leave it with his old girl friend across the street, Hattie Howell. (She went to Wesleyan same time as Dave) Dad: did you find anything to eat? Dave: they just about ate it about all up. wasn't much left there. (kidding) We went to the cellar and opened up peaches and pears and plums and apples (kidding) and we really had a feast. This is Aug. 21, 1949. ....(all eating at table).

..... Ada: did you have a lot of raspberries this year? Dad: a few. Had 40 gallons one year..... (End of first side of cassette)

(Eating at table, all talking, not clear .....)

Genevieve: One of our cousins up home (Arborvale) Ed Arbogast's boy, came along in a car and we were out there making hay. Stella said "Ed you don't have any children yet?" He said "Well, we're still trying" ha, Ada: If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. Dad: Is that thing recording everything we say? Dad: do you want any berries? If you do go in there and help yourself. I'm going to shave. I've got to go to that funeral..... Dave: did you see Melinda out there a while ago? Ada: yes, yesterday, not today. Dave: she can't hear well... (flame swallow) Dad: ..... gas in his mouth. Did you see that

Ralph? He set that on fire and it went down his throat, then as it came out..... Si: ~~alcohol~~ alcohol flame.....and when they stick that in their mouth they generally let out a mouth of air to keep the heat going away, you see. Dad: As it came out his throat he lit a cigarette. (Dave started to put a lighted match in his mouth) Dad: Oh, don't do that. Dave: I saw Bill Viering (at Wesleyan) chew up a razor blade and supposedly swallow it, but probably put in a side cheek.

Si: ..... he looked like he was drunk, this fellow. He was asked if he'd give him a push to get the car started. He said, yes he'd push him. She backed off about 20 feet and came a sailing and smashed into the back of that thing and smashed the bumpers right off and flattened the fenders, and nearly broke that fellows neck. ha, ha, ha.

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Sharp's Stories, taped 8-21-49 by Dave Sharp

Page 3

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Si: (talking about a boy who lit seat of his pants and a gas flame shot out and breaches on fire--use wool pants instead of cotton. Ha, ha.)  
 Si: talking about danger, that's dangerous!  
 Si: I wonder who reported the deer lick, salt lick back of the water fountain? (The game warden said there was one reported there. He was up there at 2 o'clock watching for them. Dad: Now if one comes there, they'll kill it. Si found the head of one where they dressed one up and left the head down in the hollow. A nice buck.)  
 Will Curtain: Wasn't it old man Sam Gibson.... he could tell you right smart about deer. He was sick in bed and we went up there one time.  
 Ivan: (or Si?): Yes, I used to like to go up there and listen to the bear stories. He'd sit there and smoke his pipe and tell the stories.  
 Indian Fight: (maybe later get a better or clearer version from the original reel tape instead of this cassette.) Dad: The Indian, had his hide so greased he couldn't hold him. Uncle Hugh would tell that.... Si, how was it? ..... He shot at the Indian and he had a muzzle loader and before he could get another shot, the Indian, --there were two of them ... (one?) Indian going away. and he said he got him down and his hide was so slick with grease he couldn't hold him and he said he (Indian?) was reaching down to get a knife out of his scabbard, the Indian was.... I can't tell you all the story but he finally killed the Indian. The one he shot first was..... he noticed him just as he got through with the other one, he propped himself up and he was ready to shoot him (white man).. (/) Uncle Hugh used to tell that. It was interesting to hear him. It'd take him about 1/2 hour to tell that story about Joe Logst (or Louset?)  
 Dave: wasn't it Uncle Hugh as a boy that was chased into a log by a bear?  
 Dad: That was Uncle Harmon. a long time ago, no, it was Uncle Hugh, by the way. Uncle Harmon told him a doe on the mountain had some young fawns in a brush thicket. That he heard them in there. He told Uncle Hugh to go up there and he could catch them. He'd been told that if you go in screaming and yelling and squalling that a fawn will lay right down and you can run right in and pick them up. And he dreamed he had a cane, a complete cane, with a knot on the end turned you know. The night before he dreamed something about being in a fight with a bear. So he went up the hill here. He saw a cane, and cut it, just carried out just like in his dream. So he went up to where Uncle Harmon said he saw that doe that had the fawns in there. He got up there in brush, you know and he went jumping over top the brush and hollering and when he got in there, there was an old she bear that reared right up in his face, that had cubs in there. He went backwards and got out and started running. He ran down on the sugar flat, where there was ~~at~~ a big hollow log there and he ran in that log. Well that would be the place the bear would want him wouldn't it! ha, ha. I... would a climbed a tree. He was scared to death and didn't know what he was doing! .... Uncle Harmon told Uncle Hugh that he heard the doe in the thick brush. Si, you've heard him (Hugh) tell about it. Si: yes, he told me "I saw if there was any running to do.....that Harmon, he knew that was a bear in there, ha, ha. .... End of tape.

Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 1  
(age 76)

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Ada, Ivan,  
Stories: Otha, deer hunting, school house, bear,

Dad: Bowd (Boude) Hannah went out one evening to hunt the cows and he had his dog with him and he went back upon the mt. on Gauley. The dog came up on an old she bear and cubs. (Dave: was it before you were born? Dad: No. I was going to school, a chunk of a boy. The dog took for the year and the bear took after the dog to run it from the cubs. When he saw the bear and dog coming he climbed up a pine tree. The dog ran an to the tree for protection and the bear came to the tree and saw him up there. The bear went right up the tree after him and the dog ran away. It was a small pine tree. He shook the tree, it was tall and slim. He shook and hollered and they heard him all over Elk. Old man Billie Hannah, a mile away, heard him hollering. He said he knew Bowd was in distress. He got his gun and hit for there as soon as he could. That bear, gave some knaws and drove his teeth into the tree. They said he was scared nearly to death. And Billie Hannah got within about 100 yards, I expect before that old she bear left that tree. The dog ran off. The bear went after her cubs. He shook her off the tree. A bear can climb a large tree, but it's hard to climb a small one. SI: was he the fellow that ran into a wild cat? Dad: yes, he was going before daylingt one morning up on the mountain after cows. He had his dog, maybe the same dog, with him, The dog was in front of him and this wild cat went up on a tree to jump on him and the dog happened to be in front of him and he jumped right off the tree on the dog. He said he had a cane with him It was a big dog and into it they went. He and the dog killed the wildcat. He said if he hadn't had the dog it would have killed him. Dave: Didn't you catch a wildcat in a trap? Dad: yes, up at the forks of Slatyfork creek, near Buck hollow. I saw a wildcat in my trap. The biggest one I ever caught or bought. I threw him across my shoulder and his front feet almost touched the ground. I'd gone up close to him and got a cane (stick) about as l rge as my arm. It was a dry stick. I got up to kill him the first lick. I was going to hit him with all my might and I hauled away with all that I had and he growled at me. When I gave him the lick, the stick broke off right above my hand and the stick went the other way. The stick was rotten inside. Boy's I went and got me a stick that I knew wouldn't break. I tried it. I went up again. He laid on the ground and growled gr-r-r-r. Everytime I hit him --about four times before I killed him. That wildcat had jumped in every direction trying to get out. The stake had gone down about 12 inches to the flat limestone rock. If he had jumped upward, there wasn't a thing in the world to hold him. The hole was 3 inches across the top. But he had jumped and worked the hole big in the swamp. If he had jumped at me that stake would have come out. Ivan, it was in a muck near that swamp just below where you cross that swamp there at that appletree. XXXX I'd set the trap for coons.

WXY Will Curtain: one time when we were up there hunting something came down that middle mt. like a streak of lightening. It wasn't any sheep nor deer. Dad: Over on Gauley, a boy there if clothes would have come off, they'd have come off. I was over there watching a deer lick and a deer dug a holes in the ground I expect 2 feet deep, where we had salt. I got down in an old pine tree top. I secured myself down in there hiding myself from the deer. It was hard to get in there and just as hard to get out. I looked across where the salt was, there was a big wildcat. --right at the deer lick. I don't know how it got there--it must have slipped around the other side. Those big ones they call catamounts. I sighted with my gun. An Englishman (there was an English settlement at Linwood to Mingo) was there with me and we wanted a deer so bad. He was watching another deer lick. I sighted and studied if I should shoot it. If I shot it I wouldn't get a deer. Finally I decided it was pretty close to time to leave there and I'll just kill it.

SHARP 3



Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) Page 2

The wildcat came there looking for a deer, smelled around and looked. So I got down like this, you know --it wasn't over 20 steps from me. I cracked down on that thing--I remembered afterwards, --I'd looked at those sights so long, that I just looked at the front bead. That catamount didn't know where I was at. He wanted to get away from that shot and right into that pine top where I was and you never saw a boy come so! It scared me to death! I came off of there yelling at it. I didn't try shooting again. It wasn't trying to get me. But I didn't know it. Then it took off the other way. Boy I was scared! Si: Was you as scared as the time you shot a cub ear off a log? Dad: That was up on Slatyfork mt. I shot a cub bear off a log. There were 3 of them together. The were coming down off the mt. I'd never seen a bear in the woods before. I saw what I thought was 3 black hogs, that I thought belonged to a man named Ben Varner. I was sure they were black hogs. Got within about 100 yards. I'd seen pictures of a bear. I'd never been to a zoological garden. That they came down to about 50 or 75 yards of me and I saw they were bear. They just dropped down in the water and wallowed like dogs. They were hot because they were running. A man named Woods Dilley was after them back on the mountain. I thought I'll just kill them. I had a single shot Winchester. The jumped up out of that water when they got through wallowing. The old one had her tongue out. A big log ran right along beside a sugar tree and some beeches. I'd heard uncle Harmon Sharp say about bears. You yell "halt" to a bear and you yell "yenk" to a deer, and they'll stop and give you a chance to shoot. So just as the bear passed this big sugar tree I hollered "halt" and she stopped that quick, and turned her head the other way--the sound echoed the other way. I could have shot her in the neck. Si could have shot her neck off. But I moved back against a big tree about 2 1/2 feet over.....(partly behind a tree?) I've heard if you shoot them behind the shoulders, in the breast or head, it wouldn't kill them. But just about 6 inches of it's neck showed and I could have shot her in the neck, I believe. I was afraid I couldn't. There was a tree about 18 inches right behind the shoulders of the cub. I moved the gun back to the cub and shot it off the log. I kept trying to put a cartridge in my gun and dropped two shells. The old one thought I was below there. She jumped off that log right toward me, if I was to drop dead the next minute. She jumped right square off and trying to get away from me. She jumped as close to me as that door. I just jerked my gun down like this. I got the shell just started in. Then she jumped 20 feet down over the hill. So as soon as I got the single shot gun loaded, I took off down below to head her off. Si: did you kill the cub? Dad: Yes, I killed it but I didn't get it there. She had run down to the road at Ode Gibson's (a recent man)--just below Ode Gibsons and she turned back to get the cub I'd shot. I could have stood there and shot for 150 yards where I saw them come down if I'd stayed where I was at. She ran now there and came right back up. This cub went over to the run where the water was. The blood had sprinkled the snow on both sides. I went on up on top of the high point and there was a laurel patch there. She was in that laurel. Blood was flowing out on both sides on the snow. I went up in the laurel--she might have eaten me up alive--that cub eing wounded. I crawled thru the ~~knob~~ knob and I heard them break and run out. It had laid down there. I went down over the hill after them, but couldn't see them. So I decided to go down and get Ben Varner--they lived there where Shaw's lived (in recent years)--that old house. I said "Ben, I wounded a bear up here and I want you to come up and we'll kill it. So Ben got his gun and went up there with me. He says you go around there and watch and I'll go up and take it's trail and follow it thru--blood on the snow. .... I got on one side of the tree as he came up and I jumped out at him and scared him to death! ha, ha, But he might have shot me. I should have had better sense.

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He said: let's don't go any further. Henry Sharp (lived on Middle Mt.) has a bear dog. You go get that bear dog and we'll come back here in the morning. I said: well, all right. We came down to Ben's and then along the old road home. I told my father I shot a bear. Next morning it snowed about 6 inches that night. He said: "those bear won't stay on Slatyfork mt. They will go to Cheat tonight. Everything is snowed over and we're out of wood. I wouldn't go up and get Henry Sharp's dog for there isn't any use -- you can't see anything and you can't get on the trail". My father told me that, which was right if you reason it out. So about two weeks later it set in warm weather and snow went off and Woods Dilley(?) ran across uncle Harmon. He said: "who killed one of those bear over there? I followe an old she and 2 cubs over the mountain and went back the next day and jumped them there on the Johnson Flat. S She had one cub. I followed them till they went to Cheat. Some one killed one" Dad: well, it was within 300 yards of where we left them. That was a loss.

Dad: Well, another time over on the other side of Slatyfork mountain I saw where it looked like someone had dragged a log right up over the roughest place across mossrocks. I wondered what had dragged all that moss, making such a road thru the brush. I took my gun down right there and went on up about a 100 yards and then up on top of the flat and there was a swamp there. They'd killed a sheep--an old bear was dragging that sheep. There were three others with her, 2 cubs and a yearling. All of them went thru that swamp. Law sakes a live, what a group of bear! I went on up on top about 100 yards and looked and saw them eating on that sheep. There was a felled tree and she was laying on the other side of the tree. I saw her head on the other side of the tree. They killed the yearling the next day. It was a 1/3 bigger than the cubs. They'd fight like pigs. If you've ever seen pigs sucking. One would knock the other one out and he'd run around and get another teet. That's the way they fought there and I stood and watched them with my gun this way--cocked for 15 minutes or more. Dave: why didn't you shoot one. Dad: well, I was waiting for the old big one. The wind was going strong across that way toward her. I thought she'd get up directly and I'd kill her first and then kill the whole bunch. All at once she got a whiff of me. They never looked up. If they'd looked and then ran I'd have shot. But she let that sheep go and ran for dear life! The old big one, she just came up out of there and put her feet up on that log. I had the fairest shot in the world, I reckon. I drew the gun sight in to her neck and I never touched a hair on her, ha. I came home and sent word up to old man Bill Gibson. I told him the bear are killing all your sheep. They went in there the next morning with a bunch of dogs, and told Bob, my brother-in-law to come down here and tell me about it and for him and me to go right on to the top of the mt on this side and they'd go in on the other side of Slatyfork and take the dogs thru. So Bob, may have been disappointed because he couldn't go with them. He thought it'd be all over before we got there and he didn't come at all. So ..... they had gone down on Slatyfork (creek) in that pine patch (head of creek?) and they put the dogs after them and ran the yearling bear up a tree and they killed it. The (dogs) fought the old she clear up the mt. and held her until the men got pretty close to her and she'd break away and then the dogs would catch her. She went right on up to the top of the mt. where Bob and I would have been if he'd come on. They said they'd give him time to get there. So they only got to kill one bear. I've had the most experience not to get a bear of almost anybody in the country, ha.

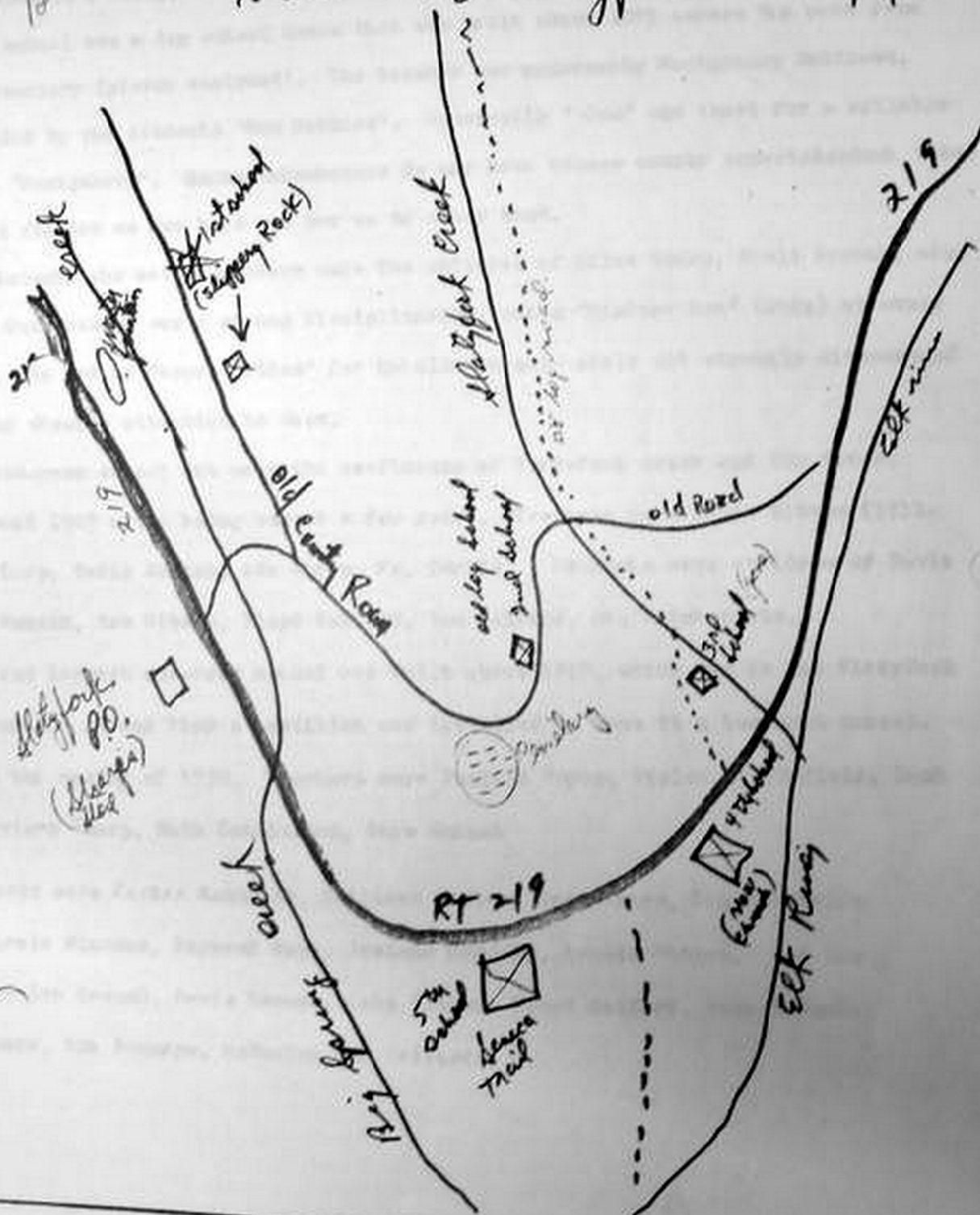
Dad: I've lost 3 deer right in succession. I killed one here about 3 years ago. I got it. Dave: you have a picture of it.



See 20-A

## Schools of Slatyfork

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The first school at Slatyfork that we know of was at "Slippery Rock" on the old county road between the present post office and the water fountain, and near a house called the "yellow house". Silas Sharp, his brothers and others in the community attended there. One day the teacher was whipping him and Silas said "that's enough" ! The teacher said "I'll say when it's enough!", but he didn't whip him any more.

The second school was a log school house that was built about 1875 across the road from the Sharp Cemetery (picture enclosed). The teacher was apparently Montgomery Matthews, but was called by the students "Gum Mathias". Apparently "Gum" was short for a syllable in the word "Montgomery". ~~Raymond Mathias~~ He may have become county superintendent later. He had three fingers on one hand and two on the other hand. Among the students who attended there were the children of Silas Sharp, Shell Hannah, etc. Luther said Gum Mathias was a strong disciplinarian, using "hickory tea" (whip) at every opportunity. He had an "appreciation" for the older pretty girls and strongly discouraged the boys from showing attention to them.

The third one-room school was near the confluence of Slatyfork creek and Elk River. It burned about 1927 after being vacant a few years. Teachers were Allie Gibson (1911-1912), Mr. Tharp, Sadie Hannah, Ada Sharp, Mr. Curtis. Students were children of Davis Hannah, Sam Hannah, Sam Gibson, Floyd Galford, Sam Galford, Mr. Painter etc..

The fourth and largest one-room school was built about 1919, which now is the Slatyfork Methodist church. At one time a partition was installed to make it a two-room school. It closed in the spring of 1930. Teachers were Pauline Guyer, Violet Littlefield, Dock Hannah, Genevieve Sharp, Ruth Cunningham, Oay Hannah

Some students were Porter Hambrick, Kathleen Carter, Dave Sharp, Don and Helen Johnson, Leola Simmons, Raymond Mace, Evelene Coberly, Archie Gibson, and the children of Lee Hannah, Davis Hannah, John Victor, Floyd Galford, Page Hannah, George Crowder, the Bonners, McNeelys and Weifords.

See 20-A



~~XXX~~ Dad: I've killed one at the top of the mt. at the (red) oak stand (I think at the right hadd corner of middle mt meadow--knob) Shot about a 100 yards. Didn't think I'd hit it. Killed it dead. It ran around the hill and another fellow got it and took off down the mt. with it. A man came around the hill, they scared the deer up to me. He said "some one killed a deer out there--right out yonder." He shot one shot (my shot) and I came around there and he just grabbed it up and ran down the mt. and I followed him a way down yonder and I'm just now coming back up. "Dad: I got up before daylight he came in here (store) and had it checked. He knew he hadn't killed it. There wasn't but one shot fired there. Well, the other year up on the mt I shot one right thru--too far back and it ran about 100 yards and fell. Blood just gushed out as far as the other side of that box (in room). It got up and ran about 20 feet and fell again and a pile of blood. The next time it fell a fellow named Martin came and picked it up and he went down to the camps (hunters camping down below). He never got it there. I'd hurt my foot and had nothing but artic shoes on so I could hardly go. Henry Shaver came to where I was and let on, he said he was sick and wanted to go home, or I'd sent him to see. I'd gone out to where I'd shot. I just went there and fell down different times. The ground was a glaze of ice. You couldn't stand on the earth. I had to hold on to hickory trees. There was one place around there if I'd of slipped I'd gone 30 yards right on to those rocks and maybe killed. I saw the danger of me slipping and I turned to come back to the fire. So that fellow got that deer. That was two of them. Then about 3 years ago I shot from one end of the meadow to the other (middle mt meadow) --the biggest deer. I took 2 two shots at him before he went to the far end of meadow. He turned around and I must have drawn the gun 6 feet over his back. I hit him plumb as a dollar right in behind the ribs, and he fell and I saw him ther. I hollered for Lowell Gibson to come. The deer got up and went over the fence and and around below following the does. He got over in that big hollow and slammed right into the bank. There was a hole that big where that big gun hit him. But he was shot too far back. We found the deer later. Henry got the horns and they're out here. That was 3 deer lost.

Ivan: didn't you kill one there before? ..... Dad: .... I yelled: "I've got him, I've got him". Ivan came running thru the meadow. I shot that deer 50 yards--shot him right in there and went on thru the deer. Never found the bullet. That deer didn't fall. He dropped down about 12 inches of the ground and ran close to the ground. He ran to the fence and jumped the fence and then tumbled down about 30 yards and died. Ivan and Ralph came running. Ye yelled "you got him". That was a nice deer, I tell you.

Dave: remember the turkey you shot and couldn't find the bullet hole?

Dad: ha, ha. the turkeys were feeding with their heads down and I shot it plumb in the "back" part, and never saw a hole in the turkey. It flew across the creek. I went over there and there it was laying. ha, ha.

Dave: told story of seeing a white wild turkey at head of Slatyfork creek. Had a 25 Stevens single shot. Thought it was a tame turkey because it was white. Then decided to shoot but had to shoot right handed (not used to it) and missed the turkey. Dad: I did an awful foolish thing, at that same place. I heard a turkey cutting a shine in that hacking. I slipped over to the briar patch that was in patches then. It's grown up now to big timber. An eagle(?) had a big bunch of small ones and was trying to catch them ..... and up flew this eagle and he went within 30 or 20 feet of me, right on down flopping his wings. I had a shot gun, and if I didn't let that eagle get away in order to get a turkey. That was really foolish. I could have shot his eyes out. Well the turkeys flew out and I didn't get any then, but I called ..... and I killed 3.

(End of first half of big reel to reel tape)

Stories by L.D. Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11)

Starts: Si playing some on the piano.  
Dad: (Regarding the old log school house on the hill) Dad: that's the "high" school I went to (high on hill) where I got all my education. It fell 2 or 3 years ago. I can tell you how old it is. Take 3 off of 77 (1875) It was built 74 years ago exactly. I was 3 years old when they sent me up there to school. My father took me up there .... to finish it. George Painter and later on lived at Valley Head, built it, old man George and he used to live here on Middle mt in the Henry Sharp house. My father took me up there and I watched..... a little fellow, you wouldn't think a fellow 3 years old would notice. He was shaving, you know, planing planks to set it inside. Planed it by hand. I'd see the shavings fly. I'd go up every day, my father would go, and watch him putting it together,--the old school house, and sealing it inside. I was three and Ella and Melinda would take me up there to the school house and they'd take a sheepskin for me to lay on. (during school). I'd lay there on the sheepskin asleep. At dinner time, mother told the girls she'd watch for me. I'd come home for dinner. I'd go in the mornings. She said she'd see the little white headed fellow a running down the road.

Log  
School  
House

Ada: it's amazing that you'd remember that. Dad: the reason I remembered the age, was that my mother always told me. Ada: now, did they eat their lunch up there? Dad: well, Melinda did ..... and I did later on. Mother said I'd say I was coming home to "eat gravy" ha, ha. I was raised on gravy, ha. Dave: are those logs still up there? Dad: some are just as solid as can be. Dave: I wonder if one could build a camp out of them. Dad: those logs could last 200 years....  
...that church over yonder (the old log church?) over a 110 years old, the back part of it, you can catch your hand in it.... all of it (rotten) it still stands. It's gonna fall down one of these days and kill a lot of people. It just rotted. It was never weatherboarded. 110 years. Rained, beating on it, just like on a log heap, and it's just as rotte. I said, "why my goodness & lives, it's dangerous for us to be in here" But Jacks Baxter(?) said "I believe the best thing to do would be to jack it up and get concrete blocks and put it on., that's what I thought we ought to do." They have song services ther. and they can't ~~be~~ (pay?) the preacher. The people don't pay enough. Only about 4 there that pays. There was 100 people there the other night and they took up a collection and got \$15 or \$20. Only paid a little bit themselves. Dunbrack's daughter, clerk in Clifton Forge Grocery co, said she came up there and couldn't get in and she went back home. Dave: doesn't it have a little balcony in the back? Dad: seems like there is one upstairs. There were so many people there that I couldn't enjoy it. I couldn't get around. On Pres. Roosevelt: Dad: He just ruined the country. That's what he was elected on. .... old Roosevelt and Truman. (Genevieve laughed)  
Roosevelt placed a liquor store on every corner in the USA. It's killed 10,000 people with it's advocating liquor. Dave: (kidding) well it balanced the budget. Dad: he "doused" (?) it ! Yes, he did, with 200 billion dollars in the hole. .... there was never a man in the USA that was elected that was as ornery as he was. ... because the whole bunch of the are a bunch of drunkards and divorced people. Si: (jokingly) "now, we'll hear from senator Curtin", ha, ha. Mrs. Roosevelt was preparing to get a divorce when he was running for office and some of them told her not to as she wouldn't get in the whitehouse, if it caused him to lose the office, so I'm told (Later confirmed in James Roosevelt's book) Genevieve: don't you know that Mrs. Roosevelt came out here to see Dad ? Violet: yes, I heard that. Si: (pretending to be Dad, who shook her hand) "I want to shake your hand", ha, ha. Mabel: she took Ramona up in her arms. .... Dad: I said "now watch out Ramona, they might kidnap you. (before he knew who it was) I was scared. Mable: you didn't know who they were. Dad: No. and Jennibbs Randolph, ... one of the fellows. There were 4 other senators and reporters along. And he (

Ada

SHARP 3



Stories by L.D.Sharp, etc. taped 8-22-49 by Dave (Reel #11) 65  
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(Randolph) said (whispering to Dad) "out there is Mrs. Roosevelt" and they said I had my shirt tail hanging out and my hands were (dirty?) and I ran out there among all of them and I said "It gives me great honor to shake the hand of the first lady of the land" I ha. ha. ha.  
Dad: the reporters came in the store and asked me what I thought of Pres. Roosevelt (before I knew who was out there) I said "times are hard. on work a while and then they shut works down and they'd hardly get money enough to live on." They said "well it's better than it was 4 years ago, wasn't it?" I said "no, it's nothing like it was 4 years ago, and it'll never get any better as long as they keep that thing there in the White House!" Judge Sharp said he read a paper out west about Mrs. Roosevelt stopping at a country store and the merchant told the reporters that times were hard and would never bet any better as long as they kept him in the white house! ha. ha. Dave: we saw a report of it in that Ronceverte paper. They'd taken the clipping out of a Washington newspaper. They said they'd stopped at a Pocahontas Co. country store and told all about it. We cut it out and had it in the showcase in the store for a long time. Ada: I'd liked to have seen that. Dave: It might be out at the store now. Dad: I don't care, I say just what I think. But it makes me almost mad to hear the name of old Truman and more yet of Old Roosevelt, because he threw this country in a ..... that we'll nver get over, and he fixed it.... I heard him say the night before he was elected that the first thing "I do I'll go after prohibition," and that's everything he did carry out. When he got in there he changed everything in the world but the resurrection of Christ and the birth of Christ, and he could have changed that if he could. He changed Thanks-giving. Dave: (joking) What did you think of him asa man? Dad: A man with no principle. He wouldn't tell the truth unless he couldn't find a lie to tell. Is that enought Dave: (pretending to be a reporter) what is your name? Dad: It's L. D. Sharp, and he's a republican! ha. Si: was it necessary for him to add that & ha, ha. Dave: now we'll have an announcement by our station manager. Si: That doesn't necessarily represent the viewpoints of this station. These are political viewpoints only. and we try to give both sides of al l questions. We will now hear from Senator Curtain and get his viewpoints on him. We ask you, ladies and gentlemen to tune in next week. Now have you bought your grow-pup dog food this week. Now a mixture of this willput an end to your .... It's a wonderful dis. We have atestimony here of the ones that have eaten it, and here is Mrs. Ada Curtain, ha, ha. Mrs. Curtain has barked all night, ha, ha.. Mrs. Curtain is that true? ha,...and Mr. Will Curtain, said Bow wow, bow wow. Dave: Mrs. Curtain will give us your testimony? Ada (barking) bow, wow, ha, ha, ha. (starts other side of Cassete (Side 2))  
Si playing the piano Dave: Now Mrs. Curtain with one of her poems:  
Ada: If I'd known this morning how wearily all the day the thoughts unkind, the trouble behind that was sad when you went away. I (would have?) been more careful darling. nor give you needless pain. But we hurt our wown with look and tone, we might never take back again. We have smiles for the stranger and a kind word for the one time guest. But ~~xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx~~ but all for our own a bitter tone, though we love our own the best. How many leave the house in the morning and never come home at night? and hearts have broken for harsh words spoken. that love can never set right. (perhaps an oritinal of hers?) Another: by Ada: this one is a little Canadian Lullaby:  
My pretty brown baby with eyes like the sea. When the sun touched the top of the wave. What for you play.... with me..... You wanta do just as she do? Oh, little brown baby speak up and tell me. An you say. .... something to say. but... on your lips will keep moving all day. Oh, little brown baby, the pride of my life. What will you be when you grow up You'll get your wife , work on the farm ... All over the county to roam I'd rather you'd stay where you are my ..... just

on the farm ... All over the county to roam I'd rather you'd stay where you are my ... just a little brown baby to me. To love and to cherish through all the day long. No joy comes so great that I see. But its true ... done went He push along the edge. He make no ...except to you. It's hard to think that someday we be dead. It seem very strange but its true.

Ada: Now this is my interpretation of a little girl:  
You're as ... and as cold as a stone little cat. The done throwed you out and left you there all alone little cat. I'm stroking your fur but you don't never purr, and ..... where little cat. Why is that? Did they posion your stomach inside little cat? Diad they pound you with bricks or beat you with sticks, little cat? Tell me that. Do you hurt very bad, when you die? Why didn't you run away and hide little cat? There's tears in my eyes, cause I most always cry when a pussy cat dies, little cat. Think of that. And I'm very sorry, besides..... So burry in the soft ground, little cat. Why I tucked the green grass all around, little cat. They can't hurt you no more..... so sore. So just sleep quiet like a cat and for-get all the dicks.....  
Another: Sometimes in the quiet evening, when the shadows creep from the west. I think of the twilight songs you sang, ..I'M the boy the.... .. you loved(best? best?)..... Little boy with the ... of head.. thats long long ago was (thine) I wonder if you sometimes long for that boy, oh little mother of mine. But now he's come to man's estate, grown stalworth in body and is strong. You scarce would believe that he is the lad you hushed with your slumber song. The years have altered the form and the life, The heart is unchanged by time. .... only thy boy as a goal. Oh, little mother of mine.

Another: They had been married just 3 weeks and on her honeymoon. She was a very energetic young lady and had married a young man noted for his lack of noble qualities. One night while they were on the honeymoon the groom was awakened by sobs from the bride. "What's wrong, what's the matter?" "Oh, I've just had such a horrible dream" Well dear, adream isn't anything to cry over. What did you dream? Oh, I just can't tell you. Oh, I dreamed I was over to Marlinton, and I saw a sign in a window that said: Bridegrooms for sale, boo-boo. All the lady's were going in and I went in too. Well Dear, what's the matter,, what was it all about? Oh, there such good looking husbands there, that sold for \$10,000 a piece. Well did you see any there amonth t ose \$10,000 ~~xxxx~~ crowd that looked like me? That's the worst of it. You were with the ones that were tied in bundles and sold for 30 cents a bunch. boo booo.

Dave: Turn on your radio next week and hear some more poems by Mrs. Ada Curtain. Now we'll have our midnight horror program. Now Genevieve please laugh. Genevieve and Ada started laughing hilariously for two minutes!! (Si playing the piano)

Dad: Story of Otha Hannah dying: Well, he took diptheria and died. About two weeks before that one of the other boys, Joe, a mischeevious boy died of diptheria too. The parents were uneasy about him because he'd never been converted. They thought he might be lost (to hell) Otha was dead maybe an hour and he came too. He said he'd been in heaven. Aunt Martha Buzzard who'd been dead for years. She witnessed all over the county and shouted all over the church. He said: (Otha) I saw Aunt Martha Buzzard. He knew her and a number of people I knew of. I saw a boy that lived up on Elk, that took the Lord's name in vain and he was in hell. The Savior showed me he was in hell. The Savior asked him "why did you take my name in vain"? He was in the flames of fire, suffering and k was the most beautiful place one could imagine. He said it (heaven) said to his mother (Mrs. David Hannah) I'd like you to fix something to eat. I want to eat with you. She prepared something and told him to come to the table. He went to the table and he sat there and didn't eat



any. She went ahead and ate and asked him why he didn't eat. He said "while you were eating the Savior fed me on light loaf, milk and honey" And he said of a small baby there (Mary, who married Sam Gibson), I can ~~take~~ take the baby and put in the fire and it won't burn or harm it. He wanted the baby to show them what he could do, but they wouldn't give it to him. He said I can take this handkerchief and throw it up against the loft and it'll hang there. He threw that handkerchief up against the loft and they said there looked like the difference of a knife blade between it and the loft, and it stayed there until the next day. Grandmother Hannah (Hester), had a small baby (Mary) and didn't go to the funeral (the next day.) She asked them what time they buried Otha. They said about 2 o'clock. She noticed that handkerchief laying across the back of the chair at 2 o'clock--at the time they put him in the grave, the handkerchief came down.

Otha said, I can show you where heaven is. (this was after he came back to life) He went outside and showed them back in yonder and said that's where heaven is. It was all lit up (after dark), the whole heaven. "Now, this is the way Papas coming, down this way. He'd (David) been to a sale (on alk) The said a light lit up like a flashlight, the way he was coming. After a while he arrived home. Otha told him all about h heaven and all he'd sen. He'd never seen Aunt Martha Buzzard. Some people say we'll know peo;le in heaven. He saw her and knew her. He'd never ~~met~~ met her in his life. She died before he was born. (His father, David said:) : well, son you've come back to stay with me. Otha said, "only for a short time.. I can't stay. It's too beautiful over there in heaven." I'll tell you what you bought at the sale. He told him of everything he bought. You bought a colt and you were going to give it to Sarah and me. (Dad: "that's my mother"). He said that that is right. So he finally at last said: "I'd like to lay down before the fire. Make me a pallet before the fire." He lay down there and never moved a hand nor foot. They looked later on and he was gone. I got ~~xxx~~ ahead of my story. He said to my mother (Sarah) "can't you see the Savior and Joe? They're just as plain as can be. Here goes Joe and there's the Savior right there in the room. She couldn't see them with her natural eyes. He (David?) was uneasy about Joe, but he was saved. He was a mischievous boy, nothing mean about him, but he'd never confessed. Of course, he believed from his training. (Dad quoting the Bible?): "Ye who believes in me shall not perish" All the family were great Christians, and one was a preacher. My grandfather lived so strict after that that he wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday.

My mother said to me when I was a boy, "don't whittle with your pocket knife on Sunday or you'll lose it." Oh, they were strict. We were taught if you take something the good Lord sees you. They taught us not to lie or steal. And you'll never prosper. Along that line of thought, when I was going to school, there were two boys that stole everything they could get their fingers on--pencils etc. They're old men now, about my age, one is 3 years older and they have hardly clothes enough to bury them. We all had the same chance. Our fathers had farms about equal. My mother said if you steal something you'll lose some other way. Those would steal and theive had a hard time of it all through life. I've worked hard. The good Lord surely has taken care of me.

Lassiters: "one of thme is in Calif. and one was sentenced to thepen on account of not registering. One in Jail wrote me a letter last winter --in calif.

March 24, 1977

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Mr. Dave Sharp  
Sharp's Jewelers  
3049 Madison Road  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Mr. Sharp:

This is a very belated thank you note for your letter which you had sent to the University of Chicago, last fall. I had left the University nine years ago, and they as well as I were flooded with so much correspondence, that we were unable to catch up with all the letters.

I very much appreciated your sharing the incident of your father with me, and I would naturally very much like to listen to the tape which your father made 20 years ago about this little boy.

Yes, we are convinced that our findings are the truth, and I do wish more people would be aware of it. Do share with me as many details as you have. It would be greatly appreciated. In the meantime, you have my correct address which is listed above.

Again, my apology for this terribly late thank you note.

Cordially,

Elisabeth K. Ross, M.D.  
Elisabeth K. Ross, M.D.

EKR/luz



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Mr. & Mrs. Dave Sharp  
4171 Paxton Woods Drive  
Cincinnati, Ohio 45209

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August 8, 1977

Dr. Elisabeth K. Ross  
1825 Sylvan Court  
Plossmoor, Illinois 60422  
Dear Dr. Ross:

At your request I am sending a taped recording my father, Luther D. Sharp, Slatyfork, W. Va. made about 15 years ago, facts his mother and father told him about his mother's brother who died while his father was 4 miles away at a sale. Dead apparently a few hours. One side of the tape is about 4 minutes of my father talking. I listened to the larger tape machine (and recorded this cassette from it) and typed very close to his conversation in the tape to make it easier for you to understand the poor quality of re-recording. The other side is also about 5 minutes of a cousin, Mrs. Allie Gibson who heard the same story from her mother who was a sister to my father. I had never heard my cousin ever discuss the story before. Before my brother Si, got a recording of her recently. You'll hear my brother asking her questions about it in the recording. --basically the same as my father said.

I've heard my father tell the story many times from the time I was a child till his death. Briefly: Othey took diphtheria. His father went to a farm sale 4 miles away. Othey died while his father, David Hannah, was at the sale. When his father returned at night, Othey told him what he had bought at the sale, saying "you bought me a poney" among other things. While his father was at the sale, Othey died, came back to life, told his mother about what all he saw in heaven... aunt Martha Buzzard, Christ asking a man why he took his name in vain, saw his brother Joe who had died shortly before of diphtheria, etc. Othey said he could take the baby that his mother (Sarah's Mother too) was babysitting for (baby named Mary, I believe, who married later on married Sam Gibson) and put it in the fireplace and it would not be harmed. He threw a red Madonna handkerchief up to the ceiling and said it would stay there, which it did till 2 o'clock the next day when Othey was buried and it then fell across a chairback. When Othey's father, David Hannah, came back from the sale, he asked Othey if he came to stay and Othey said no, that he just came back to tell how beautiful it was in heaven. Mrs. David Hannah had supper ready when he got back from the sale. They all sat down to eat. When through David asked Othey why he didn't eat food on his plate. He told his father that his Savior had fed him light loaf, milk and honey from the breadbox. (light loaf was delicacy then--usually cornbread) The family said the breadbox smelled of honey for a long time after that. The boy asked for a "nallet" (pillow) to be put down by the fireplace so he could lie down. He lay down and soon he quietly passed away. This is my recollection of the story my father told many times.

Use the enclosed typed sheet to help you hear or understand the side of the tape that is weak which is my father's voice cassette-taped from an old tape on a roll. There is a recording on each side of the tape--just short recordings.

If there is anything further I can help you on this, please let me know.

Sincerely,

Dave Sharp

PS You wrote me March 24, 1977 that you'd like to hear the tape of my father, but hunting up the tape and getting one from another branch of the family seemed to take time.

Starts with Mabel reading a letter from Paul about Vonda in operating room. He called back to a neighbor in Borger who said Thayer and Barbara were getting along fine. Four-pint blood transfusion. Got her a ponsetta. Anderson Hospital. He got a wire from Violet--they are going to Ivan's for Xmas. Love Paul.....

Dad: ..... I see a coon on that limb and I told Lowell to try it. <sup>copy</sup> ~~Next~~ <sup>Next</sup> shot he shot him out. Went down to the back of the cellar and put my head up against the cellar. ~~Idunno~~ <sup>Idunno</sup> after hearing dogs barking when I got to the old school house. I decided the dogs were away up the creek. We went to the top of the hill yonder--went down and across the creek and went up there to upper end of that meadow right from that big walnut tree and he treed that coon a  $\frac{1}{2}$  of a mile from where we were at. Best coon dogs I ever saw. I believe better than when I was 12 years old. Well sir, he'd lay in the top of the tree and Lowell said "he'll fall in the creek, what'll we do about it?" I said I don't know. I'll just shoot it lightly and maybe he'll come out. I shot once and missed. I backed up far enough, I thought the shot would sprinkle him, but he didn't move. Next shot and he fell in the creek. Si said: "why didn't the dogs go in and get him when he fell in the creek?" Dad: I don't know why. But the creek's deep, Si. Si: The dogs can swim can't they? Dad: the water's awful rough up there. Pretty near knock the daylights out of a dog. I was on one side of the creek and he hung on until he was plumb dead. And then he let all hands and feet go and came straight down and he hit that water like a chunk of a calf. And I hollered and hissed the dogs and everything and the dogs ran to the water and wouldn't go in. Uncle George (Mabel's uncle) and Lowell was on one side of the creek and me on the other, but we couldn't see where it washed out to one side or the other--clear down to the bridge. It was dark. If he were stiff he'd lodge (against a rock) but he was warm and should roll out on the bank. He certainly was a big one. I hated to loose him. Oh it was the finest night I ever saw. I expect we scared out 8 or 10 from ~~the~~ mother's apple orchard. This one was a big one. I wanted Jr. in on it. I'd give a price of a coon and some extra if Jr. had been along. But it's hard work. I got tired looking along the creek. But he hung up there (in tree) until he was as dead as four o'clock, as the saying goes. Si: I'd like to see a good coon fight in the water where a dog goes in after him. Dad: They'll drown every dog, they say. I only saw one dog go in whole of water in my life after one. That was the other dog I had when I caught those 26 one winter when I was 12 years old. I set it down in a diary. Set down everything I killed that year. It was at that hole where Pennington's lived (below church). Treed it over the hole and I shook him off and he fell in that hole of water and that yellow dog swam in. It was daylight when I got there. I heard him from over here and I went clear over the hill and down and he was there below Will Gibson. It was daylight. He seemed to sit in the water. The dogs swam up to him and he sat up on his hips and he just pulled his feet up like this and popped that yellow dog's head under the water and he got strangled and had to scramble to the shore. I hissed him back in but the coon knew to stay in the water. And then I shot him

Chinese checkers: Dad: when Mabel got playin good enough to beat me, I quit.

Old cellar over the Hill: Dad: Henry has potatoes in there. We put 15 bu. of apples in there and some one stole them all--all but  $\frac{1}{2}$  gal. and 2 or 3 bu. of potatoes. It was old H.... T... I guess. H. ... got a buggy rake ~~xxxxxx~~ tool and drewed the steeple (for lock) He carried them out on his back. I have a pain at the ball of my right heel. Hurts right into the bone



Apparently when Dad was a boy: Dad: ... cow had a calf with two heads and had it mounted. We were talking and he said to the calf to speak to this little boy. It spoke to me and I thought it was the calf talking, ha ha. I don't see how they can do that, do you? --standing over there and talk to you over here.

Dad: ... Hannah boy killed a bear. We went up to the head of Slatyfork creek and heard the dogs going around the top of the mt. and I decided no bear was coming to the head of the creek and we came out of there and came around to home here and they heard Mazie Hannah phoning to head of Elk that the bear was coming around up there on the Gibson place. and we jumped in the cars with our guns and Uncle George went up here to the Sam Gibson place. There were a whole bunch of us there watching and tourists coming along and wondered if we were watching for a gangster. But here came Si around directly and said they already killed a bear up there at Ellis Hannah's. We all went up there and Si took some good pictures. ~~The~~ Boys that was an awful big bear. His arms were bigger than an man's arms. One bite and he'd kill a sheep.

Dave: what time will you get up tomorrow? Dad: about 6 o'clock. I get uncle George up, so he can get out at 7. I got up at 15 to 3 mornings to go coon hunting. One morning I went over the hill and the dog was dragging a big coon. That night he went over and we killed two and one got away. Gee, believe me, I had a load. I went down to the old wagon house and got a piece of wire and ran through their ham strings, you know and put them across my shoulder. I'd go a little piece and have to sit down and rest. The fun was all over when I killed those two coons. Aren't allowd to kill but two coons at a time. Very good thing the other one got away or I might have violated the law and I might have overdone myself carrying them in.

Dad: Old Jack was barking at the hog pen at Henry's. I was going up to the sheep and I called him away. He was back there barking to beat the band. I went up there and he had two coonstreed up two trees. Loraine was coming to help pen the sheep. After we shot one out I had Loraine --it was before daylight--to see with a flashlight and she said yes there's another.....

Dad: Then Keith Shaw was coming up from the church and said a coon ran across the road right down there. Lowell and I went down there and by the noise of the car and lights it ran up a big oak. Lowell said he saw it and shot it out. That last one made 20 coons. You take 20 coons and the clean out the cornfield and tear it up like a bunch of hogs. ~~Sharp~~ Sharp said hogs aren't equal to beavers. He said he had 15 acres of corn on the river. He said a hog couldn't hold a candle to a beaver. They cut the stalks off and carried them off in to the river. He didn't mind telling me. He said he shot six of them. Dave: Is that the same ~~Sharp~~ Sharp that killed someone? Dad: It was his boy, I found out. One of his boys shot a hole through the top of Gay's hat. (gamwarden?) Gay would never go back in that country after that. ~~He~~ says that's the best place to hunt because the gamewardens never go back in there--you know after he got shot through the top of his hat! ha, ha. But that Gay,

g when they came over to kill those bear, he came and asked and wanted to know who went up there bear hunting that day. Jake Mace went up there because the bear killed his sheep, and he went up there and caught him without a license on his own place. Took him up before a justice at Huntersville and fined him \$20 and cost. I would have carried that up. Dave: They change the law so you can kill a bear for killing sheep? Dad: Si and I changed that. We really did. We wrote to the Times and the Times took it to the Clarksburg papers and Cal Price wrote how awful the bear was. The next thing, a rule came that Pocahontas county and a couple more, there would be no law on bear. Si wrote the best piece you ever saw. The Clarksburg paper gave Cal Price credit for writing that piece, you know.

199 Stories by L. D. Sharp. 77. taped fall 1949 by Dave Sharp (Page 2-B) 199  
(This sheet should have been immediately following the story about the two-headed calf--near top of page 2 --I overlooked one ~~sheet~~ one hand-written sheet when I typed it.)

..... (not clear)... Dad: ..... She's biggest liar I ever heard. They put them out over there at Duncan's house. She had twin babies. One named Lee after Lee Gibson and the other after Fred Hefner.

Dad: I was so tired I could hardly make it in. The roads were so bad--muddy and slushy and slick. I had that coat over all this winter ~~sheet~~ clothes and I got so hot. We had a lot of fun though. I'd liked to have had Jr. along. Dave: "let's go out tonight". Dad: I got up 15 minutes till 3 o'clock and got that big coon. I don't have vitamins enough, but Lowell will go with you in the morning. He's got vitality enough, he'll jump right out of bed and go. 4 o'clock in the morning is good. Early at night and late in morning. They must retire at 12 o'clock. You can hardly catch them then. They travel just after dark and then again in the morning again. It seems that's the way they do.

Dad: I was almost eaten up one time. I was 12 years old and went down on Gauley to where a man named Curry had a corn field. Uncle Harmon Sharp went there a few nights before that and caught 7 coons. So I went down there and there were no coons in it. So I went out on the top of the bank, and built a fire. I had a dog I had so much confidence in. A 12 year old boy to go down there and camp out. I laid down by the fire and about 11 o'clock whe down in a laurel patch the dog was fighting something down there. And directly he was hollering like he was dieing. I waited for him to come back and I got scared. I went down through looking for my dog and couldn't find him I hit it right on down to Elk River and waded across the creek. The water was low and I hit for home. He rant into a bear down in there. The next day about 1 or 2 o'clocks in the afternoon he came in with his whole side torn out. You could see his insides. After so long a time he got well. That bear might have eaten me right there and you'd never seen your daddy. ha, ha, ha. (about five laughing with him) He almost killed that dog.

(Dave: Yes, I guess if that bear had killed him, we would never have seen him ! ha.)



Dave: are you going coon hunting? Dad: Yes, I'm going over and start the dogs. I ain't able to go over the hill. Get Lowell and you all can go over the hill. You've got a lot of vim. You'd have a good chance to go up to Uncle Sam Ma Gibson's place. Just drive the car up there and get out and go under those apple trees. The creek might be up so high that if they came off Gauley Mt. they can't get across the creek. I'll take Jack and Shep over in the madow. Get your shoes on. You and Lowell go along and you two can go on over the Hill. ....(not clear)...

Dad: ... (about a girl he knew using perfume) ... etti ... a box of .... a smell, gives you a perfume. It smells pretty and there's catnip in it. And she wanted in to that and he asked her if that's how she smelled all the time., and she said "yes sir, that's my natural smell", and he'd never go back to her any more! ha. ha. ha.

Another story: ..... Dad: .... and she stepped in where some one had dumped, you know, over at the church and I could hardly stand it and I never liked that girl after that, ha, ha. Si: maybe she didn't wipe. ha, Dad: I never could like her after that. Everytime I'd think of her I'd think about that, ha. In church .... on the way, and walked to church and in the church and they smelled that.

(other side of cassette) Dad stalking a deer in a laurel patch on "bear pen ridge" on Gauley mt. Dad: ... right in the laurel patch. I walked right on out and the air was drawing from the deer to me. I walked to a birch tree, I remember it as well as yesterday. I stuck my head around. I could have pitched my gun right on top of that doe's back. Well, I cocked the gun. I'd never shot from my left shoulder in my life, ha. I got the prettiest sight you ever say. I was just looking at the front head. I never once thought of it till it was all over. I drew the bead right on the middle of the deer and pulled it off and never bouched the deer. I bet I shot a foot over it. Well, it went out of there like lightning. I jumped off in the laurel patch and fired a gain at it as it ran through in the brush, but didn't have a chance. Well, the next morning I said to Billy Marcus(?) "let's learn to shoot from the left shoulder. I could have killed that deer if I'd learned to shoot from the left shoulder. We went out and you've never seen the shooting we did (practicing) Bill got so he was better than I was. But Uncle Hugh shot all his life from his left shoulder. (Dave does too!) I was never closer to a deer in my life. That deer was eating laurel. It had it's hind leg toward me. Dave: You shot at a turkey the same way.

Dad: Ha, ha, yes the same way, ha, ha. I saw turkeys with young turkeys in the creek meadow one time, I had a mt. rifle. Had to load everytime. The turkey was going along picking grass hoppers in the grass. I picked out the largest one in the bunch. The young ones were nice size--in the fall of the year. She had her head down, facing the other way and when the gun cracked she just went over the bank were we treed that coon the other night, and flew across to that walnut tree. The others flew away. I went over and picked that turkey up and there wasn't a hole in it, ha, ha, --only a natural hole, ha, ha. Si: so you shot it right in the mouth! Dad: yes, ha, ha. That's the way to shoot a turkey--you don't tear it up, ha, ha. I've done a lot of hunting in my lifetime--ever since I was 12 years old. I'm 77, going on 78. I got so I could shoot that mt. rifle right along. YOU'd have to pour in powder and then put the bullet in and get the ramrod. It fit right under the barrel. Put a cloth wad in and then the bullet and push it in with your knife--butt end and cut the cloth off right at end of the gun, and when you got to the bottom you begin to hit the ram rod like this and when it commenced to balance back you know you had it down on the powder.

..... (some missing).... Dad: .... we'll go up to the peach orchard. Si: "I'll just call that --you're thru with the coons".--you're the one that made the bet". Dad: Like, Jr. last night, I told him I'd bet \$100 against 2 cents that the dog wasn't on the porch (gone coon hunting on his own)--oh, yes, I didn't collect the 2 cents did I?

Si: I think you & I will have to produce a spoon hide to make sure you get a coon. Lowell: we'll get one tonight or tomorrow night.  
Dad: Lowell has enough experience to know that dog wouldn't go away back up there unless a coon was there. There's no way to prove it because we didn't get the coon, but I know he ran the coon from that apple orchard.  
Si: (kidding) I'm satisfied in my mind that he was just running a fox up there and he ran far enough he decided he wanted to rest and he barked to fool you, ha. .... (Snowshoe rabbit) Dad: yes, wool on the bottom of their feet and their tracks as big as a dog's track. The first one I ever saw and I don't think I saw one since. Will Morgan saw this thing and he shot at it and I went to Will. He missed it? He said "I saw the biggest panther". I asked what color it was. He said "it's right white and as big as a sheep. I asked where it was. He said "it's right on up yonder--I know it's a panther". I never heard of a white panther in my life. I slipped along and he yelled: "wait, wait, I see it". I shot and when the gun cracked down it went. I went up to get it and held it up and it looked every bit that tall (demonstrated it). That was his "panther", ha. We brought it out to home. Si: They'll get brown in a their feet. White as snow, with long ears. Si: They'll get brown in a frying pan". Si: you know, that cold winter in 1917 you know how cold it got? It stayed about zero about all through Dec. and Jan. We caught a weasel over at the high rocks over on Slatyfork that was as white as it could be--just like they do in Canada. Dad: I saw where on crossed it's out here in the store upper window. Dad: I saw where on crossed about 15 years ago, thru yonder at the meadow, round top of the hill. Oh, I've seen 100's of tracks in Gauley up there at the high top, I never ever ate one and never saw but that one and I killed it. Dad: ...  
.... tie my shoe string. When my boys are here I want to make use of them.  
(Attempt to tape Dad and have him on the movie at same time (on front porch?) L.D.: usually Friday is my lucky day but I hunted 5 days and didn't have any luck. I was about to kill a deer on the 5th day. I was crawling up to the deer and another man scared it away, so I missed having good luck on Friday. So Sat. I went back to my old stand. The deer was coming in a different direction to one of my by-standers. He shot about 6 shots and crippled it a little bit. It ran away from him. I shot about 200 yards and broke it's leg. Another fellow said "go down in the brush, there's a big deer there on the left side of you. That other fellow didn't go in the brush so I took off down there as hard as I could down in the hollow and I brought him down. He was a 6-prong buck. Now if you want to kill deer and want a partner, you take Lowell Gibson. He's a real chum and a real hunter and if I take him with me he usually gets game. Dave: (kidding) where's Lowell? Dad: He's right here. Come over here Lowell. He and I are hunters together. He does whatever I tell him, ha, ha, ha. Dad: After I killed that fine big deer I sent Lowell back up to my stand where I'd been standing for 5 days and a big deer came thru there and he shot 6 shots and the last shot he brought him down. It was an 8-prong buck. Boy's did we have luck that day! We had two to bring in. It was a job bringing those two in. Boy's we did have venison! ha. Coon hunt:--Dad: Why, we had quite a sport killing coons. One night when there was no one here my coon hunting partner wasn't here so I wanted to go hunting so bad and started out and went over the hill to the other farm and the dogs put 3 coons up a tree. I killed one and it jumped 25 feet down over the hill. It got away in spite of everything. I couldn't get the dogs away from the tree as they knew other coons were in the tree. So I shot out the other two. Believe me, I had a load carrying those coons home, I wished my chum had been there to help. Those dogs are just pups, but really good coon dogs. They won't bark when tracking.  
(Mabel's experience at the bear chase) Dave: did she run? Dad: The dogs were coming toward us. She ran to the car as hard as she could run, jumped in and suth the door. They rant two deer out and came about 20 steps from us.



Dad: we used to have lots of turkeys. Back on the mountain there must have been 50 head of them. I followed tracks up on the flat and I thought no one within a  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile of me. I crawled up over the bank and was picking out the biggest one to shoot. But a man came up on the other side and went "bang, bang" and away went all the turkeys. I was spited ~~me~~ <sup>Turkeys</sup> enough to choke him a little bit. ha. Another time I was up on the mt. and was calling turkeys and about 15 of them came in a bow across the flat as hard as they could a calling and cutting. I banged in with the shotgun and knocked down four of them. I ran up there. One jumped 15 feet high and I could have shot it. I was so excited with it jumping. It finally jumped up and out through a hole in the trees and sailed and fell  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile down in Buck's hollow. I went down there and looked the country over and couldn't find it. So I went back up and I had three nice young turkey gobblers, about all I could carry out of there. We can't do that any more because we don't have the turkeys. They're as scarce as hen's teeth. Used to hear gobblers in the spring of the year. You seldom hear that now. Hunters and red and grey foxes about finished the wild turkeys. I'd like to recall back when my young days for a little while to have the sport like we used to have among the wild game--turkeys, deer, etc. Fish!, we used to have fish in just a little while. But we can't anymore. They stock the streams every year. But if you got the limit of 10 or 15 you've done awful well. So, back in our day we had really more enjoyable life than we do today with all our automobiles and air planes etc. We do, of course, have a few deer and most too many bear, but still that's not like plenty of turkey, fish and smaller game. Dad: another time hunting turkeys, I called up 7 big gobblers. I had a gun that I hadn't used very much. I called them up to about 20 steps of ~~xxx~~ me and planned to kill half of them, and the old gun wouldn't go off. I tried both barrels. They had their necks almost crossed each other--lined up. Their old beards looked about 10 inches long. By then they started "cutting" (danger signal) and saw me and flew out. When they got about a 100 yards, the gun went off as fair as could be. I felt like taking the gun around a tree, ha. I never had a better chance in my life and to think that old gun would do me that way. I broke the gun down that way (demonstrated) and brought it back up and it didn't cock, you see. It wouldn't cock half the time. They flew when they heard the gun clicking. That was the gun I got from a candy company for ordering a large shipment of hard candy. It wasn't worth a dime! That's some of your give-away stuff, ha. Well, I'm to go over the hill. I may take some corn over and feed those turkeys. If the water wasn't up so, I'd go in the car. .... (not clear).... Dad: ..... life's ..... where we expect to meet again. Like Martha Gibson, I was talking to her, I had to leave, and I said "we hope to meet again". She said: we will meet again. I'd talked to them at the market (sheep?). I hadn't seen them for 35 years. Talking about (age?) I said this world's good enough for me. I'd just like to live here always. I'd heard a man at conference a few years ago giving a testimony --a preacher. One fellow said he'd like to live always if the Lord would permit it. I like life. The fellow replied, I'm not caring much for living on, for according to what we believe and preach, why it's better for us beyond when this life's over. I said that's true too, but I just like life. He replied "I'm different. I'd like to go anytime.". He didn't live but about two months after that. He took sick and they took him to the Marlinton hospital and he passed over. His name was False. He said it was better on beyond.

Dad: my mother told me that just a few days before she died--I said to her, "mother, you're going to kill yourself tending to that cold that got it's leg broke. You'll take pneumonia and die. She said: why do

we worry about ~~what~~ that, Luther? It's better on beyond after this life's over. She took pneumonia and did die. Winterax Gibson was there when he was a christian and she had him to sing the most beautiful song. I forget what it was now (she apparently requested it) There was never anyone who had a better mother than I did. There was never a more devoted christian. She was permitted--gave witness to ..... her brother, Otha, died and came to life and he told all about Heaven and who was in heaven. Told them how beautiful it was. The Savior took him all over heaven and let him look down into hell. He said a boy on Elk, a wicked boy, and the savior asked him "what did you take my name in vain?" --he was in the flames of fire. He told what boy it was. Otha said: "Joe's saved. He's here with me, can't you see him? (Joe apparently had died shortly before Otha with diphtheria). --and there's the Savior. Dad: Joe was a mischevious boy and never joined the church and was never converted. Maybe never had the chance. He was raised by christian parents (David Hannah) They were uneasy about him because he was so mischevious. He died about a week or 10 days before that. That is what made the family such devored Christians. One of them, Uncle George, became a preacher. Otha could perform miracles. He said "I can throw that handkerchief up against the loft (ceiling) and it'll stay there" He threw a red handkerchief up there and it, they said, looked like just a space of a knife blade between it and the wall, and stayed there through that day and night and next day when grandmother asked what time he was burried--she had a small baby (Mary) (and couldn't go to funeral) and they said about 2 o'clock, when they put him in the grave, up there above Marvin, ah (uncle) George Hannahs--that's the Hannah graveyard. She said she noticed the handkerchief laying across the back of a chair. He (Otha) said: "I can take that child and put it in the fire (fireplace) and it won't burn". They wouldn't let him have the baby to put in the fire. Otha said "I can show you where Heaven is. They (his mother etc.) went outside and he said "up there's heaven--right back of Sam Hannah's--the whole heaven's lit up. Otha said "up this way, Pap's coming. He called him pap. He was coming home from a sale (up Elk) He told grandfather (David) everything that he bought at the Sale. Among the things, you bought a colt for Sara and I (brother and sister) Grandfather said "yes I was going to give it to you and Sarah (Dad's mother) David said "Son, you've come back to stay with me?" Otha said "no, it's too beautiful over in heaven. I've come to stay only a little while. I wish you'd make me a pallet before the fire". After about an hour or two. He laid down on the pallet before the fire and didn't move a hand nor foot. Just like going to sleep. That is what made them, well they were good Christians anyway. Grandfather (David) wouldn't eat anything cooked on Sunday. I don't know if it was before that or not. It had to be cooked on Saturday. You know, when it rained manna from Heaven to feed the Israelites they could only gather it one day at a time. If they picked two days at once it would spoil. If they gathered it on Sat. it would stay good on Sunday to eat. George commented that he heard a preacher say "a man who fed stock on Sunday wasn't a christian. I disagreed with him" Dad: your're right. Because He spoke one place: "Who is it that won't pull the ox out of the ditch?" When they went through the field plucking corn or wheat, you know, some of the people critized them--the deciples plucking wheat (of grains) because they were breaking the sabbath. and he said: "I am the Lord of the sabbath and what of you if the ox fell in the ditch wouldn't pull it out on Sunday? That means that things that have to be done, I think, possibly, it would be more harm to let the stock to starve and suffer than to feed it. YOU'd be doing a righteous act.

(End of 2nd half of reel-to-reel tape. Start on 2nd reel-to-reel.  
--the first side. -----Cassette #4B



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Dad: Hansoy Doyle said "I saw Jesus, I saw him face to face. I know him. I've met him". (Dad apparently telling of a vision he himself had): Dad: I said "I had the same experience." but I didn't tell it. Vision: I was out here on top of the hill about 5 years ago and an aunt I hadn't seen in years, Aunt Lear (or Lehr) Hannah. There was some other woman, came up from the old school house and coming up the hill-- I watched them and there was aunt Lear. I'd forgotten what she looked like--uncle George Hannah's wife. She'd been dead for several years, and she said "Luther, look yonder, look yonder". and for 2 or 3 years I couldn't speak of that without crying. It's hard to do it yet. I looked around and I never saw the heavens so beautiful in my life. There came the Savior with the most decorated stars(?) I ever saw on this earth--all around on his wings and crown. The most beautiful stars you ever saw in this world. He came on and there were two others in behind him. I wasn't to know who they were. I believe was my first wife, Laura and daughter Greola. They were decorated. You've never seen soldiers decorated that could compare anywhere. And I wondered about about---they got Christ's picture on a pocket handkerchief(?) and I wondered if that was a picture of him on it or not, but it is. Talk about a personality--the finest personality I ever looked on the face of. And I kind of had a fear--entering in to the presence of God--a poor weak sinner likeme., and he came on down to top of the graveyard hill---there was no timber there at all. And I said "shake hands with me" and he reached down and shook hands with me. (Dad weeping). It was no dream. It was a vision. Aunt Lear called my attention to it. She said "Luther look back yonder. And then when I woke up. Aunt Lear and this other woman was walking in their ordinary clothes like when they were here on earth. She said "Luther look yonder". The sky was decorated with stars of various colors, gold, silver and came coming closer till they came to the graveyard. The speak ~~mixup~~ that people are not permitted to look on the face of their creator. I've already had that privilege if I never see him again, and I shook hands with him.

End

Saw Jesus

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Tape begins at Ivan's at Nitro Xmas XXX 1949--message to L.D.  
Evan: "Merry Christmas, Grandad" --giggles. Genevieve: Merry Xmas Dad & Mabel, and Si and all the little ones. Rufus: Merry Xmas to you Dad. We all wish we could be there with you this AM. And Si I hope you are feeling fine and enjoying Xmas like we are down here at Nitro. We've just had a wonderful time. Violet: Well, good morning good old Dad. It's so nice to be here at Ivan's this AM, but it'd be so much nicer if we could all be up there with you and Si. We've been looking at some pictures and some we had of Paul and Vonda, and we've been thinking of them down in Texas, and I am sure you are too. We wish you you're having a peaceful happy Xmas up there and the new year will bring you peace and prosperity. We hope you'll all come real soon down to Richmond and we'll all have a nice family reunion together. God Bless each one of you is my prayer. Ivan: Merry Xmas Dad, Mabel and Si and those about you. Genevieve and I would like to be up there with you. It happens to be Sunday and Xmas up there with you.....(?)....  
We played it to Dad Xmas night: He laughed happily about it. Dave asked about hunting: Dad: I started in on Monday morning at 4 o'clock and hunted all week. Saw several does and on Friday my lucky day, I saw a deer at a distance and I had to back out from where I was and go about a 1/4 a mile around to get up on the deer and got down and crawled and had everything going my way, and I had about 30 yards yet to crawl and don't you know that big deer that was feeding was in a fair opening and Henry Shaver was watching from a distance when we first saw it. And a scoundrel, I don't really know what you'd call him, ha, came up on the other side and when I got up to lay my gun on the rail fence to shoot the big buck it was gone. That's how he scared it and ran it away. I lost out and lost faith. Then on Sat. I went out and Henry Gibson asked if Lowell could go along. I said "yes, I need a partner, and so Ivan, Ralph, Evan was back on the mountain and I think they ran the deer to me. I shot and broke it's leg and followed it's track about 300 yards and that time he laid there! a 6-prong buck and he was a dandy. Well, just after killing it I looked and saw 4 deer going across the ridge. One was large. I told Lowell to go back up to where I was on a stand and I'd follow the deer around and go across at the head of the other hollow, as I wasn't allowed to kill any more. When I got over there they had gone through. Just now I heard Lowell commence bang! bang! bang! He shot about 6 shots and the last shot hit him in the back bone and dropped him down. When I went up there he had an 8 point buck, a dandy! If you don't call that luck I don't know what you'd call it! We'd hunted all week and then on Sat we had our first luck after seeing so many ~~XXXX~~ does. ha. Uncle George here (Mabel's uncle?) 1st day of the season he was afraid of getting shot. Wouldn't go in the woods so he sat up on the mountain and some one ran a big buck by him and he dropped it. He came to the house and said "Henry, come up here quick. I got him--I got him!" I hollered for Ivan and Evan came by him and helped carry it in. It was the best luck we've had for years. I gave Ivan the head and hide and horns. And he is having it mounted. And Uncle George is giving him his (Dave: these must be the two deer heads of Ivan's mounted on one board--?) I didn't know Ivan would mount them so I messed up the neck of Uncle George's.  
.....Si telling about someone backing into Frank's car etc. and about Dumire in 2nd world war.  
Dave: I hear you killed some coons--? Dad: Well s.r., I caught our limit. We have the best coon dogs--most any night you can get a coon. We go over to the apple orchard across the creek. We don't go so far from the house and over on the other farm (old home place). Dave: can't we go tonight? Dad: This is Sunday night I--my boy. Don't you regard the sabbath and keep it holy? ha. ha. Si: (kidding) Dad's dogs hunt on Sunday. He made us go to church on Sunday but he doesn't make the dogs go!



206 Dad: I went over the hill one night by myself and the dogs treed a coon up a wild cherry tree beyond that barn (the big red barn?) I went up there and there were 3 coons. I shot one and one jumped out 25 feet from the tree--near the wagon house. The dogs knew the coons were in the tree. I tried to get them to chase the coon but they'd run back to that tree. and it got away. But I shot the two out and you should have seen the dogs fight them. I had the ~~xx~~ awfulest load. I hunted up a wire and tied them together. I was worn out when I got home.

Si: talking about army tank binoculars etc.  
Dad--telling a story of the Civil war that was on the Edison Phonograph (Dave has the phonograph and the record) --about the colored man "darky" in the army. They asked the darky that was enlisting in the army how many battles he'd been in previously. Darkey: Well, I've been in thousands of battles. Enlisten: there wasn't thousands of battles. Darkey: well, I've been in loo's of battles.... Well I know I've been in two battles.

Recruiter: what were they? Darkey: the battle with my wife and the battle of Bull's run. Recruiter: I bet at the battle of Bull's Run you did some running? Darkey: "Yesss Sirrrreee!" When the ordered retreat I sure ran! Recruiter: what about the battle with your wife? Darkey: Oh, I surrendered! ha, ha. He then said to the captain: I want you to do me one favor. I don't want you to put me in the cavalry---so, when the captain say's "retreat!", I don't want a horse to hole me back in the retreat." ..... some not clear..... *Gum Mathias*

Si: ...Gum Mathias.... then Si telling about a teacher going up on Elk ... and Sandy (or Andy) wouldn't study. Parents told teacher to make him study anyhow. He said "I ..... him once but id doesn't do a bit o good". So the next morning he (teacher) said we'll all study now. Andy, get put your book and study. He said Andy wouldn't open his book. So he went back and caught him by the top of his shirt and he said he just shook him almost out of his clothes, tore all the buttons off his shirt. He set him back in his seat and Andy opened up his book and he studied from then on. The teacher stopped by the home and they asked him if Andy studied? He said: didn't Andy tell you? They said "no, he never tells us anything. The teacher said he studied fine. I just shook him till all the buttons fell off his shirt. Them old lady said: "that's alright, I'll sewe them back on". ha, ha.

Dave: Dad, did you know Gum Mathias the teacher?

Dad: I reckon I did know him! Si: "wasn't you and some other boy going to whip him one time"? Dad: Davis Hannah, Joe Sharp and I---we saw him about beat the daylights out of other kids. He had a stick about 20 inches long---he'd cut on it as a regulator (a ruler?) and he used it to prop up the window. He'd just jerk that out of the window and grab a youngen' and blister him right! ---almost wear him out. So we three made it up that if he jumped one of us we'd join to gether and we'd lick the old man. We were in our teens (1s?) ha, ha. ~~max~~ One day....he always would court some girl (student) --pick out some girl to court. Gum Mathias had 3 fingers on one hand and two on the other. (Dave: Raymond Mace wrote me the same thing!) Dad: He had high shoulders. A head as big as William Jennings Bryant. Smart enough and all like that. One day we were out there playing draw ball.. and they threw, you know, the ball to the other side and whoever was hit it put you out .. and so I dove for it and someone missed it. He yelled: "you jumped behind that girl to keep from getting hit"! He talked so independenat and mean. I looked for the other boys but neither was there that day. I said "Gum Mathias, I didn't do it! I was beginning to think about the girls too, ha. He said: "don't you tell me you didn't jumpe behind that girl to keep from getting hit." I said no sir I did not. Dave: did he do anything to you? Dad: no, he stopped there.

↑ Gum Mathias

Dad telling about being nearly shot on a haystack:  
 Dad: I went up in the meadow to feed the calves. Took Albert Hannah along. He was a boy that came from school. (both 12 or 13 ??) I took my gun along with me. There were snow birds ou in the snow. While I was throwing the hay off the stack I told him to kill one of them. All you had to do was to barely touch the trigger on that gun. So e wiggled around trying to get a sight on a bird.--we didn't have English sparrows then-- I hadn't seen one till about 60 years ago. I said: reach me that gun and I'll show you how to kill one. He was reaching the gun up to me. I had a hold of the stack pole and reaching down to him He hadn't let the hammer down and he touched that trigger and the bullet went along the side of my temple and I just fell. I was numb. Wjen I got over that numbness I felt my head to see if blood. I remember it as well as yesterday. I said "Albert, you've shot me" I. He said: "don't you tell Paps, he'll whip me to death" I asked him if he saw any blood and he said he didn't.

Story of Dad stomping a skunk to death 1

Dad: I was coming up from the Porter Morre house (mouth of Slatyfork creek) --up that steep path--side of the hill near Sla yfork creek. I'd been down to Uncle Harmon Sharp's one night. I heard something coming above the path in the leaves. Skunks were worth about \$2. Money was scarce. It was a skunk. I jumped on the skunk ~~skunk~~ above a cliff of rocks and my feet slipped,,,where the bank is awful steep. I landed at the bottom and broke my lantern globe. I was hurt so bad I thought I'd lay there a minute. I'd gone 20 feet--rolled down to the bottom. By the way, I felt something digging under me. I'd caught that skunk sliding down there and I had it down tight and it couldn't do a thing. So I raised up just a little bit. I got off as soon as he started kicking and scratching. Oh, land of mercy, it threw that scent all over me and I got up and stomped that skunk to death. ha, ha. Those boots I had on they stunk every time I'd warm them up--(Dave: I guess before the fire place that winter) and I'd think of that old skunk, Ha. Well, I got the skunk ~~skunk~~ alright! Another skunk story:

Dad: My father and I, we tracked some skunks in down the creek bank -- back under a big flat rock. We got a mattock and went to digging. We built a fire in below it trying to smoke it out. You can't smoke them out or we didn't that time. We blew the smoke back under that rock. So we ~~jumped and~~ jumped in and thought we could dig in back behind that flat rock. We dug down. My father was digging and told me to watch below. He said: I'm coming through on it. The mattock broke in to it here. Now you watch there with that stick. I was watching. The smoke had strained my eyes. He puched down in there and instead of the skunk throwing it out his way he filled my eyes full through that smoke, Ha, ha. Great lands'. The reason the dog wallows and rubs his head in the grass, it's not the smell. it's butns just like fire. I strained my eyes to seea dn it was about 10 feet to the creek. I made about five jumps into the creek and stuck my head right down in the water to get it out of my eyes. I washed and rubbed it out. My father finally killed the skunk.

Story of Uncle Hugh chased by a bear 1

Dad: That's when Uncle Harmon Sharp said he heard an old deer and she had fawns in there (up on the mountain)(in a brush thicket) Uncle Hugh, just abboy, went yp there on Sunday morning. He had a dream that night that he had a fight with a bear and he had a cane with a knot on it. He'd get deer and raise them. He wanted to get one of those fawns. With a young fawn you squall and holler and they'll stay down. when they are a few days old. You can run up and catch them. He went up there and there was an old she bear and 4 cubs in there! He'd cut this cane off as he went up the hill just like he'd dreamed of. It had a knot on it, just like in the dream



He then heard the noise in the thick brush, so he made a jump in there a hollering to catch the fawn. Instead of a deer it was an old she bear. He kept saying "akh, akh, akh" and backing up and putting up a brave face to the bear till he got outside. and he said he ran down over the hill. He was just a boy. He saw a big hollow log and he said "I just piled into that old log and went in as far as I could go---if that bear had followed me that was just where ~~he~~ she would have wanted me" ha, ha. He made the bear think he was brave until he got out of there.

.....~~xxxx~~ Dad: Everybody has an influence on some one. I was watching a baby in it's mother's arms. The little fellow yawned. I stopped in the middle of my talking and yawned. So I said: "Everyone has an influence. You may not think so, but you ~~do~~ do." I said pardon me, but I watched that little baby and it had enough influence over me to cause me to yawn. They all laughed."

More deer hunting--not clear: on the mountain--Henry Loraine, Lowell. --telling strategy etc.

Dad driving his first car home : Dad:

It was in 1915 that I bought my first car. (Ivan thought it was 1914) You can count it up--15 from 49 is 35 years. I went over to Marlinton fair grounds (to learn) and drove it around two or three times. Then they took me out (out of the fair ground) and started home. and Mr. Burr who was with me--and another fellow was following us in another car---we didn't have good roads then They were muddy (They turned Dad loose there at Campbelltown and Dad started home on the old dirt road) (Tape is blurred but here is some of it): ... I drove down to Charles McGuire's place ..... (someone) in a wagon. and the horses started hollering (with fright) I stopped, and they held the horses. I was afraid the horses would jump out in the road, you know. I came on down to Page Hannahs, ..... ha, ha. (Dave: I remember him telling that he had to back up on a curve there with great difficulty.) ---and he came on home.

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1st  
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(from Reel and Cassettes #8) Sat, Dec 31, 1949

(L.D. Ivan, Genevieve, Dave, Evan) Starts Dad and Ivan singing. Then eating at the table. Singing "Little Star of Bethlehem". Then Ivan saying the blessing at the table. (blurred) Ivan: "Our dear heavenly Father we thank thee for thy goodness and kindness, and watching over us and taking careous and permitted us to assemble around this family table again. Bless this food to the good of our bodies and bless our fellowship together and at last save us in they kingdom, we ask it in Jesus' name. Amen." Ivan: Everybody help yourselves. Violet: thank you. Sylvia--wanted some of the hot bread. Dad: help yourself..... (a lot of it unclear).....

Dave: are you going coon hunting tonight too, Dad? Dad: you've never heard of "LD" to fail! --only that time I wasn't there, ha. I go over here (meadow across the creek)(corn) when nobody else goes. I have to go by myself. Ivan: have you got any sideboards for my plate? Dave: Evan, are you going coon hunting tonight, too? Evan: yes! Dave: aren't you afraid of coons? Dad: well we have a slim chance..... Dave: Ivan did you hear about one coon falling in the river? Ivan: yes, I heard about that. Dad: I hated that, I believe that was the biggest coon this year. He fell out of the tree as dead as a door's nail. Eunice asked me how that term got started--she'd heard it all her life. ....

Dad: Jr. won't drink any milk from his Dad's cows, he's afraid it isn't good like Cinti. milk. I believe he's afraid of the milkagg (Henry Shaver's milking--unpasteurized). Dave: Ivan's a traitor to his country--he's drinking tea. Ivan: my wife, "Eve" persuaded me. Dad: Is there any ice for my milk? Dave: If it hadn't been for the Boston tea party, maybe we'd be drinking tea. Dad: How was that? Dave: didn't you study that in histroy? Dad: no, I didn't. Dave: The British taxed the tea to payfor their soldiers over here and we didn't want that, so our men dressed up like Indians and threw all the tea off the ships into the sea. Dad: They did? Dave: then the revolutionary war started. Ivan Taxation without representation. Dad. Then the didn't let us send representatives from this country?

Dad: Do we have any maple syrup? Genevieve: here's some apple butter. Dad: Ivan and Jr. do you want some of this maple syrup? Dad: Jr. go there in the delco house, there's a whole case of honey brought back from the time the other day (trip peddling in Randolph?) and get you some of that honey. It's already in cartons. Ivan: If you're going coon hunting, better eat a lot. The dogs are barking to go now. Dad: oh, those dogs can bark! (Eunice came in kitchen) Genevieve: Hi, Eunice. Come in..(Everyone said "happy new year" Dad: come eat with us. .... (she finally sat to eat) ..... (food mentioned at the table: strawberry jam chicken, ham, cottage salad, apple butter, beans, pudding, cheese hot bread, cranberry, etc.

Mable: I'd like to take Dave & Sylvia to church tomorrow. Dave: are you having a contest? Mable yes. .... (calendar shows it to be Sat, 31st '49) (William Morgan) Dave: is Edgar still living? Dad: no, Edgar has been dead for years. Will's still living. Ivan met him at the Ramsey reunion. I didn't get to go ..... He looked old. You've seen Uncle Will, haven't you? Dave: yes. ... Genevieve: Ivan wanted to get Dad some tires, so I thought they ought to have something for the house, so I got some fostoria. .... Ivan: Plymouth is going to put out a cheap car, something like the Crosley. Dad: what do you call cheap? Ivan:, oh, about a thousand dollars. Genevieve: Kaeser-Frazier is making a cheaper car too ..... (table talk) Dad: I was fishing up at Eula KRM bellowing and I brabbed a rock and I hauled away and hit him right between the eyes. I told Eula that I hit him. ....

(Evan must have cut his own hair) Mable: we almost had to get him a whig. Dad: turn your head around and show what the "barber" did. Evan: Si trimmed it off. Mable: I remember Ralph cut his one time.



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Dad:; Thayer did the biggest. Eunice: Lowell cut his one time.  
(on his.)

Dad: Ivan, one time, a little fellow, sat down to get his hair cut on the old house porch. I had the clippers. Then I had to go from the old house down to the store. A fellow hollered "Hello" at the store. I said sit there Ivan while I go wait on him. When I came back he'd started in right here and he cut up to there. So I had to cut his hair all off short to straighten it. Dave: Remember the time that Si and Paul cut Donald's hair off short? There was a circus over at the old place (in upper creek meadow) They just shaved to top of his head to look just like a bald-headed man. He was just a little boy, about like Evan, and they left just a little hair around above his ears. Dad always said we had to go to church, but he wouldn't let Donald go for a month. Dad: He'd attract too much attention with everyone laughing, you know. I scolded the boys about it. ha, ha. Mabel: Dave, you cut Freda Phares' brother's hair off one time. Eunice: wasn't his name Jim? Dave: This Rhea up here that carries the mail. His boy came down and had me to cut his hair. I just cut a road through the top.  
Dad: the only time I ever had to whip Jr. in church --you were a little fellow and pinned a clothe on a fellow's coat tail, ha, ha. And I gave him an awful good whipping over that. ha, ha. He was an awful mischievous little fellow ..... he was about the age of Evan.....  
(coon hunting talk): Dave: You're not going to take a gun are you, Ivan? Evan: if dad will want me to. Dave: Give him a shotgun! Evan: (knowing I was kidding said) "hu hu" Dad: you don't have a light gun like a 22? ..... Dave: Dad you might as well ride over there with us.....  
Dad: We may go to Cinti and stay a few days, ha, ha. Ivan: I was thinking why didn't you and Mabel come down to our place for Xmas and then come up with Dave and Sylvia. Dad: We just couldn't get away, if we had 100 invitations.....we know we have an invitation all the time, so we don't need an invitation. Ivan: If you'll come down I'll bring you back any Friday ~~at~~ night. Dad: This was awful dangerous wasn't it, --Dave coming in? (snow on roads). Two years ago it snowed 15 feet deep up on Middle Mt. meadow. Ivan: these tires will help you an awful lot. Dad: I bought two tires---knobby treads. Ivan: yes, they should be on rear together.  
End of the big reel #8 .----

If the cassette is turned over it will be garbled until last 1/3 and it may repeat what is on the first side?

Some of it may be ~~is~~ clearer than other side.

There is some talk about the first cars (after the war?) If so, this tape may have been before 1949--maybe 1947 ?? (At one place Dave said: "it was about August when we got it. They started making them about Feb. or March....) So...???

The box the #8 reel was in is dated "Dec 31" Then Mabel said she wanted Dave & Sylvia to go to church tomorrow (Sunday) indicating it was Sat that the tape was made. The only Saturday Dec. 31st is in 1949.  
so ....

Dad, Ivan, ~~Odes~~ Gibson, Ralph? Lowell? Si Reel #6 (A)  
(1st half of LD and 2nd half of reel 6 is of Eriels)

Dad: a fellow told me, he came here wanting to buy sheep and said someone told him Marylin Hannah wanted to sell all the sheep he had this year, because they had abortions and were all losing their lambs. Some ewes lose their lambs before their time. .... cause cows too. ... should take that ewe from the other sheep. It's a disease. Ivan: (or Odes)? Veo has lost 4 calves this year. Dad: He only got 5 calves. He had nine and lost 4 of them Otis: The Mace woman down there, she lost twin calves. Dad: I feel sorry for her. Who's cow had twin calves? ~~XXXX~~ Otis: one of hers. Dad: Nelia Mace's? Lately? ~~Odes~~ She was telling me here last week "I was down at Harry's and ..... and she lost 5 cows. Dad: Well, she lost three when ..... well there must be something wrong! Si: what was wrong with Veo's calves? Ivan: Veo's not lost any before, Si. Dad: I think he lost two last year. Ivan, well last year he lost one, but well he just had a bad time of it. We lost two last year because of carelessness, and this year I set my head to there wouldn't be any carelessness. If we had losses it wouldn't be our fault, and we never lost a one out of 11. .... Dad: He said she wouldn't jump three rails.... bought her and took her home and put her in a x 8-rail fence and she cleared it! and went back on old H. Scheerer and told him you said she wouldn't jump a three rail fence. He said: "she won't, she won't --she'll just step over it! ha, He wasa pretty slick drader. He sold a horse to a fellow. He was asked how he pulled. Scheerer: Oh, that horse with a wagon, when you come to a hill he's right there. The man bought it. When he got to a hill he "was there"! He ~~XXXX~~ backed and wouldn't pull a lick. ha. Dad: With a buggy rake she backed all over the field. If we had the rakes pointing the other way! ha. That old big grey mare, weighing about 1500 lbs. Do you remember her, Si? Si? No. Dad: I don't know who we got her from. She wasa bay mare. She wouldn't run off or kick, but when you put her in a buggy rake she'd commence backing, backing. You couldn't make her go foreward. I didn't keep her long. I traded her off, ha. .... in a wagon, And when she started in a wagon she'd pull it all. But when she got to a steep place or a heavy load she'd just quit. She'd been spoiled. Dave: Your Dad cut a horse's foot out of the log barn. Dad: That was Black Sam's (negor's) horse. I can show you over in that old barn now where he chopped that horse's foot out. I'd like to show to show it to you sometime. (Dave: Dad showd we boys the notch chopped out of the log in the log barn near the old store building, beside the road). Talk about an axman--there never was a better one in this country! He chopped left or right handed. That horse got down in there and rolling and ran his foot thru the barn in between the logs. Black Sam came to stay all night, him and Marge. He was a colored man. And sir, when that horse put it's foot between the logs there was no way in the world to get him out. We couldn't lift that big ole horse up and he (Silas) took an ax and..... Black Sam said "oh, Mr. Sharp, Mr. Sharp, be careful, Mr. Sharp" Dad: He just chopped one side and turned to the left side and chopped. You could hardly see an ax mark on either side. He chopped that horse's foot out of there. The horse walked away as if nothing had ever happened to him. That ole darkie, I can hear him yet saying "Oh, Mr. Sharp, be careful". Si: Where did the live? Dad: They lived down here at the Pogue place (below Slatyfork). Dad: Another black man: One day I was hungry and they had the sheep penned. Isn't it wonderful how children can remember? They had the sheep penned over across the creek at the head of that meadow and there was a rail fence clear around that meadow and they built a pen there and was shearing sheep. I wanted something to eat so my mother sent over here to her house (? old log house--bee house now?) for a piece of bread. And Black Marge, she brought the mail (??) over, you know, the sandwich for me to eat. And I told mother "I ain't going to eat that bread, cause



looks at her hands, how black they are" My mother tried to fix it up 212  
you know so it wouldn't make her feel bad, ha, ha. Mother said "oh, her  
hands are clean, they are just that color", ha, ha. And I didn't  
eat it, ha,

Dave: who was the black man you scared? Dad: he was the one that  
helped build that concrete bridge over the hill. I said "how do you do  
Mrs. Hannah" and he thought Mrs. Hannah was right there and scared him  
almost out of his boots, ha, ha. Dave: what was he doing? Dad: "What  
was he doing?" I knew you'd come to that, ha, ha. Dave: did his pants  
get wet? Dad: there was no one (Mrs. Hannah) near him, ha. (The black  
man was taking a leak) Hexx was a stranger to me. I'd never meet him  
before. That's why he thought there really was a woman right there, ha.  
He nearly jumped out of his hide. He said "Oh, mista Sharp you scared  
me, you scared me, ha, ha. Dave: Didn't you get scared one time when  
Joe Gibson's wife came down the path in the woods from their house on  
the mountain and you didn't know it? Dad: No, that wasn't me. It was  
some other fellows. Well, she ran on to a couple "other fellows" that  
was working along there, ha, ha. and scared them. I can't tell you  
exactly how that was. If you'll turn off the machine I'll tell you how  
it was, ha. ("someone" had a call of nature on Buzzard mt. path and at  
the same time Mrs. Gibson came down the path and he had to pull his pants  
up. Then walked and past her saying "Hello, Mr. Gibson" - neither  
saying anything else--ha.)

Dave: One time you went to a church (Elk or Edray?) and went to the wrong  
out-house and 2 girls were in it. Dad: If you want to hear it on your  
machine, I'll tell you how it was, ha, ha. I went to the toilet and  
looked in there and there were two ladies in there and it scared me nearly  
out of my boots, and I backed out backwards and through the excitement  
I threw the button (lock) on the door outside and they couldn't get out.  
I went on over to the other toilet in the corner of the yard and came  
back and they were hollering and scrambling to get out. I got another  
fellow to go and let them out, ha, ha. ..Then I told one of the girl's  
brothers that I was awful sorry, ha, ha. \*They couldn't sing. They  
belonged to the choir. \*they were shut up!

.....oh, a lot of funny things have happened.

Oh yes Gibson: Uncle Luther, being up there to Ella's and you wore a  
plug hat that time. Remember about it? The dog got the hat and he had  
the rim around his neck, ha. Dad: ha, ha, ..dog, tried to catch that  
rim you know. I went to see Lena Kennison, a school teacher, and that  
dog, --Bob, you know, he nearly died laughing--he ate the top out and  
slipped the rim over his head and he was trying to catch that rim! ha, ha  
Dave: was it your dress hat? Dad: Oh, yes! I didn't have any  
other! And then I went down to Bill Varners. Bob had loaned me one  
of his hats and I went down to Bill Varners. And when I went to leave  
there I started looking for my plug hat, a "bee gum" hat--that was the  
style then. They were as hard as a bone, but were nice. And so when  
I started looking for my hat when I left and couldn't find my hat. I  
said: "I don't know where I laid my hat" Someone said: "I thought you  
wore this one". I just happened to come to my senses and thought of Bob  
giving me that hat. I hadn't looked at enough to know it. I said, ha, "  
oh, yes, sometimes I wear one one time and another ~~xxxxxxx~~ time the  
other hat. ha, ha.

Dad: Well, I got me another one (hat) and I was going over to Ellis  
Hannah's (Melinda's husband) and had a grey mare that was just as frisky  
as she could be and as pretty as a speckled pup. The wind started to  
blow and my hat jumped off and hit her on the hips and she kicked it in  
the air and she kicked the whole top out of it, ha, ha, ha. (Ralph and  
Lowell laughing, too) Next time I bought a hat that a dog couldn't chew  
the top out of nor a horse kicke the top out of. ha, ha. Boys, I had ~~xx~~  
some bad luck!

Dad: I went to ~~xxx~~ see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--

Dad: I went to see the same girl, school teacher and I left there--didn't have an overcoat. ...left there after night and I had a pipe. I smoked ~~my~~ a pipe. I didn't have any gloves. I don't think it was cold when I went up there. And I put my hand on the pipe smoking it to warm my hands, and by the way it burned all out. So I got out the bag and filled the pipe with tobacco. Then I'd blow in and out to ~~make~~ set it on fire from the bottom and in the meantime I sucked (nicotine) amber down my throat. I never got sicker in my life. When I came to the spring there at Frank Hannahs, I thought I'd die nearly. I rolled off the horse to get some water.

I aimed to roll off right at the spring as I didn't think I could walk. I got some water and got back on the horse again. Instead of going to the house (their house?) I rode out to the old barn. I remember as well as yesterday. I rode in under the shed and rolled off off and started vomiting. If I hadn't vomited that nicotine, it would have killed me! I believe it would. I never was sicker in my life. I heard of a woman one time whose husband took colic and they wanted to give him something to vomit him and she took the amber from a pipe to get him to vomit. It was grandmother Hannah or someone telling about it. That wasn't very far away. I forgot who it was. She gave him the amber from the pipe and it killed him in five minutes. If she'd given him stricnine it wouldn't have killed him quicker. It killed him dead! They called it cramp colic, but in those days it might have been appendicitis.

(This tape was done when John Dee was 3 years old. This was mentioned in the other half of the tape that was of the Friels)

Readers Note: Most every story is copied verbatim--word for word--quoted. Very little was not verbatim. It will be obvious where it is not verbatim. Also, extra information or explanations have been put in parenthesis--for instance: "(Elk or Edray?)"

One reason it is verbatim, even if some of it is uninteresting, or superfluous, is that it gives the mood of thinking of the old-timers, and an insight in to their lives. Future generations may appreciate the detail.



Dad, Si, Ivan, Dave.

Stories: selling honey, Hugh snake-bees, Davis Mace, Sally McLaughlin-(mare)

Dad: either spoil the rod or spoil the child. Genevieve: you can't use a finger on them. Dad: you have to use judgment. How many licks did you give Ron?....Dad: ..... Friday Night. Ivan: ....at conference.

Dad: Good land of Mercy! No use to send my pants to the cleaner. Dave: maybe you should try to eat slower. Dad: I don't know what. Well, I get in a hurry. I get hungry and my mouth won't open enough....

Dad: that bull didn't look very good.... I didn't buy him for looks. I bought him for service. He's well marked. Ivan: He has all the qualifications of a registered and maybe he'll give better service.

Dave: Tell us about Sallie McLaughlin. (she having the mare serviced on the road to Marlinton when she met the man with the stud). Dad: No, it wouldn't do, ha. .... say something else and the conversation will be "yea, yea and nea and nea" you have to be careful what you say.

Dad: you asked about Sally McLaughlin. She had Al Bench (?) along with with her (on a trip) and he couldn't read nor write. At a restaurant he didn't know what to order. He couldn't read the menu. He'd say I'll take what ever Sally takes. So they afterwards had that for a by-word.

Dave: Didn't you go with her? Dad: Or no. That was Sally Gibson. She was too old for me. (Note: Dad wouldn't tell on tape about Sally. Her father wanted the mare serviced by a stud that some man was bringing over to Elk. Her dad sent her to Marlinton on the mare and told her for them to service the mare when they met on the top of Elk mountain. She held the mare while the man had the stud service the mare. Then she got on her mare and went on to town.) Dave: tell me about the time they put a snake at Uncle Hugh's bees. Dad: No, that's too funny. Well, Taylor Ramsey had a patented snake and he put it at the bee gum and put the head at the hole of the hive, and Uncle Hugh thought it was catching bees as he came around looking at his bees. He saw that snake there and he got a stick and slipped up, you know, and slammed down on the snake. He knew they (Ramsey and Mrs. Showalter) were watching him and knew he was beat (joke on him), why, he turned the thing on them I ha. Dave: how did he do that? Dad: I couldn't tell that, ha, ha. (uncle Hugh did some fast thinking. He turned facing the house and opened his fly and tinkled on the ground --in front of them They didn't tease him about the snake I) ha.

Dave: Uncle Bob looked alright today. Whad did Dr. Eddy (Cincinnati --there fishing) say about your heel? Dad: he looked at it but he didn't know any more about it than I did. Ha.

(Dad heard his voice on the recorder for first time) Dad: forgive me if my voice sounds like that I Now you talk and let us hear your voice. ...

Dave: did you find your "traps" (strictly) in your drawer? Dad: I'll pay you for it. Dave: you already sent me a check for it. Dad: you didn't cash it. Dave: the banks down there said it wasn't any good.

.....Si: (to Dad) you give me enough to pay for that treasurer's book and we'll call it square. Dad: there's \$15. Si: no... Dad: this is yours. Si: well go ahead... you I don't want to take that. Dad: take that, it's yours. Si: did you take out for .... (day's work?)? What do you pay them? Dad: \$2 a day. Si: well, there's half of that.

Si: well, I don't want to do that. I didn't go along. Dad: Carnegie in New York. A fellow (at train station) asked if anyone would carry his suitcase up to the hotel. Carnegie said "yes, I'll carry it up for you" He carried it and charged him a quarter or 50 cents. He said: I might need you again sometime. Where do you live? He said: "I'm Carnegie, they call the steel magnet." That fellow said in the paper that as long as he lived he said he'd never ask anyone to do anything for him that he could do himself. ha, ha. I've always told my boys if anything is offered to them to take it, ...and I give you (Si) that. Si: I know but right is right. (Dave: I don't remember which won out I ha.)

Snipe  
Bees  
Hugh

Dad: down the valley (Tygart) they plant their corn by and and they ploy both ways--criss-cross. Si: well, I think we'll have to get down to doing it that way. They use hand planters. They don't have to ~~make~~ <sup>can</sup> it furrow it. Just take a tractor and a board and measure and put a spike down at each place, see? You drag a 2x4 board behind the tractor. You sight the tractor down thru yonder and sight it. Dad: Then you drop the corn by hand, don't you? Si: then you turn and go the other way and there are your checks, so you just take the hand planter and stick it down in that square and open it. That's the way Vee Hannah does. Dad: that's the way the did down Tygart valley. Si: you don't have to stop and cover the corn. Kyle and Charlie Beales all checked their's off. Dad: then it wouldn't have to be hoed? Si: Archie Gibson takes the tractor and harrows 24 rows at a time and plows both ways and there's nothing to do (hoeing). After it is planted, your biggest work is over. Dave: we used to get down and dig weeds out with a hoe, and hoe and hoe., and between morning and noon you'd only get down to one end of the field (one row) --then it'd be dinner time. Si: well, they only got it hoed once over in here (across the creek) Si: Down in Tygart valley they raise corn with less labor and sell it for 65¢ and 75¢ a bushel on ears. Dad: and they have corn pickers to run through.

Dad: I asked Lowell if he wanted to work this morning and he said he didn't think so. Si: Sweckers was down and said they'd planned on going fishing with him today and it rained. Dad: are they having a ball game up at Shaws tonight? Ralph said he wanted to go with Lowell up to Keith Shaws.....

Dad: That fellow up on the mountain (Point mt) at the mines looked like these Nelsons. He (George) was in there (store) an at last sold 2 lbs of honey at 25¢ (per lb.)--in order to get out of there, he said. There was a beer joint right across the road. A young fellow about 25 and a fat fellow came up and said "Howdy do sir, howdy do sir, don't mind me, I'm just as drunk as a hog" and he turned around and walked off, reeling.

.....Dad.....about 20 years ago.... investigated and found he bought stricture there at the drug store and Dr. Cammeron saved his neck. Dr. Cammeron made oath that she didn't die of posion. She'd been put away (buried?) of course that finished it. (who???)

(Jessie Hannah postmaster--retired-- wife postmaster--Jesse still worked --\$80 pay retirement --moved to Elking etc. ) (Mr Morrisons's son, etc.

(Davis Mace) Dad: I was up there to see Davis when he wasso sick. Si: I was up there to a shooting match. Dave: I was there with you that time and we didn't get anything. Nelia had the match. Dad: Davis was a handy man to have. He was an awful good man. Si: he was a good ole boy. Dad: No body could say any harm of Nelia Mace. She was a good neighbor. If she told a story, she'd tell you who told her so if it wasn't true you could trace it back and see she was clear. I couldn't blame her. ....

.....(apparently Paul or Dave hadn't written Dad for some time when away to school and apparently Dad had written in his letter an old saying that was used in such a situation--"you wouldn't even write to your grandmother" ~~XXXXXX~~ Dad: I said "you wouldn't even write to your grandmother" and he thought I meant it, ha. ha. He said: why, Dad, you must have been mistaken. It must have been Ivan, because I don't remember my grandmother..... ha. ha. --it was an old saying. --like Henry Shaver has said: "you wouldn't eat your grandmother's cooking". ha. --Dad. (Cars hard to get.) Si: it's been 5 years since the war (broke?) and they..... .. why, Bill Miller's has been trying to get his car and can't get it.

End of first half of Cassette

(Apparently Dad had a sore heel) Si: (joking) get some of that bear grease in there.... It might do it. Dave: how do you know it's bear grease? Si: cause Sharp (Cliff's boys?) rendered it out of a bear, ha.

Dad: you can tell cause it smells like it. Si: you can't mistake bear grease!



Dad: I'll put some on my heel. Si: put a little on your ear. (sore ear). Dave: Didn't uncle Bob Gibson say it cured his asthma? Si: you know, no germs could live or stay near his ear in that grease! ha, ha. Dad: to show you I have faith in bear grease I'll put some on top of my head (a out there?) That's the finest thing for rheumatism I ever tried. My knees was so.... that I could hardly get up, down or any place, and it cured my knees. ~~Yes~~ Yes sir!

(Apparently Dad went to Randolph Co selling honey) Dad: Boys, I had the best hog meat today! I went to that restaurant--it was 12 o'clock when we got there (Huttonsville?) The boys (Ralph and George--Mabel's uncle) took two hamburgers. I said I'll take ham. They ordered 2 hamburgers. I ordered one ham sandwich but they brought me two. I couldn't bite it off and I asked for a paring knife. She found one after a good bit, ha, ha., and I used it. It was good hot lean ham. They enjoyed their hamburgers. I told Ralph he'd better get another glass of milk, so he did. I asked the waitress if there were any girls around there that we could hire that we needed one at our place. She said "I'm from Mill creek." I asked if she had any sisters that wants to hire out. She said, I had one but she went to N. Y. to her brothers. There were 10 of us in the family and they are all gone and now I'm gone. I'm 13 years old. Si: 13 years old. ha, ha. Dad: and when the woman made out the bills she skinned out (left). She'd asked who to make the bills out to. I told her to me. She left the girl to bring the bill to me. She (woman?) took a pound of honey. deducted that off. Si: let's see--a pound of honey off--left 72 cents. Dad: It cost me \$1.58 with 30 cents off. George said "she charged you awful high, didn't she?" Si: what kind of hamburgers were they? Dad: just ordinary hamburgers. Si: they must have charged 25 cents a piece. Dad: ~~and~~ They wer big hamburgers. Si: they used to not be over a dime. Dave: Odie Johnson used to charge a quarter for a hamburger, but he'd give you a big one. What happened to the 13 year old girl? Dad: she brought the bill out and I said \$1.58 cents and 30 cents comes off that and she said I already took that off. The ham sandwiches were 25 cents each and the milk must have been 4¢ glass. (The only Monday in the summer of 1950 was in August)

Dad: this is Monday isn't it? No paper.....

(Dad was sitting in the car and Vonda shut the door on Dad's hand)

Dad: .... and after a bit I got sick. I said "I'm awful sick" and Paul trained in first aid ran to his car and got a kit and gave me some amonia. I fainted away. I didn't know a thing. This up here (demonstrating?) will be worse than that, I believe (2 different cuts?) Dave: did you loose your fingernail? No. it was up on the hand. See there, I guess that's the cause of it. Dave: what is that thing right there (a bump on a finger knuckle)? Dad: well, I guessthat's what started it. Si: that's what we've read about in the papers--some people get them--some kind of arthritis. Dave: maybe you could put some bear grease on it. Dad: Yes, I did. Dave: what are you going to do with that linement? Dad: put on that there. Dave: does it hurt? Dad: now it doesn't hurt. Dave: then why put linement on it? Dad: Old man Ervin, made Ervin linement that smelled just like this and there was a cancer or something like that on a bull's jaw and it took it right off. If it took a cancer off a bull's jaw it ought to take this off my finger. ha, ha, ha. Si: that's not a bump on a bull's jaw. ha, ha. Was he a doctor? Dad: Oh, yes, he was a veterinary doctor. ha, ha. Si: he was a bull doctor. I wouldn't want him to work on me. ha. Dad: He'd doctor anything. He got this bull off of me and cancer came on it. Well, he didn't get it "off" of me, but I sold it to him. ha, ha. ---ha if you want me to explain it to you so you can understand it. My boys are a little hard to understand ~~xxx~~ things. ha, ha.--you have to make thingsplain to them, or you gan't get them to understand, ha, ha. Dave: what are you going to do about the linement on your fingerxtonight? Dad: I'll let it dry a little bit and in the morning that thing will be gone--just like that cancer on that bull's jaw. ha, ha. Si said: And so will Mabel. ha, ha.

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Stories by L.D. Sharp 6-14-80 (Reel #12) taped by Dave

that a bull's jaw. ha. ha. Si said: And so will Mabel: ha, ha.--smell of that liniment and that bear grease: ha, ha. ....

Dad: she was ready to leave this evening when I came in (late from Randolph co.) ..... I know what we call supper is dinner in the cities.

..... Dave: did you eat in Mill Creek? Dad: no, it was in Huttonsville.

Dad: Ralph, George and I found out something about Mill Creek. We turned down in the lower end and crossed around and peddled home to every house on every side and got back on main street. ....

Dad: well, we went through a good part of the city above the road --out toward Pickens. We went out there about 50 yards and Ralph and I was standing on both sides of the road. .... Ralph said to park here and then you can go up yonder to the bank. I told him that I usually sold honey to the cashier in the bank. So I went up to the bank and I said I didn't expect you'd want any honey because I sold you a case last fall. I wanted to come in and see you anyhow. Another big fine fellow in there. He was in an office space by himself. He said he had plenty. He was awful nice, clever and nice. The other fellow said I believe I'll just take a pound of that honey. On my way back to the car I stopped in at the next house and the lady said "I'd like awful well to have honey. My husband is an insurance agent and he just left to go up to Valley Head. I'll see but I don't know if I've got any money or not. She hustled around and she had 14 cents. I said for her to take the honey anyway, that we'd be coming by here some time and collect. While you're at it take two of them and I'll have something to stop for, ha. She said "if you don't care I'll just take two. She gave me the 14 cents and just as got me paid here the man came in, ha. He laughed. He said I'll just pay for it. I was wanting to get the honey sold. By the time I got back, my boys were gone. Car was gone. I walked away up there and sat down, for 1/2 hour. Ralph came up in the car and said "do you want a ride? ha. Now we went over some ground, I tell you! I didn't see brother Brady. Si: were they (state) working any of the convicts today. Dad: there were about 15 but they had no stripes on them--running a bull do, etc.

Dad: Ralph said let's go to the penitentiary (to sell) I said we will--they've got to eat, wouldn't doubt but what we can sell them some honey. I said let's go on down and stop there on the way back, but we forgot to. (Ice Cream) ..... Dad: ..... ice cream. Dave: who did? Dad: Ivan did. four pints of ice cream he won. They had a guessing game.... they had some sort of social and he guessed with in a few beans of the number in a pint cup---~~1,300~~ 1,300 and something, and he got 4 pints of ice cream free, ha. Ivan said: I know my beans, ha, ha. Dad: I bet he counted a pint of beans before he went there, ha.

.... Dad: if you gave an old ewe two tablets it'd cure her. That surely fixed a \$25 ewe. Ralph: maybe she was going to die anyway. Dad: no, she was getting along pretty good. Dave: then I couldn't have given her pills the. Dad: well, I wanted to clean out what was ailing her.

.... Dad: he'll weigh 800 lbs. Si: he's mowing that grass up there. He'll fatten up. Dad: I paid \$175 for him. A cow that size won't bring much. let's see, a 1100 lb cow would bring 15 cents a pound.--maybe \$150.

Dave: what can you buy a Jersey cow for. Dad: \$500. Si: you're buying a name... Dad: they'd cost \$200.... Dave: what ill that old cow mine bring? Dad: \$150 to 175 and the calf \$75. Dave: why don't you sell that cow and add a little extra and get a jersey? Dad:.... Dad: boys, that calf I bought from Ivan is really a cow. She's a heffer now and gives a gallon and a half at a milking. I wouldn't take \$200 for that heffer.

(End of conversation)



Buying fur, Hatfield gang, Millsboro, Beverly, Last one living  
Passenger pigeons, old log school house.

Buying fur, Hatfield gang, Millsboro, Beberly, Last one living  
Passenger pigeons, old log school house.

Passenger pigeons, old log school house.

Dad watching Ralph Tiger Jones fight on TV.....

Dad: "If I weren't so tired I'd go over there to the end of the meadow and start shep. He'd tree a coon right away. He's going to whip that white fellow. He's about got him.... Now, he's about got Jones. Pretty even fight... He's tired." ... (Jones won.)

(Dad playing the organ and doing very well !! ) Dave: that's good Dad.

Dad: ha, ha, ha. Dave: What's the name of that song? Dad: I don't know--it just came in my head, ha. Dave: who was that woman that shocked hay? Dad: Ronald Pennington's wife. The besh hand I ever had, in the hayfield in my life. She'd run from one shock after she shocked it to the next windrow to get started again. Yes, and the whole day long. She said she leanned from Mr. Tyree when she lived there.

Dave: Paul, Dad has a "talk letter" to send you. (this was intended to be mailed to Paul and Vonda, but got misplaced)

Dad: Hello Paul, Vonda and children. It'd be better to hear you say "hello Dad" and greet me with a kiss. I hope you are all well and enjoying God's richest blessings. I can't stand much hard work anymore. I feel I'm slipping down the evening side of life, but I'm enjoying life and I'm so glad my children are all Christians and seeking that eternal home where we can have a great homecoming someday. We'll not be so far apart and be together always. I'm looking forward to that happy day. We gathered 35 gallons of strawberries and our garden is coming on nicely. We have our sheep sheared and have sold the wool. I made out a little check for your's and Thayer's wool. We're having several bee swarms. One big swarm went off yesterday, but that happens every year. Our Sunday school is hoping up good--we have about 60 and that's good for Slatyfork. Well, I've been working hard to build up our church and have at least a few stars in my crown..... saved through our works. ... through the precious blood of Christ, can we be saved. So live close to Him and trust Him and our meeting won't be so far off.....I Ivan and Genevieve and Evan came in a little while ago and Sylvia and Jr. are here to say hello to you. Each of you have our sincere prayers that God will be real good to each of you. So goodbye till we meet again. Let's of love, from old Dad.

Dave: Paul, I went fishing at the Mill about 3 times and caught a few small ones. We've been here a week--came up Sunday and going back tomorrow, Sunday. I was over to the Friels yesterday and Kerth and I fished down on Greenbrier river, but didn't catch any. I came back to Slatyfork and went over the hill and nailed some boards over the front windows of the old house where someone threw rocks through.

Sf: Paul, Vonda, Thayer and Barbara Jane. Dave can't shoot any better than he ever did. Ha, He can make the groundhogs fly. Take care of yourselves. Come up when you can Goodbye.

Ivan: Hello Paul, Thayer, Vonda and Barbara. This is your brother Ivan. I'm getting older. But my youngest son talks courser than I do, so folks on the phone sometimes want me to tell my mother about the affairs of the church etc. Evan and I went over on Dry Branch and fixed some fence. This evening we came up Elk River from Charleston thru by Bergoo and up by Granville Brady's (dry branch) and took the truck part of the way up on the hill. Anyway we worked until after dark and came on over here and ate supper and see the folks and have a good time talking. We wish you were here with us. Best of joy and happiness to you all. Good night.

Dave: I'm having trouble with the forward speed on this recorder.--It slips. I have to rotate it with my finger to keep about the right speed. While I was here we hived about 10 swarms of bees. We doubled up some swarms in order to get enough bees for one hive. (End of 1 side of bigreel)

... was out of sight.

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 Stories by L.D. Sharp 10-23-61 (Reel #61) taped by Dave Page 2  
 Dave: this is Oct. 23, 1961. I'm up here seeing Dad, doing some hunting  
 and looking for some chestnuts. I'll see if I can get some stories from  
 Dad. Dave: Dad, tell us about the first money you borrowed and starting  
 in business. Dad: I didn't have any money at all and I borrowed \$30  
 to buy three calves from a neighbor. I borrowed from John B. Hannah  
 for a year and I bought the calves. No, he wasn't a relative, but his  
 son married my sister later on. Considering money then he had plenty.  
 He trusted a 12 year old boy and I invested in those calves and sold  
 them the next year and had \$39 profit. I neighbor boy said "Let me have  
 part of that money and we'll invest in buying furs" He said he noticed  
 at the Edray post office a price list that was away above what people was  
 getting for furs. So I gave him some money and we both bought furs and I  
 doubled my money. So I started buying fur from that day on and I made  
 double on every shipment. So I finally saddled up an old horse about  
 20 years old and went all over the country (county) buying furs. Believe  
 me, you don't find many boys 12 years old that would do what (L.D.?)  
 and I did to get started in life. The trip down Elk River: I went  
 about 20 miles on the old horse to my aunts, Melinda Rose (Sarah's sister  
 and stayed all night. Then went down further to a home where they had  
 some prime minks. The old man wouldn't sell them to em. I told him I'd  
 pay him what I could afford to pay. He said "you've got to go 2 miles  
 down to the school house and buy them from the boys. Whatever they take  
 is OK. So I went to the school house and called out the boys and asked  
 what they wanted for the minks. One said "I'll take 25 cents a piece  
 for ~~the~~ mine" I asked the other and he said "I'll take the same for  
 mine" I said "what about the coon hide and skunk. They asked about  
 two prices for them!! -- more than I could get. I said "alright" and  
 paid them for the furs. I came back up and took the hides off the boards  
 and put in the sack. The old woman asked me how much I paid for them.  
 I said "I paid them all they asked", ha. I waited till I got the furs  
 in the sack and then I told her I'd paid them 25 cents for the minks.  
 She said "you didn't pay them anything"; The old man said "now you shut  
 up. This boy said he paid them all they asked for them. ha, ha. So  
 those minks brought me about \$3 a piece. From then on I bought fur for  
 25 years. I finally had 6 men buying fur for me all over the county.  
 That's one way I got my start in business. Yes, I kept going back down  
 Elk river buying fur. I went back to the same place and asked the old  
 man if he had any furs and he said the boys had some. He said to come  
 on in and look them over, so he let me buy them from him!  
 Dave: Did you pay the \$30 back? Dad: Oh, yes, I waited a year. I went  
 back to pay old man Hannah. I didn't know anything about interest  
 or money, ha, ha. I said "here Mr. Hannah is your \$30 and thank you for  
 it", ha, ha. He said "that's alright" ha, ha. Dave: maybe he didn't  
 expect any interest from you. Dad: No, I doubt if he'd charged me for  
 it anyway. , as he thought a lot of my father and mother, ha, ha.  
 Dave: what about the Hatfield gang? Dad: Well, they wrote me a letter  
 and told me to put \$500 in a box up at the old school house and signed  
 it one of the gangs. But "they" weren't the gang. It was a man, they  
 found out later, was a teacher. Down in Webster county. (Doddrell?) was  
 a teacher at one time. He was planning to get this money. I took a box  
 and put it at the school house where they said to put the money--"if not,  
 we're coming after you" So I put the empty box at that place. I went  
 with another fellow and watched for them to come, but they didn't come  
 late in the night. We went up the next morning and there was his trunk  
 and he threw the box away about 30 yards from the school. People thought  
 the Hatfields were coming. ....  
 Dave: you told about the first car coming through here. Dad: it came  
 down Elk by one of the neighbors. 2 of the boys were down working in  
 the field. They'd never seen a car before. One said "look yonder, the  
 horses ran off and the buggy is still going," ha watched till out of sight.

from Jack's party when one of them  
 was killed when shot  
 Hannah's brother



Dave: Where did you see your first train? Dad: I went to Millboro, Va when I was 12 years old with another party after a load of salt--Johnny Slanker, after a load of salt for Hugh Sharp. It was the first train I ever saw--in Millboro. There was another fellow along with me and he went into a saloon and wanted a bottle of liquor and the man said "you're not of age" and he yelled "....give it to me etc. (fast talking) and the saloon keeper gave him the bottle of liquor and he held on to it-- (pulling it from the saloon keeper). Another fellow went to Millboro and ..... like I was, and said to the conductor: "I want to take a 25 cents worth of ride". Dave: did you ride it too? Dad: No, I wasn't with that group of wagoners. So that fellow got on to take a 25 cent ride and thought he'd just go few 100 yards, and they said it took him 2 days to walk back, ha, ha. .. He had his horses there ready to haul a load of goods. Dad: there were many funny things that happened away back then. Dave: Whose wagons went to Millsboro? Dad: Everyone, about, in Pocahontas went to Virginia after salt. Farmers, there'd be maybe 3 or 4 wagons with sheets and lay on the ground (at night) Dave: what if it rained? Dad: We'd put the sheets over the wagons, like a covered wagon. and we had blankets. We'd take our food with us in a box to do us 4 days to a week. Sometimes it'd take a week. Others about 4 days. ~~Back~~ Back then we had some pretty tough times. When I was growing up, we had 3 things for food. We had meat and bread for breakfast, and bread and meat for dinner, and had both of them for supper. ha, ha. And we got along just fine. We could go out and catch a mess of fish or kill all the turkeys we wanted, and there were plenty of deer. I believe the farmers enjoyed life just as much as they do now with the airplanes and automobiles and the fast life we have today. They'd go to a neighbor's house and spend all day and enjoy the day together. Now we're in too big a hurry, only to say howdy-do and goodbye. Dave: You used to take wagons to Mill Creek didn't you? Dad: It was Beverly. I used to haul my ..... goods from Beverly (meaning it was shipped by rail to there)) We had our own wagons and horses. One time, another fellow was ..... my horses and wagon. There were two other men's wagons too. One for the store at Linwood and one for Sam Woods at Mingo. Sam Woods had about 4000 lbs of goods and Prank (Hamilton?) (at Linwood) had 2000 lbs and I had about 2000 lbs but mine was mostly all wire fence. They had about 25 cartons of jars. They stopped near Elkwater to stay all night and they saw a big storm coming and they decided to go up on the hill to stay all night at old man ..... and stay all night. So they put the horses in the barn on the hill on the right hand side of the river and they went over to -Coogers?-- There was a cloud burst at Mingo and washed a big heap of logs near Sam Woods store and took away....the bank, and it came down the valley and washed away the old Stalnaker house that had been there for 50 years, but no one living in it. It picked up all three wagons and carried them all away. They had a time getting the wagons back together. They'd find a wheel here and there. But mine, the wire was within a few 100 yards. They got my outfit back together again. People said they saw those jars going through Elkins floating on the water. Sam Woods lost about 4000 lbs of all kinds of merchandise. I think I lost a barrel of sugar. The wall of water was from one side of the valley to the other. A man who lived up on a hill went over to see about the flood near our wagons. He heard the roar coming and there was a big pine log about 4 feet over laying over in the field. He ran as hard as he could run to escape and the water to his knees when he got to the bank and he saw that 30 ft long log float away. If my driver and the others hadn't gone to that house to sleep that night, they would have all drowned and the horses too! It washed the saddle off the manger of a horse(house?) over on the bank or hill, a few 100 yards away. I've gone thru many a hard spell in life, but the Lord has been good to me, as I look back over life.

Wagons  
Heap

Dad: Out of 250 people my age, when about 12 years old, from Mace Mt. to top of Elk Mt.--I figured up sometime ago, of families then, every last one of them have been called away, but L.D. Sharp. I'm the only one that's living of my age. Dave: we hope you live another 98 years. ~~that's~~ You're 89 this summer. Dad: well, I like life. I'd like to live forever if the good Lord would leave me. I have ..... and a pretty tough time for a few years. (cancer of ~~prostate~~ prostate. He may or may not have known he had it. If he did he didn't tell us). But I'm not complaining. After the 8th day of June, I'm going on 90. According to nature I can't stay here many more years. Many of the young people possibly may go before I'm called. But one thing sure and I'm certain of, I'm trying to make preparation for my eternal home, so I can be with my mother and father, sisters, former wife and daughters. I'm looking forward to that day to a homecoming and I'm expecting each one of my children to meet with me there on that homecoming day. I'm so glad they have all accepted Christ in early life and I trust they are living true and faithful

(End of 1st side of cassette)

It may not be far off that L. D. will be on the other shore. I'm praying that the Lord will spare my life for a few more years. I'm glad Jr. and Sylvia came to see me. I can't express how I love my children. I can't treat them as I'd like to treat them--by not having or enjoying health like I am. I'd like to be more jolly and go on the mountain (with them) and ~~hunt~~ take a little hunt,--squirrels, and pheasants with Jr. when he was here. According to my health I'm not able to do that. But I'm thankful to be able to go. .... After death we must meet the judgement. I advise my friends to accept Christ and be saved so we may meet again on the other shore.

Passenger Pigeons

Passenger Pigeons: Dave: You used to tell us about pigeons. Dad: Oh, there were thousands of wild pigeons. Thousands come in in one bunch. They'd light right down on the ground and scratch through leaves and eat a ways, they'd fly over the ones ahead of them and start scratching leaves again. ....

...we'd shoot among them sometimes with a musket loading gun --loaded through the muzzle. We didn't have any shotguns then. Still maybe a half a dozen would fall as they flew over. P..... Pigeons used to roost on trees on Gauley and they nearly broke down a whole pine patch. Thousands and thousands of them. My uncle went in there to see about them. Hundreds of them killed when limbs broke off the trees. (Uncle Harmon?) You can hardly believe it. T Thousands in one cluster of them going through the country. I haven't seen a pigeon for years!

Pigeons

Buggies: Dad: Yes, Ellis Hannah, my brother-in-law bought the first buggy in this country. I had the first cart. I went to Greenbrier county and took a horse with me and bought a 2-wheel cart. I used that for several years. Dave: what did you use it for to ride in?

Buggies

Dad: courting ha, Dave: did you go to see mother in it? Dad: yes, and I married while I had that. I was one of the first to buy an automobile in the county. There were 3 and I was one of them. I bought a Studebaker. We had muddy roads full of chuck holes. You couldn't go 50 MPH like you can now. (bought it about 1914-1915) Between here and Marlinton, one time, I had 3 flat tires--sharp rocks in the road. (Singing)--Dad: Yes, we've sung at several homecomings in the past few years in different counties. One had 15,000 people. Yes I've been choir director at the church for several years. When I was 12 years old my father went me to a singing school and when the school was over they elected one person to lead the choir (group) for three months. Different ones were elected--Harry Jackson, Bob Gibson, Ellis Hannah, and that boy "LD, 12 years old was elected for 3 months. I can remember it as well as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just



as yesterday. I got up before the congregation and my knees just bumped together--I was so excited. But now 10,000 people doesn't have any effect on me. At one of the homecomings they just had our group of singers. Someone from another church told us they enjoyed our singing and wanted us to be at their homecoming. Once we had about 8 in the choir and we went to the Indian Draft church homecoming.....

Dave: Did they teach you to keep time when you were in singing school?

Dad: Oh yes, and we used shaped notes and I use them yet today. I can read the shaped notes off faster than the round notes. They've invited us to some homecomings lately but I'm not able to go--been sick. I can't carry on like I did. I guess I'll have to give it up, I reckon.

(Land inherited) Dave: Didn't your parents give you some land and some to your sisters? Dad: They gave me a tract of land where we lived (the old home place over the hill)--over at the old place and gave each of them (sisters) 200 acres of land. The only money my father gave me in my lifetime--for he wasn't able to give me any--he gave me \$50. He sold some timber and gave each of us, Ella, Melinda and myself \$50 each. Melinda got her land over on Slatyfork (up the mountain from Slatyfork creek above Lowell Gibson's present camp), and Ella got the Alum Rock place (on left side of Slatyfork creek--there's powdery alum) under a cliff near the creek 1 or 2 hundred yars above line (vein fence) --200 acres there.....Melinda got hers back on top of the mountain (Buzzard?)

Dave: Who owned the land on Elk where Ella lived. Dad: Old man Billy Gibson. Dave: Who owned that place where Harry Varner lives. Dad: That was part of the same place. I've been there a many a time. Ella married old man Billy Gibson's son, Robert and they lived at that place (Varner place?) for several years until old man Bill gave them the Bob Gibson place when he (Bob?) built up there. I went to a dance near there when I was about 18, and I slipped off from home. There were 36 there at the dance at old man Jim Gibsons and every last one of them are dead except L.. D. Sharp ! So I've been thankful the good Lord has spared my life as long as he has. (Story of the dance in another section).

Dave: Didn't your dad help build the old log school you went to? Dad: Or yes, I was only 3 years old. I saw them building that house. My father took me up there. You wouldn't think one could remember back till he was 3 years old. But I heard my parents speak about it so much. I saw them building that shhoolhouse and I saw old man Painter sealing it inside and running a plane. I saw them making the blackboard. Ella and Melinda was older so they went to school a few 100 yards from home. They'd take the 3-year old kid there before it got too cold several times. They'd take the blanket (another place in these series he mentioned a sheepskin) for me to lay on. They had long benches about 10 feet long on both sides of the schoolhouse. I'd come out of the school to go home and my mother would watch for me. She could see the little white headed boy coming running down the road for dinner. I'd said "I'm coming home to eat gravy with mom. ha, ha."

Dave: Dad, I thank you for these stories. I'll keep them and it'll be nice to play them back from time to time.

(end of #61 tape and end of Cassette-(side 2))

Stories and history of the Slatyferk, W. Va. Sharp by L.D. Sharp, taped 10-5-54 by Dave Sharp

Page 1  
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Excerpts from a taped, intended, letter to Paul and Vonda in Texas, by "LD", Si and Dave.  
Dad on History: Grandmother Hannah said our forefathers came from foreign countries-- German, English, Irish etc. I was 12 years old when my father let me buy a mountain rifle-- muzzle loader. That first year I kept a diary of what I killed and remember distinctly I killed 16 gray squirrels, 3 wild turkeys and I forget how many pigeons. There were pigeons everywhere by the thousands and 100s of thousands and reared like a train coming. But that is over. I've been hunting the past (82 years of age) One time back on Slatyferk mountain I saw 3 pretty black hogs coming down the mountain that I thought belonged to Mr Varner, Ben Varner, and when they came closer, I saw they were "big bear and two cubs and they came down in front of me and walled in the little run and I had a single shot Winchester. I kept my eye on them and thought as soon as they get up I'd try to kill one of them I'd meet the old one and maybe have a chance killing the others. So when they came out of there they jumped on a big log and ran about 20 steps from me and I hollered "halt". I'd heard my father say at a bear you had to holler "halt" to get them to stop. There was a big tree, right as the bear jumped beside this tree I hollered "halt" and it wasn't like a deer they finished their jump right then. She stopped behind the tree and I could only see a part of her. I moved back (in the other direction?) there was a tree beside that one. There was a cub on the log and I shot and it fell off down over the hill. There was quite a bit of snow on and I tried to get another shell in and kept trying to put the shell in with my fingers, single shot, and the old big bear jumped off that log got as I got the shell going in the gun, right off toward me. She thought the sound was below. She looked down the hill. I could just see her neck where a little bit of her head looking down the other way. The sound echoed down the other way for her. She jumped within 15 feet of me and I just jerked the gun down and fired at her and missed her. But I was scared nearly to death. And she ran down over the hill and I ran around the hill to head them off at--I knew they'd come off at the highway (old road) and they'd likely come around to where there was a pine patch where they usually cross. I stood there a good bit and then came back to where I was at and went down to where this one fell off the log and there was blood all over the ground on both sides. They'd come back and went right up the hill where I could have shot at them for 100 yards I reckon. While I was standing down there waiting for them to come around to me. I went up on the little flat, there was a laurel patch there and I went in. I ventured into that laurel patch, and I saw where the old big one and the other cubs had stepped there with this one that had laid down that was badly wounded. So I heard them tear out of that laurel patch. There was blood where the cub bear laid. So I went over about 200 yards and get shaky-like. and I went down to Mr. Varner and told him I thought I'd killed a bear and for him to come up and help me take a stand, so he did. He took a track and told me to go up on the ridge and when I went up there, the bear had already gone through. So he said don't go any farther. We'll go back home and get Henry Sharp's bear dog and come back in the morning and we'll go after them. So he was scared and didn't want to go any farther. --because... I'd hid behind a tree and jumped at him and got his nerves ha, ha, ha. I came home that night and we were out of wood and my father said we'd have to get wood, and it snowed about a foot that night. He said "why, these bear would go for 10 miles tonight. You'd never find them" He talked me out of going back the next morning. The fellows who followed them from Clover Lick, Woods Billey, he asked about 2 weeks from then "who killed one of these cubs"? He'd followed them over there and went back the next morning and they jumped up on the Johnson's flat, just a few 100 yards from where we left them, and there were two of them & knew someone killed one of those cubs. It snowed all over this dead bear and I lost my first kill. I've had quite a lot of experience in my 82 years of living and hunting from the time I was 12 years old and killed quite a number of wild turkeys. One time I was over on Gualley where there were plenty of deer. I killed 7 deer in 3 days hunting. Of course, I've killed a deer each year until last year. I get my deer almost ever year till last year. I failed last year. They allowed killing deer and fawns the last 2 years and they've about killed most of the deer out of around Slatyferk. Hardly any deer around here any more. I've had him great sport fishing. I've caught a great many of trout. I enjoy hunting very much, but I'm getting most too old to get over the hills. I've not been very strong lately, so I have to hunt around on level land, mostly. I haven't been able to find any turkeys yet., but we ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ hope some one runs some through that I might have a chance to kill one.



Steries and History of the Slatyferk, W. Va. Sharns by L.D. Sharns, taped 10-5-54 (Page 2)  
Dad telling names of parents etc.: My father was Silas Sharns, my mother was Sarah Sharns (was a Dilley).  
(Silas called her "Sally") Grandfather William Sharns, Grandmother Rachael Sharns (was a Dilley).  
There were 7 children of William. There were 3 of them killed during the Civil War.--3 boys.

My father was captured (as a civilian) and served 23 months and 24 days in prison in Salisbury, N. C. They started them to death there by the thousands and I was going through there going to Florida and there was an old man there and I was talking to him and asked where the prison was and he was relating out that the prisons were more like barns., and he said they all starved to death and what wasn't starved was poisoned. I said "no, they weren't--my father was exchanged a few days before the war ended and that he lived --he lived through all that but said thousands of them starved to death" he said; "oh no" this old man, he's getting old and childish said "no, no, there wasn't any of them that got out--every one of them died, what didn't die they poisoned them" ha, ha. He contradicted my story of my father living through it. But it was terrible what they went through.

David Hannah was my grandfather Hannah. Grandmother Hannah's name was Hester. They had a large family. There were two of the boys that died during the war with diphtheria. Out their family down--mother's brothers. One (and her) was a preacher. They were all very religious. George P. Hannah was the preacher (brother of Sarah, Dad's mother.) I think I had one of the best mothers that ever lived. I guess most everyone else thinks the same about theirs. My father was a great man, a good man, a good religious man. My mother was outstanding in every way. She was good to the sick and anyone she could help. One thing I'm grateful for is that I had good Christian parents.

My Dad's (Silas) brothers were: Henry, Bernard, Harmon, and Hugh and one sister. I think her name was Margaret, but she died with diphtheria during the war. (buried below the store, left of the road on the high bank). The 3 boys that were killed was Luther, it was named after him., Henry and Bernard. Margaret was 12 years old. Took diphtheria. It sure was a hard stroke on my grandparents to lose that many of their family--four out of 7. Only three lived through the war. One of the boys was found with an apple in his pocket and my grandmother planted the 7 seeds from this apple and only 3 of them grew. She gave one of the trees to uncle Harmon Sharns and one to my father (Silas) and one to uncle Hugh. These trees grew up and bore fruit for many years. It looked like they represented --to show that just 3 lived through this siege, the great Civil War.

My first wife's name was Laura Morgan and she was a preacher's daughter. There were about 3 in in that family--Bill Morgan, Edgar Morgan NIE Ninnie Morgan, Lena Morgan and Laura Morgan, my wife. (Edith was the mother of the children).

#### MY SISTERS

My sisters were: Ella Gibson (Mrs. Robert Gibson) and Malinda Hannah (Mrs. Ellis Hannah). Both were older. Malinda was 5 years older and Ella 3 years older. Malinda lived to be 85 years old and Ella must have been about 80. They lived about 4 miles from Slatyferk (on Elk) When I was a boy there was quite a number of people living on Elk and Linwood and out of maybe 200 or more there was, two years ago, only 6 of them living along my age and they've all died off. (End of first side of large reel tape).  
In the past 2 years they've dropped off and now I'm the only one that's left of these my age--about 80. I'm 82. I'm the only one that's living of that great number of people that lived here on Elk. Whole families have passed on. So, I'm going yet pretty strong--not like I used to, but I don't know how long the good Lord will leave me here. But I hope to live so to meet these great many people I knew in my boyhood days.  
Meeting Laura (mother): Well, I went to a picnic, first one I'd ever been to in my life, and my wife had visited this picnic with another girl, so I took a fancy to her actions, and meeting with her she seemed to talk so nice. I asked her if she'd take a ride with me in a swing, ha, ha. So that was the beginning of our courtship at this picnic, the first one I ever attended. After I was there with her there a few hours, I thought one day I'll write her a letter--a nice letter and see if I might have a date. And so that was the start of my courtship as best as I can remember. It was near Linwood--about 3 miles from here. The first time I ever drank lemonade was at this picnic, ha. I thought it was something wonderful! There hadn't been any in the country up to that time that I knew of. I thought the girl was so wonderful (than the lemonade) ha, ha. And she was so nice and every time I went to see her I thought she was the "only girl on the beach" ha, and finally we got married. I went to the battle. To see her I had to go horseback then. Didn't have any cars, and really no luggage in this section of the country. I did win out even if I did go slow, ha, ha. Yes

Yes, I did have competition, but I was the best looking boy, ha, ha, ha. (joking). No, I don't mean that, ha. Any way my winning ways (joking) must have had something to do with me winning her. Because she was so fine. She was preparing to teach school. I changed her mind after so long and she became a great housekeeper.

had a nice family of 7 children. And one of the greatest things of all is that... there as one of them, only about 16 (18) (Creola) just finishing high school took sick and came home and died... but one great consolation is as I started to say is that my 6 children living, ~~many~~ they've all established families except one who is not married and they are all Christians, living for that heavenly home we might someday enjoy. Countless ages of eternity together and it gives me great joy to know that they are all living for Christ.

Mode of traveling when a boy: Horseback and "feetback" ha, ha. We either had to walk or ride a horse. I never had an automobile until about 1915. Well, I don't know... a few years before that I bought a buggy and maybe a couple of them, --- I wore them pretty well out---about 1900. They didn't cost but about \$100 to \$125 and maybe not that much. We ordered them from Cincinnati from a factory there.

The first automobile I'd seen, a Deater fixed up some kind of a motor on a buggy. He ran about 6 miles an hour. He drove around a few times here on Elk with that motor. I guess he fixed it up himself, to run that buggy. He had some kind of a steering arrangement. I'd seen him once or twice --- maybe 3 times.

First one that came down Elk, it came over a hill and 2 neighbor boys, they yelled "look the horse ran off and ~~the~~ tore away from the buggy and the buggy is still going yet. Look at it going yet" (probably an appropriate joke for them to tell on that occasion!).

They didn't have telephones then. My first telephone was around maybe 1900 or 1. People thought it was something wonderful when we had the phone put in and one about 12 miles away (at Edray) Some asked if the messages came in to our phone over a hollow wire. I told them it was a solid wire. Phones must have been cheap then. You could buy a pair of shoes for \$1.25 that'd cost \$6 or \$8 now. Coffee cost... we sold coffee at 12 cents and 15 cents when we started the store. Now it costs \$1 to \$1.25. Flour sold for about \$4 a barrel in old, open barrels. Your dollar was worth something then. I think we were as well off then as we are today.

End.

P.S. Dad's children were: Ada (married ~~WILL~~ John Johnson and then Will Curtain), Violet (married Rufus Markland) Ivan (married Genevieve Orndorff of Arboreale), Creola who died at age of about 18, Silas of Slatyferk, Paul ( who married Vonda Love of Buckhannon, and after her passing married Etha of Port Neches Texas, and Dave who married Sylvia Friel of near Marlinton.



224 Stories and History of the Slatyfork, W. Va. Sharns, by L.D. Sharns, taped 12-25-59, age 87 & 6 mo

(Dave: who were the first in Pocahontas county to own automobiles?) The first I knew of was Ace Barlow at Edray, Bowd Hannah on Elk and L. D. Sharns, myself. We bought the first few cars I know of in this county and they were Studebakers. Later on people began buying the Fords and different makes of cars. (Dave: Did you have any trouble with them running in the rats that the wagons made?) That's all they had to run in, you might say, because of dirt roads. They weren't very wide and the wagons cut rats in the roads. They had a lot of trouble with the blowing out by stones and the bad roads. We had dirt roads. We had to keep them up. Each farmer worked, I believe 3 days or 5 days a year free to keep up the roads such as we had. The government didn't pay any money for to keep them up. Farmers had to keep up the roads so they could travel. (Dave: what about gasoline in those days?) We didn't know anything about gasoline until we got the cars, and then we got the cars. Then someone in Marlinton set up a gas station and furnish us with gas. We'd get a barrel at a time. That's about as much as I'd get when I first started handling gas. But these others buying cars, ones already had them. Bowd Hannah was about as close to me any one else. He'd buy 60 gallon barrel at a time. We had ordinary pumps in order to pump it out into our cars. That was a pretty rough way to get along. We thought it was something wonderful. (Dave: what about that telephone line, which way did it come in here the first time?) It come through from Randolph county. Dr. Bosworth was the first to come through and built the lines. There was one phone at Dr. Cameron's (Mace) and one at Mingo at Sam Weeds store and I took a phone and so did George P. Moore at Edray, and Marlinton was the next place they were supposed to have telephone service. (Dave: could you call Marlinton from here?) No. We could call the office there, but didn't have any regular operators to call for us. Yes, the phone line went on through to Marlinton. And they had a contract with some of the people at Marlinton to pay so much money to Dr. Bosworth for bringing the line through to Marlinton. Yes, I think those were the first phones out of Marlinton (back thru to Elkins, I guess he meant). (Dave: In other words the line ran this way instead of down Greenbrier River). I don't know how long it was before the line went on down through Greenbrier county and up also up through the head of Pocahontas county--not very long after they found out what a great blessing it was to have a phone and talk over the wires. Different ones asked me how you men talked over it, saying "The wire is hollow isn't it?" I said "no, the wire isn't hollow. Electricity in the wire. They could hardly believe that. And they were so excited they, at Edray, the preacher wanted to sing a song and he'd sing soprano and I'd sing tenor. So we sang over the telephone 12 miles away! He sang one part and I sang another and we thought that was wonderful. We sang together and 12 miles apart. Oh, it was hard to make people believe that we didn't talk through a hollow wire, ha. ha. (Dave: what about the first automobile that came down through Elk from Marlinton?) Yes the first one came down through by a horse up here and a couple boys out in the field and it came down the road and one of them yelled: "Look yonder, a horse has ran off and with a buggy and it's going yet. There's no horse to it--it's torn loose--and it's going yet" ha. What a great laugh about it after on. They couldn't believe it possible that something like that could go without horsepower. (Dave: didn't someone on Elk call on the Party line that a horse ran away and for them to stop it?). No, not that I know of, ha. ha. I don't remember. (Dave: where did you kill your first deer--back there on the mountain?) I couldn't answer that. I think it was back on Slatyfork, and Uncle Hugh Sharns, I killed a fawn. He said it belonged to his pet deer, Manny. He had about 12 or 13 pet deer and he said "that's one of my deer you've killed, I believe. He didn't care about not killing it, but he said that one was one of old "Nannies" (name of his deer) fawns that I killed. and it might have been, ha. ha. I don't know, ha. ha. I wasn't looking for any brand or name. (Dave: what kind of gun did you kill it with?) I don't know--I can't answer that. I had, I think a rifle I got. I had a rifle and a muzzle loaded rifle--that's the kind of gun I had first, and it might have been it. (Dave: what did you do with that gun?) I just don't know at all for ~~the~~ my life what ever happened to that gun. It'd be a relic now, wouldn't it? (Dave: How many pheasants have you ~~kill~~ limit (Dave: say ~~the~~ if the limit was 40 how many did you kill?) If the limit was ~~in~~ 40 I guess I killed something less than that, ha. ha. I missed several, though. Well, if you're going to take me to court--to to take it down (tape it) for the fact, it was 13. Well now, don't take me to court and have me fined, ha. ha. (Dave: you'd say before the judge